





THE
HISTORY
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
GIL BLAS
OF
SANTILLANE.

VOL III.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's*
Head in the Strand. 1732.





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OF THE
Third Volume.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
GIL BLAS
DE SANTILLANE.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*Of the Loves of Gil Blas, and Signiora
Lorenza Sephora.*



I Went then to *Xelva*, to carry
the good *Samuel Simon* the
three thousand Ducats we had
stolen from him. I will free-
ly own, that I was tempted,
upon the Road, to make my self Master
of this Money, in order to begin my
VOL. III. B Steward-

Stewardship with good Fortune. I might have play'd this Trick without danger, I had nothing to do but to take a Journey for five or six Days, and return afterwards as if I had perform'd my Commission; neither Don *Alphonso* nor his Father would have suspected my Integrity. However, I did not yield to the Temptation; I can even say, that I overcame it like a Man of Honour; which was not a little commendable in a young Fellow who had been used to the Company of great Rogues. A great many, who converse only with honest Men, are not so scrupulous; those especially who have had such Trusts committed to their Charge, as might be forfeited without prejudice to their Reputation, could (if they pleased) give Instances hereof.

Having thus restored the Money to the Merchant, who did not in the least expect it, I return'd to the Castle of *Leyva*; the Count *de Polan* was no longer there, he was set out again for *Toledo*, with *Julia* and Don *Fernando*. I found my new Master more in Love than ever with *Seraphina*, *Seraphina* charm'd with him, and Don *Cesar* ravish'd with the Enjoyment of them both. I made it my Study to get into the good Graces of so tender a Father, and succeeded in it; I was made Steward of the

the House, I directed all, I receiv'd the Money of the Tenants, defray'd all the Expences of the Family, and had an absolute Authority of the Men Servants: But I did not (as is usual with Persons of my Station) make an ill Use of my Power. I neither turn'd away such Domesticks as displeased me, nor requir'd others to be absolutely at my Devotion; if they address'd themselves directly either to Don *Cæsar* or his Son, to ask any Favour, I was so far from opposing them, that I spoke in their behalf. Besides, the Marks which my Masters gave me, every Hour, of their Affection, inspir'd me with a Zeal for their Service. I consulted only their Interest; there was no Legerdemain in my Management, in short, I was such a Steward as could not easily be met with.

Whilst I was hugging my self at my good Fortune, Love, as if he had been jealous of what the blind Goddess did for me, was resolv'd I should also have some Favours to thank him for. Accordingly he inspir'd Signiora *Lorenza Sephora* with a violent Inclination for Monsieur *l'Intendant*. My Conquest, to speak the Truth like a faithful Historian, border'd upon Fifty; nevertheless, a cool Air, an agreeable Face, and two fine Eyes, which she knew admirably well how to use to the

best Advantage, might make it pass for a Piece of good Fortune. I could only have wish'd her a little more Colour, for she was very pale, which I did not fail ascribing to her strict Preservation of her Honour.

The good Dame lured me on for some time, by Glances wherein her Love was express'd visibly enough; but instead of answering her Ogles, I at first made as if I did not understand her Drift: Hereby I seem'd a mere Novice to her, at which she was not displeas'd. Imagining therefore that she ought not to confine her self to this dumb Language, with a young Fellow whom she did not think so knowing as he was, the first Conversation we had together, she declar'd her Sentiments to me in express Terms, that I might no longer be ignorant of them. She went to work like a Woman who was Mistress of her Art; she pretended to be in Confusion whilst she spoke to me, and after having fairly said whatever she had to say, she hid her Face, to make me believe she was ashamed of having discover'd her Weakness to me. I was forced to surrender, and (tho' Vanity had a greater Share therein than Inclination) I seem'd very sensible of her Goodness. I even affected to be pressing, and acted the passionate Lover so well,

Chap. i. of GIL BLAS: 5

well, that I incurr'd her Reproaches. *Lorenza* indeed reprimanded me, but with so much Mildness, that in advising me to have more Discretion, she seem'd not angry at my having fail'd in that Point. I might have carry'd things farther, if my beloved Object had not fear'd I should entertain a bad Opinion of her Virtue, if she granted me too easy a Conquest. Thus we parted till a new Interview, *Sephora* persuaded that her feigned Resistance made me believe her a *Vestal*, and I full of the pleasing Hope of putting soon an end to this Adventure.

Things were in this Posture, when a Footman of *Don Cesar's* brought me News that moderated my Joy: This Fellow was one of those curious Servants who make it their Business to find out all that passes in the House. As he made his Court to me very diligently, and entertain'd me every Day with some Novelty, he came one Morning to tell me he had made a pleasant Discovery, and that he would impart it to me, on condition I would keep his Secret, seeing it concern'd Signiora *Lorenza*, whose Resentment (as he said) he apprehended: I had too much a mind to hear what he had to tell me, not to promise him Silence: However, without seeming in the least mov'd, I ask'd

him with the greatest Indifference, what the Discovery was which was so diverting. *Lorenza* (says he) introduces the Surgeon of the Village secretly into her Apartment every Night: He is a young Fellow very well made, and my Spark stays there a considerable time. Not but I believe, (adds he, with a malicious Smile) that all this may be done very innocently; but you'll allow me, that a young Fellow's sliding secretly into a Woman's Chamber, will incline Folks to judge amiss of her.

Tho' this Information gave me as much Trouble as if I had been really in Love, I took care not to shew it, I even forced my self to laugh at this News, which pierced me to the Soul; but I made my self amends for this Constraint, as soon as I saw my self without Witnesses. I raged, I swore, and I consider'd what Measures I should take. At one time despising *Lorenza*, I thought of leaving her, without deigning to come to an *Eclaircissement* with the Coquet; at another time, imagining my Honour concern'd in driving away the Surgeon, I propos'd calling him to an Account: This last Resolution prevail'd. I lay in Ambush that Evening, and accordingly saw my Gentleman enter with a mysterious Air into my *Duenna's* Apartment. There wanted but this to raise my
Fury.

Fury. I went out of the Castle; and posted my self upon the Road by which my Spark was to return. It waited for him without stirring, and every Moment increased my Desire of fighting with him: In short, my Enemy appear'd, and I advanced some Paces like a *Hector* to meet him; but, I don't know how the Devil it happen'd, I found my self seiz'd on a sudden, like one of *Homer's* Heroes, with a Terror that stopp'd me. I was in as great a Confusion as *Paris*; when he was to fight *Menelaus*. I began to consider my Antagonist, who seem'd to me strong and vigorous, and I thought his Sword of an excessive Length: All this made an Impression upon me. Nevertheless, out of Point of Honour, tho' I saw the Danger with Eyes that magnify'd it; and, spite of my natural Temper, which strove obstinately to deter me, I had the Courage to advance towards the Surgeon, and to draw my *Toledo*.

My Action surpriz'd him. What is the Matter (said he) Signior *Gil Blas*? Why these Preparations? What, are you dispos'd to be merry? No, Mr. Barber, answer'd I, I am in very good earnest. I will know whether you are as brave as gallant. Don't think that I'll leave you quiet Possession of the good Graces of the Lady you come from

visiting at the Castle. By *St. Cosmo*, (replied the Barber, bursting out into a Laughter) here is a pleasant Adventure! Good God! how deceitful are Appearances? At these Words, imagining that he had no greater Stomach to fighting than my self, I grew more insolent. Don't talk to me at that rate, Friend (said I) don't talk to me at that rate; don't think I'll be put off with your bare Denial of it. I see plainly (replies he) that I shall be obliged to speak, to prevent the Misfortune that may happen either to you or me. I am going then to reveal a Secret to you, tho' Persons of our Profession can't be too discreet. If *Sig-niora Lorenza* introduces me privately into her Chamber, 'tis to hide her Distemper from the Family; she has an inveterate Cancer in her Back, which I go every Night to dress; that is the Cause of the Visits whereat you are alarm'd; don't disturb your self any more upon that account. But (continued he) if you are not satisfied with this Discovery, and are resolv'd absolutely upon Fighting, you need only say so, I am not a Man that will refuse to give you Satisfaction. This said, he drew his long Rapier, which made me tremble, and stood upon his Guard. 'Tis enough (answer'd I, putting up my Sword) I am not so brutal as not to hear Reason; after

after what you have told me, I am no longer your Enemy; let us embrace. At this Discourse, he soon saw I was not so inflexible as I seem'd at first; wherefore, putting up his Sword laughing, he stretch'd out his Arms, and we afterwards parted the best Friends in the World.

From that time, I never thought of *Sephora* but with Disgust, and avoided all the Opportunities she gave me of entertaining her in private; which I did with so much Care and Industry, that she perceiv'd it. Being struck with so great a Change, she was resolv'd to know the Cause; and finding at last a way to speak to me by my self, Pray, Mr. Steward (says she) be pleas'd to tell me why you shun my Sight so much? 'Tis true, I made the first Advances, but you made a suitable Return: Let us call to mind, I beg you, the private Conversation we had together; you was then all Fire, you are now all Snow; what is the Meaning of all this? The Question was very nice for an ingenious Man; and, indeed, it put me very much to a Stand. I don't now remember what Answer I made the good Lady; but I remember, 'twas as disagreeable to her as possible. Tho' one would have taken *Sephora* for a Lamb, by her mild and modest Air, she was a very Tiger when in a Passion.

I thought (said she, giving me a Look full of Spite and Rage) I thought I did a great deal of Honour to a sorry Fellow, like you in discovering to him such Sentiments, as several noble Cavaliers would think themselves happy to have inspired. I am punish'd as I deserve, for stooping so low as to a pitiful Adventurer.

She did not stop there; I should have been too well off; but her Tongue, giving way to her Passion, loaded me with a thousand Epithets, one worse than another. I ought to have bore them with Temper, and have reflected, that in disdaining to triumph over a Virtue I had stagger'd, I had committed a Crime never to be forgiven by a Woman: But I was too fiery to suffer such abusive Language, (as a Man of Sense, had he been in my place, would but have laugh'd at) and my Patience was worn out. Madam (said I) let us despise no body; if those Cavaliers you mention'd had seen your Back, I am sure their Curiosity would have been satisfied, they would have look'd no farther. I had no sooner made this stinging Return, than the furious *Duenna* gave me the swinging'st Box on the Ear that ever was given by an enrag'd Woman. I did not stay for a second, but avoided, by a speedy Flight, a Shower of Blows that would have fallen upon me.

Chap. I. of GIL BLAS.

II

I thank'd Heav'n that I was got so well off of this false Step, and I imagin'd that I had nothing more to fear, since the good Lady had reveng'd her self. I thought that for her own Honour she ought to conceal the Adventure. Accordingly a Fortnight relaps'd without my hearing any more of it, and I had almost forgotten it my self, when I was inform'd that *Sephora* was sick. I was good-natur'd enough to be concern'd at the News; I pity'd the Woman, imagining that not being able to conquer a Passion so ill return'd, this unfortunate Lover had fallen ill upon it. I represented to my self, with some Sorrow, that I was the Cause of her Distemper; and I at least was griev'd for the *Duenna*, if I could not love her. How was I mistaken in my Judgement of her? Her Love being now turn'd into Hatred, she was only contriving how to do me a Mischief.

One Morning as I was with Don *Alphonso*, I found that young Cavalier melancholy and thoughtful; I ask'd him respectfully what ail'd him. I am chagrin'd (replied he) at finding *Seraphina* weak, unjust, and ungrateful. Does that astonish you? (continues he, observing that I heard him with Surprise :) Nevertheless, nothing is more true. I don't know what Reason

you have given the *Duenna* to hate you, but I can assure you, that you are become so hateful to her, that if you don't immediately leave this Castle, she says her Death is inevitable. You need not doubt but *Seraphina*, who has a Value for you, at first oppos'd a Hatred she could not comply with without Injustice and Ingratitude: But in short, she is a Woman; she tenderly loves *Sephora*, who has brought her up. This Governante is, at it were, a Mother to her, and she would think her self accessary to her Death, if she did not satisfy her. As for me, as much as I love *Seraphina*, I shall never have that unmanly Complaisance to subscribe to her Sentiments therein: Rather let all the *Duenna's* in *Spain* perish, than I consent to the Removal of a Man, whom I rather look upon as a Brother, than a Domestick.

When *Alphonso* had thus spoken, I said, My Lord, I was born to be the Sport of Fortune; I had flatter'd my self that she would leave persecuting me at your House, where every thing promis'd me happy and quiet Days; however, I must resolve upon being banish'd from it, whatever Pleasure I find in it. No, no, (replied Don *Cæsar's* generous Son) let me alone to bring *Seraphina* to Reason, it shall never be said that you was sacrific'd to the Caprices of a *Duenna*,

Duenna, for whom People have had but too much Regard in other Respects. You will only exasperate *Seraphina*, my Lord (said I) in contradicting her; I had rather retire, than expose my self by a longer Stay to the danger of sowing Dissension between such a happy Couple; it would be a Misfortune which I should never forgive my self.

Don *Alphonso* forbid my taking that Resolution, and I found him so fully bent upon supporting me, that *Lorenza* would undoubtedly have miss'd her Aim, if I would have stood out. Sometimes being piqu'd against the *Duenna*, I was tempted not to spare her; but when I consider'd, that in revealing her Disgrace, I should stab a poor Creature of whose Misfortunes my self was the Cause, and whom two incurable Distempers were visibly hurrying to the Grave, I had no longer any Relentment against her, but only pity'd her. I judg'd that since I was so dangerous a Mortal, I ought in Conscience to re-establish Peace in the Castle by my Absence. This I did next Morning before Day, without taking leave of my two Masters, for fear they should out of their Friendship for me oppose my Departure: I contented my self with leaving in writing in my Chamber an exact Account of my Stewardship.

C H A P. II.

*What befel Gil Blas after his leaving
the Castle of Leyva; and with
what good Fortune his unsuccessful
Amours were follow'd.*

I Was mounted upon a good Horse of my own, and I had in my Cloke-Bag 200 Pistoles, best part whereof was taken from the Banditti that were kill'd, and the 3000 Ducats that were stoln from *Samuel Simon*; for *Don Alphonso* had restored this Sum entire out of his Pocket, without suffering me to refund what I had finger'd. Wherefore looking upon my Effects as become my own lawful Property, I enjoy'd them without Scruple. I was Master then of a Stock which prevented my being anxious for the Future, besides the Confidence Persons of my Age always have in their own Merit, and which was more, I had an agreeable *Asylum* at *Toledo*. I did not at all doubt but the Count de *Polan* would take a Pleasure in giving a handsome Reception to one of his Deliverers, and offering him a Lodging in his House. But I look'd upon this Nobleman as my last Resource, and I resolv'd, before my going to him, to spend part of my Money

Money in Travelling over the Kingdoms of *Murcia* and *Grenada*, which I had a particular Desire to see. With this Intent I took the Road to *Almanza*, whence continuing my Journey I went from City to City till I came to *Grenada*, without meeting with any Adventure. It seem'd as if Fortune, being satisfied with the Tricks she had play'd me, was at last willing to cease persecuting me; but she was preparing several others, as will be seen by the Sequel.

One of the first Persons I met in the Streets of *Grenada*, was Don *Fernando de Leyva*, Son-in-law, as well as Don *Alphonso*, to the Count *de Polan*. We were equally surpriz'd at meeting each other there. How (cries he out) *Gil Blas*, you in the City! what has brought you hither? My Lord, (said I) if you wonder at seeing me in this Country, you will be more so, when you know why I quitted the Service of Don *Cæsar* and his Son. Then I told him all that had pass'd between *Sephora* and me, without concealing any thing from him. He laugh'd very heartily: Then growing serious, Friend, (said he) I offer to be your Mediator in this Affair, I will go write to my Sister-in-law. No, no, my Lord, (said I, interrupting him) I beg you don't write, I did not leave the Castle of

of *Leyva*, to return again so soon; make, if you please, another Use of the Kindness you have for me. If any of your Acquaintance wants a Secretary or Steward, I would pray you to speak to him in my Favour: I dare venture to assure you that he will not reproach you with helping him to a bad Servant. With all my Heart, (replied he) I'll do as you desire me; I came to *Grenada* to see an old Aunt who is sick, I shall stay three Weeks longer, after which I shall set out for my Castle at *Lorqui*, where I have left *Julia*. I lodge at that House, (continued he, shewing me a Palace a little way off) come to me in two or three Days, perhaps by that time I may have found you a convenient Post.

Accordingly the first time I saw him, he said, The Archbishop of *Grenada*, my Friend and Relation, wants a young Man of some Learning, who writes a good Hand, to copy his Writings over fairly, for he is a great Author. He has compos'd I don't know how many Homilies, as he continues to do every Day, which meet with great Applause. As I thought you a proper Person, I propos'd you, and he has promis'd to take you; go to him in my Name, you may judge by the Reception he gives you, whether I have spoken to your Advantage or not.

The

The Offer was as good as I could desire; wherefore having prepar'd my self to appear in the best manner possible before the Prelate, I went one Morning to the Archbishop's. If I were to imitate the Makers of Romances, I should make a pompous Description of the Episcopal Palace of *Grenada*; I should enlarge upon the Structure of the Building, and extol the Richness of the Furniture; I should speak of the Statues and Pictures therein, and should not spare the Reader the least of the Stories they represented; but I will rest satisfied with saying that it equal'd the Palaces of our Kings in Magnificence.

I found in the Apartments a number of Ecclesiasticks and Swordsmen, most part whereof were his Grace's Officers, as Chaplains, Gentlemen, Masters of the Horse, or *Valets de Chambre*. The Laymen had almost all of them sumptuous Clothes, one should rather have taken them for Lords than Servants. They were haughty, and aim'd at being thought Men of Importance. I could not forbear laughing at them within my self, Faith, (said I) these Fellows are very happy in bearing the Yoke of Servitude without feeling it, for if they felt it, methinks they should not be so stiff and proud. I address'd my self to a grave fat Gentleman who stood at the Archbishop's

Archbishop's Closet Door, to open and shut it according as was necessary. I ask'd him civilly if it was not possible to speak with his Grace. Stay a little, (says he, with a stiff Air) his Grace is coming out to go to Mass, he will give you a Moment's Audience *en passant*. I answer'd not a Word, but arm'd my self with Patience, and resolv'd to enter into Conversation with some of his Officers; but they began to examine me from Head to Foot, without vouchsafing to answer me a Word. After which they look'd upon each other with a scornful Smile, at the Liberty I had taken in intruding into their Discourse.

I was (I own) entirely confounded at seeing my self so treated by *Valets*. I had not well recover'd my self, when the Closet Door open'd, and the Archbishop appear'd. Immediately there was a profound Silence amongst the Officers, who laid at once aside their insolent Behaviour, to appear respectful before their Master. This Prelate was in his 69th Year, and was made almost like my Uncle the Canon *Giles Perez*, that is to say thick and short. He was besides very bow-leg'd, and so bald, that he had only one Tuft of Hair left behind, which oblig'd him to cover his Head with a fine Linen Cap with long Ears. In spite of all this I thought he had the Air of a

Man

Man of Quality, undoubtedly because I knew him to be one. We Persons of an inferior Rank look upon great Men with a Prepossession which often gives them an Air of Grandeur that Nature has denied them.

The Archbishop came up to me immediately, and ask'd me, with a Voice full of softness, what was my Business. I told him that I was the young Man of whom Don *Fernando de Leyva* had spoken to him. He gave me not Time to say any more, but cried out, What you are the Man whom he extol'd so much! I take you into my Service; you are a Person of Consequence to me, you need only stay here. At these Words he went out leaning upon two Gentlemen of the Horse, after having given Audience to some Ecclesiasticks who had something to impart to him. He was hardly got out of the Chamber, but the same Officers who had before disdain'd my Conversation, now sought after it. They immediately surrounded me, shew'd me all manner of Civility, and express'd their Joy at my being become one of the Archbishop's Household. They had heard the Words their Master had spoken to me, and impatiently desired to know upon what footing I was to be with him; but I had the Malice not to satisfy their Curiosity, to revenge my self for their Contempt.

His

His Grace was not long ere he return'd, and call'd me into his Closet to discourse me in private. I judg'd that he had a Design to try my Genius, wherefore I was upon my guard, and prepar'd my self to weigh every Word. At first he examin'd me in the learned Languages; I answer'd him very pertinently to his Questions, and he found that I was conversant with the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors. Then he tried me in *Logick*; 'twas what I expected; and he found me a perfect Master. Hereupon, your Education (said he, with some Surprise) has not been neglected; now let me see your Writing. I drew a Sheet out of my Pocket which I had brought on purpose, wherewith the Prelate was not ill pleas'd. I am satisfied with your Hand, (said he) and yet more with your Wit; I will thank my Nephew Don *Ferdinand* for having procured me such a pretty Servant; he has made me a valuable Present.

We were interrupted by the Arrival of some Noblemen of *Grenada*, who came to dine with the Archbishop. I left them together, and withdrew amongst the Officers, who overwhelm'd me then with their Civilities. When it was time to dine, I went to eat with them, and if they obferv'd me during our Repast, I was not behind-hand with them. What an out-

ward

ward Shew of Wisdom was there in the Ecclesiasticks! they all seem'd to me like Saints, so great a Respect I paid to the Place where I was. It never so much as came into my Head that it might all be counterfeit; as if there were not Examples of the like amongst the Fathers of the Church.

I sat next an old *Valet de Chambre* call'd *Melchior de la Ronda*, who took care to serve me with the best Bits. The Regard he had for me, made me have the same for him, and my Politeness charm'd him. Signior Cavalier (said he softly after Dinner) I should be glad of a private Conversation with you; at the same time he led me into a retir'd Part of the Palace, where no body could overhear us, and there he began this Discourse. My Son, I have found in my self an Inclination for you, from the first Moment I saw you; I will give you a certain Proof of it, by reposing in you a Confidence which will be of great Service to you. You are here in a House where the real good Men and the Hypocrites live promiscuously together; it would cost you an infinite Time to know what Ground you walk upon, I am going to spare you such a long and disagreeable Study, by discovering to you both the one and the other.

By

By this means, you may easily know how to behave your self.

I will begin (continued he) with his Grace. He is a very pious Prelate, who is incessantly employ'd in edifying the People, and in inciting them to Virtue, by Sermons full of excellent Morals, which he composes himself. He has abandon'd the Court these twenty Years, to give himself entirely up to the Zeal which he has for his Flock. He is a Man of Learning and a great Orator; his whole Delight is in Preaching, and his Audience are ravish'd when they hear him. Perhaps there may be some Vanity in his way of Acting but besides its not being in the Power of Men to penetrate the Heart, it would very ill become me to scan the Faults of a Person whose Bread I eat. If I were allow'd to reprehend any thing in my Master, I should blame his Severity; instead of having an Indulgence for the Weaknesses of Ecclesiasticks, he punishes them with too much Rigour. Above all, he persecutes, without Mercy, such as, relying upon their Innocency, undertake to justify themselves legally, in Contempt of his Authority. I find also another Fault in him, which he has in common with many Persons of Quality: Altho' he loves his Domesticks he has not any Regard to their Services

and he lets them grow old, without thinking of procuring them any Settlement. If he sometimes makes them a Present, they only owe it to the Goodness of somebody that has spoken for them; of himself he would never think of doing them the least Service.

This is what the old *Valet de Chambre* told me of his Master. After this, he disclos'd to me his Thoughts of the Ecclesiasticks with whom we had dined. He painted them after a manner very different from their Countenances. He did not indeed describe them as dishonest Persons, but only as sorry Priests: However, he excepted some, whose Virtue he extoll'd very much. I was no longer at a loss after what manner to behave my self. That very Evening, at Supper, I provided my self, like them, with a grave Outside, that costs nothing; one need not wonder that there are so many Hypocrites.



C H A P. III.

Gil Blas becomes the Favourite of the Archbishop of Grenada and the Person through whose Means his Favours are granted.

I Had been after Dinner to fetch my things, and my Horse from the Inn where I lodg'd; afterwards I return'd to Supper to the Archbishop's, where I had a very handsome Chamber, and a Down-Bed. The next Day his Grace had me call'd early in the Morning; 'twas to give me a Homily to transcribe, but he order'd me to do it with the utmost Exactness. I did not fail: I forgot neither Accent, nor Stop, nor Comma; accordingly he express'd a Joy thereat mingled with Surprize. Good God! (said he in a Transport, when he had cast his Eyes over every Leaf of my Copy,) did one ever see any thing so correct? You are too good a Transcriber, not to be a Grammarian. Speak freely to me, Friend, did you find nothing in my Writings that shock'd you? Was there no Negligence in the Style, no improper Term? O, my Lord (replied I with a modest Air) I have not Understanding enough to make critical Observations; and if I had, I am perswaded
your

your Grace's Works would escape my Censure. The Prelate smil'd at my Answer, and made no Reply; but he let me see, through all his Piety, that he was not an Author for nothing.

I compleated my getting into his good Graces by this Flattery. I became dearer to him from Day to Day; and I was inform'd by Don *Ferdinand*, who came to see him very often, that he had such a Value for me, that I might depend upon my Fortune's being made. This was confirm'd to me a little after by my Master himself, and on this Occasion; one Night in his Closet he repeated to me in a Rapture a Homily which he was to speak the next Day in the Cathedral. Not satisfied with asking me my Thoughts in general, he oblig'd me to tell him what places had touch'd me most. I had the good Fortune to name those which he esteem'd most himself, his favourite Pieces. By this I pass'd in his Opinion for a Man who had a delicate Taste of the real Beauties of a Work: This (cried he) is what is call'd having a Taste and Judgment. Go, Friend, I'll assure you you have not got *Midas's* Ears. In a word, he was so well pleas'd with me, that he said with a lively Air, *Gil Blas*, make your self easy about your Fortune for the future, I will take

care to render it perfectly agreeable to you; I love you, and to convince you of it, I will make you my Confident.

I had no sooner heard these Words, than I fell at his Grace's Feet, quite overcome with Acknowledgment; I embrac'd his bow'd Legs with all my Heart, and I look'd upon my self as a Man who was in a fair way to be rich. Yes, my Child, (continues the Archbishop, whose Discourse had been interrupted by my Action) I will intrust you with my most secret Thoughts; listen with Attention to what I am going to tell you: I take a Pleasure in Preaching; the Lord blesses my Homilies; they strike Sinners, make them return to their Duty, and have recourse to Repentance. I have the Satisfaction of seeing the Miser, terrify'd with the Images I draw of his Covetousness, open his Treasures, and distribute them with a lavish Hand; of drawing a voluptuous Man from his Pleasures; of filling Hermitages with ambitious Men; and of confirming in her Duty a Wife that has been stagger'd by her deluding Lover. These Conversions, which are frequent, ought alone to incite me to continue my Labours. Nevertheless, I will confess my Weakness to you; I propose another Reward to my self, a Reward which the Delicacy of my
Virtue

Virtue reproaches me with in vain; 'tis the Regard which the World pays to fine polish'd Writings. The Honour of passing for a perfect Orator, has Charms worth my courting. My Works are thought equally expressive and delicate; but I would fain avoid the Fault of those good Authors who write too long; and go off the Stage with all my Reputation unsully'd.

Therefore my dear *Gil Blas* (continues the Prelate) I require one thing of your Zeal; whenever you find my Pen favours of old Age, when you find me flag, don't fail to apprize me of it. I don't trust my self in that respect, my Self-love might deceive me; this Observation requires a disinterested Judgment; I make choice of yours, which I know to be good; I refer my self to you. Thank Heaven, my Lord (replied I) you are yet at a great distance from that time; besides, a Genius of your Grace's Stamp will preserve it self much better than any other; or, to speak more justly, you will be always the same. I look upon you like another Cardinal *Ximenes*, whose superior Genius, instead of decaying as he advanced in Years, seem'd to recover new Strength. No Flattery, Friend (said he, interrupting me) I know I may sink all at once. People at my Age begin to feel Infirmities, and the In-

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firmities

firmities of the Body impair the Mind. I repeat it once more, *Gil Blas*, as soon as ever you shall judge my Senses to be declining, give me immediate Notice of it; don't fear being too free and sincere, I shall receive this Admonition as a Mark of your Affection for me. Besides, your Interest is concern'd therein; if unluckily for you, I should hear that they say in the City my Discourses have no longer their usual Energy, and that I ought to take my Rest, I declare fairly to you, that you will lose both my Friendship, and the Fortune I have promis'd you; this would be the Fruits of your foolish Discretion.

My Patron stopp'd here, to hear my Answer, which was a Promise to do as he desired. From that time he conceal'd nothing from me, and I became his Favourite. All the Domesticks, except *Melchior de la Ronda*, could not perceive it without Envy. 'Twas a thing worth seeing to observe the manner in which the Gentlemen and Masters of the Horse liv'd with his Grace's Confident. They were not asham'd to cringe to get into my Favour; I could hardly believe they were *Spaniards*. However I did not fail to do them Services, without falling a Victim to their selfish Civilities. The Archbishop, at my Desire, made use of his Interest for them. He got

a Company for one, and put him in a way to make a Figure in the Army? He sent another to *Mexico*, to take Possession of a considerable Place which he procured him; and as for my Friend *Melchior*, I obtain'd a handsome Gratuity for him. I found by this, that if the Prelate did not prevent them in his Grants, at least he seldom refused what was ask'd of him.

But what I did for a Priest I think deserves to be recounted. One Day our Steward brought me a certain Licentiate, whose Name was *Lewis Garcias*, a young Man of a very good Mien: Signior *Gil Blas* (said he) this honest Ecclesiastick is one of my best Friends; he has been Chaplain to a Convent of Nuns, whence his Character has not escap'd Slander. In short, they have blacken'd him so to his Grace, that he has suspended him; and unfortunately he is so much prejudic'd against him, that he will not give Ear to any Solicitations in his Favour. We have in vain employ'd Persons of the first Rank in *Grenada* to get him re-establish'd; our Master is inflexible.

Gentlemen (replied I) here is an Affair very wrongly manag'd; they had better have spared their Solicitations for Mr. Licentiate; they have done him an ill Office, in endeavouring to serve him. I

know his Grace; Intreaties and Recommendations only aggravate a Clergyman's Fault in his Opinion. It is not long since I heard him say, the more a Priest, who has been irregular, engages Persons to intercede for him, the more it increases the Scandal, and I am the more inexorable. This is unfortunate (said the Steward) and my Friend would be very much at a Nonplus if he did not write a good Hand. Fortunately for him he writes to Perfection, and by that means he extricates himself from Trouble. I was desirous to see whether his Writing, which was so much extoll'd, was better than mine; whereupon Mr. Licentiate, who had some about him, shew'd it me, and I admir'd it; it seem'd to me a Copy of a great Master's. Upon viewing so fine a Hand, a Thought came into my Head; I begg'd *Garcias* to leave the Paper with me, telling him, it might be of some Service to him; that I would not explain my self any farther then, but that next Day I would tell him more. The Licentiate (who undoubtedly had heard my Genius very much cried up by the Steward) withdrew as well satisfied as if he had been already re-instated in his Function.

I had indeed a mind he should be so; and that very Day I attempted it, after the following manner. Being alone with the Archbishop,

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Archbishop, I shew'd him *Garcias's* Writing; my Patron seem'd charm'd with it: then, taking hold of that Opportunity, I said to him, My Lord, since you will not suffer your Homilies to be printed, I cou'd at least wish that they were written in such a Hand as this. I am satisfied with your Writing, replied the Prelate, but I confess that I should not be sorry to have a Copy of my Works in this Hand. Your Grace, answer'd I, need only speak; the Person who writes so finely is a Licentiate of my Acquaintance. He will be the more joyful at being so employ'd, because he will hope by that means to prevail upon your Goodness to extricate him from the Difficulties wherein he is at present intangled.

The Prelate ask'd what was the Licentiate's Name. He is call'd *Lewis Garcias*, replied I; he is almost desperate at having incurr'd your Displeasure. This *Garcias*, (said he, interrupting me) if I am not mistaken, was Chaplain to a Nunnery; He is fall'n under the Censure of the Church; I remember the Representations that have been made to me against him; his Behaviour has not been very good. My Lord (said I, interrupting him in my turn) I won't undertake to justify him; but I know he has Enemies. He pretends that

the Authors of the Accounts you have of him, have taken more pains to do him ill Offices, than to represent the Truth. That may be (replied the Archbishop;) there are Persons in the World of a dangerous Temper. Besides, granting his Conduct has not been always irreproachable, he may have repented, and in short one ought to forgive all Offences: Bring the Licentiate to me, I take off the Suspension.

Thus Persons of the greatest Severity will abate something of it, when 'tis contrary to their dearer Interest: The Archbishop willingly granted, for the vain Pleasure of having his Works well written, what he had refus'd to the Solicitations of Men of the first Rank. I immediately carried the News to the Steward, who inform'd his Friend *Garcias* of it. The next Day the Licentiate came to thank me proportionably to the Favour I had obtain'd him. I presented him to my Master, who contented himself with giving him a slight Reprimand, and gave him his Homilies to write over fair. *Garcias* acquitted himself so well of his Commission, that he was re-instated in his Ministry; and even obtain'd the Living of *Gabia*, a large Town in the Neighbourhood of *Grenada*.

C H A P. IV.

*The Archbishop falls into an Apoplexy.
The Perplexity Gil Blas is in, and
the manner he extricates himself.*

WHILST I was thus doing Service to one or another, Don *Fernando de Leyva* was preparing to leave *Grenada*. I went to visit him before his Departure, to thank him a-new for the excellent Post he had procur'd me; I seem'd so well satisfy'd, that he said to me, My dear *Gil Blas* I am glad you are so well pleas'd with my Uncle the Archbishop. I am charm'd with him (replied I) he shows such Goodness for me, that I can never sufficiently acknowledge it. Nothing else could have comforted me for being separated from Don *Cæsar* and his Son. I am persuaded (said he) that they are also both concern'd at having lost you; but perhaps you are not separated for ever; Fortune may one Day bring you again together. I could not hear these Words without being moved; I sigh'd, and I found at that Instant that I lov'd Don *Alphonso* so well, that I should willingly have quitted the Archbishop and all my fine Expectations, to return to the Castle of *Leyva*, if the Obstacle that had remov'd

me were taken away. Don *Fernando* perceiv'd the Trouble I was in, and took it so kindly, that he embrac'd me, and told me that the whole Family would always concern themselves for my Welfare.

Two Months after this Cavalier was gone, whilst I was in the height of my Favour, we had a terrible Alarm at the Archiepiscopal Palace: His Grace was seiz'd with an Apoplexy. He was reliev'd so speedily, and such sovereign Remedies were applied, that in a few Days there was no more sign of it. But his Head receiv'd a terrible Shock; I observ'd it the first Sermon he compos'd. Nevertheless the Difference was not so great between that and his other Works, as to enable me to conclude that the Orator flag'd. I waited yet for another Homily, to know better what I was to think. O! as for that, it put it beyond Question. At one time the good Prelate tautologiz'd, at another he soar'd too high, or sunk too low. 'Twas a long-winded Oration, the Rhetorick of a worn-out School-master, a *Capuchinade*.

I was not the only one who took notice of it; most part of the Auditors, (as if they likewise had been retained to examine it) whisper'd to each other, as he was delivering it, This Sermon smells strong of the Apoplexy. Hereupon I said

to

to my self, come Mr. Arbiter of the Homilies, prepare to do your Office, you see my Lord flags, you ought to apprize him of it, not only as being his Confident, but also for fear some of his Friends should be frank enough to prevent you therein. If that should happen, you know what would be your Fate, you will be blotted out of his Will, where without doubt there is a better Legacy for you, than the Library of the Licentiate *Sedillo*.

After these Reflections, I made others quite contrary. The Part I was to act seem'd to me very ticklish. I judg'd that an Author, who was opinionated of his own Works, might receive such an Information but coldly; but rejecting this Thought, I represented to my self that 'twas impossible he should take it ill, after having exacted it of me after so pressing a manner. Besides this I rely'd upon my speaking to him with Address, and thought to gild the Pill so well as to make him swallow it. In short, finding that I ran a greater Risque in keeping Silence than in breaking it, I resolv'd upon the latter.

I was now only perplex'd about one thing; I did not know how to break the Ice. Happily for me the Orator himself assisted me at this plunge, by asking me what the World said of him, and if they were

were pleas'd with his last Discourse. I replied that they always admir'd his Homilies; but that I thought the Hearers were not so much affected with the last, as with the others. How Friend, (says he with some surprize) had they an * *Aristarchus* amongst them? No, my Lord, answer'd I, no; such Works as yours are not to be criticiz'd; there was no Body but what was charm'd with it. However since you have charg'd me to be free and sincere, I will take the Liberty to tell you that your last Discourse does not seem to have the Energy of the rest. Are not you of the same Opinion your self?

These Words made my Master turn pale; he said to me with a forc'd Smile, What Mr. *Gil Blas*, this Piece then is not to your Taste? I don't say so Sir (interrupted I, quite in a Confusion) I think it excellent, tho' a little inferior to your other Works. I understand you (replied he) I seem to flag, don't I? Speak the Word out. You think it high time for me to think of retiring. I should not have been so bold (answer'd I) to have spoken so freely, if your Grace had not commanded me. I only do it in Obedience to you, and I humbly beg your Grace not to take

* *A great Critick.*

my Boldness amiss. God forbid (interrupted he with Precipitation) God forbid that I should reproach you with it. I don't take it at all ill that you tell me your Opinion, I only think your Opinion erroneous. I have been prodigiously deceiv'd in your narrow Understanding.

Tho' I was confounded, I would have found some Expedient to qualify Matters; but what way is there to pacify an exasperated Author? and more, an Author who is used to hear himself prais'd? Speak no more Friend, said he, you are too young yet to distinguish Truth from Falshood. Know that I never compos'd a finer Homily, than that which you don't approve of. My Understanding, thank Heav'n, has as yet lost nothing of its Vigour. For the future, I will choose my Confidants better; I will have those who are abler Judges. Go (continues he, thrusting me out of the Closet by the Shoulders) go tell my Treasurer to pay you an hundred Ducats; and Heaven direct you with that Sum. Farewel, Mr. *Gil Blas*, I wish you all manner of Prosperity, with a little better Taste.



C H A P. V.

What Course Gil Blas took after the Archbishop dismiss'd him. By what Accident he met the Licentiate who was so much oblig'd to him; and what Proofs of his Gratitude he gave him.

I Went out of the Closet cursing the Caprice or rather Weakness of the Archbishop, being more enraged at him, than vex'd at losing his Favour. I was even some time in doubt whether I should take the hundred Ducats; but after having thought well upon it, I was not such a Fool as not to do it. I believ'd that the Money would not deprive me of the Right to ridicule my Prelate, which I resolv'd in my self not to fail of, every time his Homilies should be mention'd in my Presence.

I went then to the Treasurer to demand the hundred Ducats, without saying one Word to him of what had pass'd between his Master and me. After this I look'd for *Melchior de la Ronda*, to take my eternal leave of him. He lov'd me too well not to be sensible of my Misfortune. Whilst I was relating it to him, I observ'd that Grief made an Impression upon his Face.

Face. In spite of the Respect he ow'd the Archbishop, he could not forbear blaming him; but as I swore in my Passion to make the Prelate pay for it, and to divert the whole City at his Expence, the wise *Melchior* said to me, Be rul'd by me dear *Gil Blas*, rather stifle your Chagrin. Men of an inferior Rank ought always to respect Persons of Quality, whatever Reason they may have to complain of them. I grant that there are many weak Noblemen who don't deserve to have the least Respect paid them, but since 'tis in their Power to hurt us, we ought to fear them.

I thank'd the old *Valet de Chambre* for his good Advice, and promised to take it. After this he said to me, If you go to *Madrid*, make a Visit to my Nephew *Joseph Navarro*. He is Clerk of the Kitchen to *Don Balthazer de Zuniga*, and I dare venture to tell you that he is a young Man deserving of your Friendship. He is free, lively, officious, and willing to anticipate you in his Services; I wish you may be acquainted together. I told him that I would not fail going to see *Joseph Navarro*, as soon as ever I should come to *Madrid*, whither I thought of returning. After this, I left the Archbishop's, never to set Foot in it again. If I had then had my Horse, perhaps I should have gone directly for

for *Toledo* ; but I had sold it during the time of my Favour, thinking I had no farther need of it. I hired a ready furnished Chamber, taking a Resolution to stay yet a Month at *Grenada*, and after that to go to the Count *de Polan*.

As it was almost Dinner-time, I ask'd my Landlady if there was never an Eating-House thereabouts. She answered that there was an excellent one but two Steps from her House, where one was well serv'd and a great many honest Gentlemen frequented. I made her shew it me, and was soon there. I entered into a great Hall pretty much like a Refectory, where ten or twelve Men were sitting at a long Table cover'd with a dirty Cloth, and were entertaining themselves with each their little Mess. They brought me mine, which at another Time would undoubtedly have made me regret the Table I had just lost. But I was then so nettled at the Archbishop that the Frugality at the Eating-House seem'd preferable to the good Entertainment I met with there. I found fault with the Number of Dishes that were at each Meal, and arguing like the Dr. of *Valladolid*, I said, A Mischief on those who frequent such pernicious Tables, where one must be continually upon one's Guard against Sensuality, for fear of over-loading

one's

one's Stomach. How little soever one eats, is it not always sufficient? I went on, and in my ill Humour prais'd those Aphorisms which I had very much neglected till then.

Whilst I was dispatching my Commons, without fear of exceeding the Bounds of Temperance, the Licentiate *Lewis Garbias* (become Curate of *Gabia* after the Manner before-mention'd) enter'd the Hall. The Minute he perceiv'd me, he came and saluted me with an eager Air, or rather he gave me all the Demonstrations of a Man that is surpriz'd with an excessive Joy. He clasp'd me in his Arms, and I was forc'd to endure a tedious Compliment upon the Service I had done him. He fatigu'd me in shewing himself over-grateful, and placing himself by me, said, Good God! my dear Patron, since my good Fortune has brought us together, we won't part without drinking. But as there is no good Wine in this House, I'll carry you, if you please, after our short Commons, to a Place where I will treat you with a Bottle of the best *Luceno*, and with some exquisite Muscadine of *Foncarral*: We must make this Debauch. Why am not I so happy as to have your Company some Days at my Living at *Gabia*? You should be receiv'd there like a generous *Mæcenas*, to whom

whom I am indebted for the easy and quiet Life I lead there.

Whilst he was thus talking, they brought him his Mefs and he set down to eating yet not without saying something flattering between whiles. I took that time to speak in my Turn, and as he did not forget to ask after his Friend the Steward, I made no Secret to him of my quitting the Archbishop's. I told him even to the least Circumstances of my Disgrace, which he listened to very attentively. After what he had been just saying to me; who would not have expected to have found him overwhelmed with a grateful Concern, and heard him exclaim against the Archbishop but 'twas what he had no Thoughts on. He became cold and pensive, finish'd his Dinner without speaking one Word, then rising hastily, saluted me with a cool Air, and vanish'd. The ingrateful Wretch seeing it no longer in my Power to serve him would not so much as take the Trouble to conceal his Sentiments from me. I only laugh'd at his Ingratitude, and looking upon him with all the Contempt he deserv'd I call'd after him in a Voice loud enough to be heard, Holla, you discreet Mr. Chaplain to the Nunnery, go and cool the delicious *Lucene* Wine to which you have invited me.

C H A P. VI.

Gil Blas goes to see a Comedy at Grenada. How he was surpriz'd at the Sight of one of the Actresses, and what ensu'd.

GARCÍAS was hardly out of the Hall, when there enter'd two Cavaliers, very well dress'd, who came and sat down by me. They began to discourse of the Company of Comedians at Grenada, and of a new Comedy that was then acted. This Piece, according to their Discourse, made a great Noise in the Town. I had an Inclination to go and see it that very Night. I had never been at the Play-house since I came to Grenada. As I had almost always kept at the Archbishop's, where that Diversion was excommunicated, I took care to deprive my self of that Pleasure. The Honi-
 lities had made all my Amusement.

I went then at the usual time to the Play-house, where I found a numerous Audience. I heard all around me busied in making Remarks upon the Play before it began; and I observ'd that every Body pretended to criticize upon it. One declared himself for, another against it. Did you
 ever

ever see a Piece better written? (says one on my Right). What a miserable Style it is (cry'd another on my Left!) In Effect, if there are a great many bad Authors, it must be confess'd there are yet more wretched Criticks. And when I think on the Hardships the Dramatick Poets have to undergo, I wonder any one has Courage enough to brave the Ignorance of the Multitude, and the dangerous Censure of the Half-Wits, who sometimes corrupt the Taste of the Publick.

In short, the *Gracioso* appear'd to open the Scene, and was receiv'd with a general Clapping of Hands; which made me know that he was one of those spoil'd Actors whom the Pit forgives every thing. In effect, this Comedian did not speak a Word, nor make a Motion but what was applauded. They let him see too plain the Pleasure they took in his Appearance; accordingly he abus'd it. I perceiv'd that he forgot himself sometimes upon the Stage, and put their Prepossession in his Favour to too great a Trial. If they had hiss'd him instead of extolling him, they would often have done him but Justice.

They clapp'd their Hands also at the Sight of some other Actors, and particularly an Actress who play'd the Part of a Servant. I fix'd my Eyes upon her, and no

Terms

Terms can express my Surprize, when I found her to be *Laura*, my dear *Laura*, whom I thought still at *Madrid* with *Arsenia*. I could not doubt of its being her. Her Shape, her Features, the Tone of her Voice, all assur'd me I was not mistaken. However, as if I had been diffident of my Eyes and Ears, I ask'd her Name of a Cavalier that sat by me. Ha, says he, what Country come you from? You must certainly be but newly arriv'd, since you don't know the fair *Estella*.

The Likeness was too great for me to be deceiv'd therein. I easily comprehended that *Laura*, in altering her Condition, had also chang'd her Name; and being curious to know her Affairs (for the Publick is never ignorant of those of the Players) I enquir'd of the same Person if this *Estella* had any Lover of Consequence: He inform'd me that a great *Portuguese* Nobleman, call'd the Marquis *de Marialva*, who was at *Grenada*, had for two Months past spent a great deal of Money upon her. He would have told me more, if I had not been afraid of tiring him with Questions. I was more taken up with the News this Gentleman had told me, than with the Comedy; and had any one ask'd me the Subject of the Play, I should have been puzzled for an Answer. I did nothing but muse upon

upon *Laura* and *Estella*, and I resolv'd upon going to see that Actress next Morning. I was not without Apprehensions about what Reception she would give me; I had Reason to think my Sight would not be very agreeable, in the splendid State where in her Affairs then were: I even imagin'd that such a good Actress, in Revenge to a Man with whom certainly she had some Reason to be dissatisfy'd, might pretend not to know him. All this did not discourage me; for having made a slender Supper (they made no others at my Eating-House) I went home to my Chamber, very impatient for the next Day.

I slept but little that Night, and got up at Break of Day. But as I imagin'd the Mistress of a great Nobleman would not be seen so early in the Morning. I spent three or four Hours in Dressing, Shaving, Powdering, and Perfuming my self. I was willing to appear before her in a Condition which need not make her blush to see me again. I went out about ten o'Clock going directly to her, after having enquir'd her Lodging at the Play-house. She lodg'd in a large House, where she had the first Floor. I told a Chamber-maid who came to open the Door, that I was a young Man that wanted to speak with the Lady *Estella*. The Chamber-maid went in to

carry

carry the Message, to which I heard her Mistress immediately answer with a loud Voice, who is the young Man? What does he want with me? Let him come in.

I judg'd thereby that I had taken an improper Time; that her *Portuguese* Lover was at her Toilet; and that she only spoke so loud, to convince him that she was not a Woman who would receive suspicious Messages. My Thoughts were true, the Marquis de *Marialva* spent almost every Morning with her. I expected a coarse Compliment, when this Original of an Actress, seeing me appear, ran to me with open Arms, crying, *Ah, my dear Brother, is it you that I see?* At which Words she embrac'd me several times. Then turning to the *Portuguese* Nobleman, she said, pardon me, my Lord, if in your Presence I yield to the Force of Nature; I can't see my Brother, whom I tenderly love, after three Years Absence, without giving him some Proofs of my Affection. Well, my dear *Gil Blas* (continued she, addressing her self again to me) tell me some News of our Family; in what Condition have you left them?

This Discourse perplexed me at first; but I soon discover'd *Laura's* Design, and seconding her Artifice, I answer'd with an Air suitable to the Farce we were both going

going to play, Thank Heaven, Sister, our Parents are in good Health. I don't doubt (replied she) but you are surpriz'd at seeing me an Actress at *Grenada*; but don't condemn me without hearing. You know 'tis three Years since my Father thought he had settled me very advantageously in giving me to Captain Don *Antonio Caelo* who carried me from *Asturia* to *Madrid* where he was born. Six Months after we were arriv'd there, he fought a Duel which he brought upon himself by his violent Humour. He kill'd a Cavalier, who thought fit to take a Fancy to me: The Cavalier was related to some Persons of Quality, who had a great deal of Credit. My Husband having none, made his Escape into *Catalonia*, with all the Jewels and ready Money that was in the House. He embark'd at *Barcelona*, went over into *Italy* and entering into the *Venetian* Service, lost at last his Life in the *Morea*, fighting against the *Turks*. During this, an Estate, the only one we had to trust to, was confiscated, and I became one of the poorest of Widows. What should I do in such an Extremity? There was no way for me to return into *Asturia*; besides, what should I have done there? All the Comfort I should have receiv'd from my Family would have been Condoleances. On the other hand,

had been too well brought up, to be capable of falling into Debauchery. What Course then should I resolve on? I turn'd Actress to preserve my Reputation.

I had so great an Inclination to laugh, when I heard *Laura* end her Romance thus, that 'twas no small Trouble to me to stifle it: However, I did conquer my self, and said, with a grave Tone, Sister I approve of your Conduct, and I am glad to find you so well settled at *Grenada*.

The Marquis *de Marialva*, who had not lost a Word of this Discourse, took every thing that Don *Antonio's* Widow was pleased to say for Gospel. He even made one in the Dialogue. He ask'd me if I had any Employment at *Grenada*, or elsewhere. I was a Minute in doubt whether I should tell him a Lye, but not thinking that necessary, I spoke the Truth. I told him succinctly how I was hir'd at the Archbishop's, and how I came to be dismiss'd, which diverted the *Portuguese* Nobleman infinitely. 'Tis true, in spite of my Promise to *Melchior*, I did rally a little at the Archbishop's Expence. What was pleasantest in it was, that *Laura*, imagining that I compos'd a farce after her Example, burst out into fits of Laughter, which she would not have done, had she known that I spoke the Truth.

Having finish'd my Recital, by telling where I had hired a Chamber, they came to bring Word that Dinner was ready; wherefore I would immediately have withdrawn to my Eating-House, but *Laura* stopt me. What do you mean, Brother? (said she;) You shall dine with me; I won't even suffer you to lodge any longer in a ready-furnish'd Chamber, I intend you shall eat at my House, and that you shall lie here. Order your Things to be brought hither to-night; here is a Bed for you.

At this the *Portuguese*, who perhaps was not pleas'd with this Hospitality, resum'd the Speech, and said to *Laura*: No, *Estella*, you are not lodg'd commodiously enough to give any one a Reception with you. Your Brother (continues he) seems to me a pretty Fellow; and the Advantage he has of being related to you, makes me concern my self for his Welfare. I will take him into my Service; he shall be my favourite Secretary. I will make him my Confident; let him not fail of coming this Night to my House, I will order a Lodging for him, I will give him four hundred Ducats a Year Salary; and if in the end I have Reason (as I hope I shall) to be satisfy'd with him, I will put him into a Condition not to repent of his having been too sincere with the Archbishop.

The Thanks I return'd thereupon to the Marquis, were follow'd by those of *Laura*, which surpass'd mine. Say no more of it (interrupted he) 'tis a done thing. This said, he saluted his Theatrical Princess, and went out. She immediately made me go into a Closet, where seeing her self along with me, I shall burst (she cry'd) if I any longer resist the Inclination I have to laugh. Then throwing her self into an Elbow-Chair, and holding her Sides, She gave her self up like a Fool to immoderate Laughter. 'Twas impossible for me not to follow her Example, and when we had had our Fill, Confess *Gil Blas* (said she) that we have just play'd a pleasant Farce; but I did not expect such a Catastrophe. I only design'd to secure you a Table, and a Lodging in my House; and 'twas in order to offer you them with Decency, that I made you pass for my Brother: However, I am overjoy'd that Chance has preferr'd you to so good a Post. The Marquis *de Marialva* is a generous Nobleman, who will do yet more for you than he has promis'd. Any other than my self (continued she) would not perhaps have received a Man so graciously, who leaves his Friends without taking Leave of them: But I am one of those good-natur'd Girls

who are always glad to see again a Rogue they have once lov'd.

I honestly confess'd my Incivility, and ask'd her Pardon; after which she conducted me into a very handsome Dining-Room. We sat down to Table; and as a Chamber-maid and a Footman waited upon us, we call'd each other Brother and Sister. When we had din'd, we went again into the same Closet, where we had entertain'd each other before. There my incomparable *Laura*, giving herself up to all her natural Gaiety, ask'd me an Account of all that had happen'd since our Separation. I made her a faithful Recital; and when I had satisfy'd her Curiosity, she likewise comply'd with mine, by recounting to me her History, in the following Terms.

C H A P. VII.

The History of Laura.

I AM going to relate, as succinctly as possible, by what Chance I became a Comedian.

After you had left me so civilly, several considerable Adventures beset us. My Mistress *Arsenia*, being more fatigu'd with the World than disgusted with it, abjur'd

the Theatre, and carried me with her to a fine Estate she had purchas'd near *Zamora*, with the Money of Foreigners. We soon had several Acquaintance in that City, whither we went very often, and spent a Day or two, after which we return'd and shut our selves up in our Castle.

In one of these little Journeys, Don *Felix Maldonada*, only Son to the *Corregidor* of *Zamora*, had a sight of me by chance, and I had the Luck to please him. He sought an Opportunity of speaking to me without Witness, and, not to conceal any thing from you, I contributed a little to his finding one. This Cavalier was but twenty Years old: He was as handsome as the God of Love, perfectly well shap'd, and yet more inviting in his gallant and generous Behaviour than in his Person. He offer'd me a large Brilliant he had upon his Finger with such a good Grace, and so much Importunity, that I could not excuse my self from accepting it. I had not much Joy in having so amiable a Gallant. But what Impudence is it in Girls of my humble Condition, to engage in an Affair with young Men of Quality, whose Parents are in power. The *Corregidor*, who was the most severe even of any in that Post, being inform'd of our Intelligence, made haste to prevent the Consequences: He had

me carried off by a Company of *Alguazils*, who, in spite of my Tears, conducted me to the Hospital *de la Pitie*.

There, without any other Form of Process, the Superior made me take off my Ring and Clothes, and dress'd me in a long Gown of grey Serge, girt about the middle by a large black Leather Thong, from whence a Rosary with large Beads hung down to my Heels. After this they led me into a Hall, where I found an old Friar, of I don't know what Order, who began to preach Repentance to me, almost as Dame *Leonarda* exhorted you to Patience in the Cave. He told me that I was very much oblig'd to the Persons who had confin'd me; that they had done me a great Service in drawing me out of the Snares of the Devil. I'll confess my Ingratitude freely; far from thinking myself indebted to those who had done me that Kindness, I loaded them with Imprecations.

I spent eight Days in giving my self up to Despair; but on the ninth (for I counted even the Minutes) my Fortune seem'd inclinable to change. As I was crossing a little Court, I met with the Steward of the House, a Person to whom every thing was in Subjection; the Superior her self was forc'd to obey him; he only gave an Account of his Stewardship to the *Corregidor*,

Corregidor, on whom alone he depended, and who repos'd an intire Confidence in him. His Name was *Pedro Zendono*, born at the Town of *Salsedon* in *Biscay*. Imagine to your self a tall, pale, meagre Man; one who might serve for a Model whereby to draw the good Thief: He hardly seem'd to take any Notice of the Sisters; you never saw so hypocritical a Face, not tho' you have liv'd at the Archbishop's.

I met then (continued she) Signior *Zendono*, who stopp'd me with these Words: Comfort your self, Child, I am touch'd with your Misfortunes. He said no more, but went on his way, leaving me to make what Comments I pleas'd upon a Text so *Laconick*. As I believ'd him an honest Man, I thought ingenuously that he had taken the Pains to examine into the Cause of my Confinement; and that not finding me culpable enough to deserve being treated with so much Indignity, he was willing to do me some Service with the *Corregidor*. I did not know the *Biscayner* well enough; his Intentions were quite different; he was forming in his Head a Design to take a Journey, which he imparted to me a few Days after. My dear *Laura* (said he) I am so sensible of your Sufferings, that I am resolv'd to put an end to them. I am not ignorant that 'tis ruining my self, but I

am no longer my own Master. I intend to-morrow to release you from your Prison, and conduct you my self to *Madrid*; I will sacrifice all to the Pleasure of being your Deliverer.

I thought I should have swooned for Joy at these Words of *Zendono*; who judging by my Thankfulness that I desired no better than to make my Escape, had the Assurance to carry me off the next Day, in the face of the Sun, after the manner following. He told the Superior that he had Orders to carry me to the *Corregidor*, who was at a Country-Seat two Leagues from the City; and he made me impudently get with him into a Post-Chaise, drawn by two good Mules, which he had bought on purpose. All our Attendants were only one Servant who drove the Chaise, and was entirely devoted to the Steward. We began then to travel, not towards *Madrid*, as I had imagined, but towards the Frontiers of *Portugal*, where we got in less time than the *Corregidor* of *Zamora* cou'd be inform'd of our Flight, and send his Blood-hounds to trace us.

Before we enter'd *Braganza*, the *Biscayner* made me dress my self in a Cavalier's Habit, which he had the Precaution to bring with him; and thinking me already engag'd with him, he spoke thus to me, at

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the Inn, where we were going to lodge. Fair *Laura*, don't take it ill of me that I have brought you into *Portugal*; the *Corregidor* of *Zamora* will pursue us in our own Country, like two Criminals to whom *Spain* ought to afford no Refuge: But (continu'd he) we may be secure from his Resentment in this foreign Kingdom, altho' it be now subjected to the *Spanish* Government. At least we shall be more in safety there, than in our own Country: Follow a Man who adores you: Let us go and settle at *Coimbra*: There I will get to be a Spy to the Holy Office; and under Covert of that formidable Tribunal, we shall pass our Days in the quiet Enjoyment of all manner of Pleasures.

So brisk a Proposal gave me to understand that I had to do with a Knight-Er- rant, who did not care to serve as a Guide to distress'd Damsels, only for the Glory of Chivalry. I found that he depended mightily upon my Gratitude, and yet more upon my Misfortunes. However, tho' both these Things spoke in his Favour, I rejected his Offer with Disdain. 'Tis true I had on my side two very strong Reasons for seeming so reserv'd; I found in my self no liking to him, and I did not believe him rich. But upon his making a second Attack, and proffering first to marry me, together

together with his showing me that his Stewardship had considerably enrich'd him. I won't deny but I began to hearken to him. I was dazzled with the Gold and Jewels which he display'd before me; and I experienc'd that Interest cou'd make *Metamorphoses*, as well as Love. My *Biscayner* by little and little became another Man in my Eyes. His lean long Sides were turn'd to a fine Shape; his pale Phiz seem'd of a lovely white; and I even put a favourable Construction upon his hypocritical Air. I then accepted of his Hand without Repugnance, before Heav'n which he took to witness our Engagement. After this he no longer met with any Contradiction from me; we set forward again on our Journey; and *Coimbra* soon receiv'd a new Family within its Walls.

My Husband bought me several handsome suits of Clothes, and presented me with divers Diamonds, among which I again knew that of *Don Felix Maldonado*. This was enough for me to guess whence came all the Jewels I had seen, and to persuade me that I had not marry'd a rigid Observer of the seventh Article of the Decalogue. But looking upon my self as the first Cause of his Legerdemain, I forgave it him. A Woman excuses even the ill

all Occasions which are occasioned by her Beauty. Without that, what a wicked Wretch would he have seem'd to me!

I was very well satisfy'd with him for two or three Months; his Behaviour was always gallant, and he seem'd to love me tenderly: Nevertheless the Marks he gave me of his Affection, were but false Appearances; the Villain trick'd me. One Morning, at my return from Mass, I found nothing at home but the bare Walls. The Goods even to my Clothes had been all carried off. *Zendono* and his faithful Servant, had taken their Measures so well that the House was entirely strip'd in less than an Hour: Insomuch that I saw my self (with only the Clothes I had on, and *Don Felix's* Ring, which I luckily wore on my Finger) abandon'd by an ungrateful Wretch, like another *Ariadne*. But I'll assure you I did not amuse my self in making Elegies upon my Misfortune: I rather thank'd Heav'n for having deliver'd me from a Miscreant who cou'd not fail, sooner or later, of falling into the Hands of Justice. I look'd upon the time we had liv'd together, so much time lost, which I should not be long in recovering. If I would have staid in *Portugal*, and settled with some Woman of Quality, I might have found several; but whether 'twas
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the Love to my Country, or whether I was drawn by the Influence of my Stars, which were preparing me a better Fortune there, my Mind ran only upon returning into *Spain*. I address'd my self to a Jeweller, who paid me down the Value of my Ring in Gold; and I set out with an old *Spanish* Lady, who was going to *Seville* in a Calash.

This Lady, whose Name was *Dorothea*, had been to visit one of her Relations who was settled at *Coimbra*, and was returning to *Seville*, where she resided. There was such a Sympathy between us, that we took a Fancy to each other the very first Day's Journey; and our Friendship increas'd so much upon the Road, that, at our Arrival, she would not suffer me to lodge any where but at her House. I had no Reason to repent of having got such an Acquaintance; I never knew a Woman of a better Character. One might yet judge, by her Features, and the Liveliness of her Eyes, that she had caus'd a great many Serenades. Accordingly she had been Widow to several Men of Quality, and liv'd honourably upon her Jointures.

Amongst other excellent Qualities, she was very sensible of the Misfortunes of young Women. When I made her the Recital of mine, she espous'd my Interests

so heartily, that she bestow'd a thousand Execrations upon *Zendono*. Those Rogues of Men! (said she, in a Tone that made me judge she had met some Steward of a Nunnery in her way,) Those Wretches! there are in the World just such a set of Villains, who make a Jest of ruining Women. What comforts me (my Dear, continu'd she) is that by your Account, you are no Ways tied to the Perjur'd *Biscayner*. If your Marriage with him is good enough to serve you for an Excuse, to make amends, it is also bad enough to allow you to contract a better, when Occasion offers.

I went every Day either to Church with *Dorothea*, or else a visiting, which was the way to meet soon with some Adventure. I drew the Eyes of several Cavaliers, and there were some who were willing to sound me: They had spoken to my old Landlady; but the one were not able to defray the Expences of a Settlement, and others were not yet come to Man's Estate, which was sufficient to deter me from hearkening to them. One Day *Dorothea* and I took a Fancy too see a Play acted by the Comedians of *Seville*: They had posted up *La Famosa Comedia: El Embaxador de Simismo*, compos'd by *Lopez de vega Carpio*.

Amongst

Amongst the Actresses that appear'd upon the Stage, I found one of my old Acquaintance. I discover'd *Phenice*, that merry Gipsy, whom you knew Chambermaid to *Florimond*, and with whom you have suppd sometimes at *Arsenia's*. I knew very well that *Phenice* had been two Years out of *Madrid*; but I did not know that she was an Actress. I was so impatient to embrace her, that I thought the Play very long. Perhaps also it was the Fault of the Actors, who neither play'd well nor ill enough to amuse me; for to me, who laugh at any thing, I own that an Actor who is perfectly ridiculous, diverts me no less than one who excels in his Profession.

In fine, the wish'd-for Hour being come, that is to say, the End of the *Famosa Comedia*, the Widow and I went behind the Scenes, where we soon discover'd *Phenice* playing the fine Lady, and listening with all the Coquetry imaginable to the soft Courtship of a young Spark, who without doubt had suffer'd himself to be enchanted with the Charms of her Utterance. As soon as she had observ'd me, she left him with a gracious Smile, and coming to me with open Arms, receiv'd me with all the Compliments in the World. We express'd mutually a great deal of Joy at meeting

meeting again; but the Time and the Place not allowing us to enlarge farther, we deferr'd till the next Morning our Design of entertaining each other more amply.

The Pleasure of talking is one of the most predominant Passions in Womankind. I could not close my Eyes all Night, so great was my Inclination to engage with *Phenice*, and ask her Question upon Question. Heav'n knows whether I was lazy in rising and going to the Place where she told me she liv'd. She lodg'd, with the rest of the Company, in a large House ready furnish'd. I met a Servant at the Entrance, and pray'd her to shew me *Phenice's* Apartment, whereupon she led me up into a *Corregidor*, along which were ten or twelve little Chambers, separated only by Partitions of Deal Boards, which were taken up by the merry Crew. My Guide knock'd at a Door, which was soon open'd by *Phenice*, whose Tongue itch'd as much as mine. We hardly gave our selves time to sit down for chatting. We were now in a fair way to have our fill; and we had so many things to ask each other, that the Questions and Answers succeeded one another with a surprizing Volubility.

Having mutually recounted our Adventures, and inform'd each other of our present

sent Condition, *Phenice* enquir'd what I resolv'd to do. I answer'd her, that I intended, till I could provide my self better, to wait upon some young Lady of Quality. Fy (said my Friend) sure you don't think of it. Is it possible, my Girl, that you are not yet disgusted with Service? Are not you tired with being subject to the Will of others? Of paying a Regard to their Caprices? Of hearing your self chid? In a word, of being a Slave? Why don't you turn Comedian, after my Example? Nothing is more proper for Persons of Wit, who are neither rich nor of noble Extraction. 'Tis a middling State between the Nobility and Commonalty, a Condition that is independent, and exempt from those Punctilio's that are most incommodious to Society. Our Revenues are paid us down by the Publick, who are Masters of our Funds. We always live merrily, and spend our Money as we get it.

The Playhouse (continued she) above all, is favourable to Women; whilst I liv'd with *Florimond* (I blush to think on it) I was reduc'd to the Necessity of giving Ear to the Underlings of the Prince's Company; not an honest Man took any notice of me. Whence came that? 'Twas because I was not in view. The finest Picture does not strike one, if it

is not in a good Light. But since I have been in my Element, that is to say, upon the Stage, what a Change is there! I see at my Heels the young Men of the best Figure in all the Cities through which we pass. The Profession therefore of an Actress is very agreeable. If she is discreet, I mean if she entertains but one Lover at a time, it does her all the Credit in the World; her Conduct is prais'd, and when she changes her Gallant, she is look'd upon as a real Widow that marries again. Again, the latter is despis'd if she takes a third Husband; one would think that it shock'd the Mens Nicety; whereas the Value of the other seems to increase in proportion to the Number of her Favourites; after a hundred Intrigues, she is a Dish for a Lord.

To whom are you telling this? (said I, interrupting her here.) Do you think I am ignorant of these Advantages? I have often represented them to my self, and they are not too pleasing to a Girl of my Character, I even find in my self an Inclination to the Stage; but that is not sufficient; one must have a Talent, and I have none. I sometimes attempted to rehearse some parts before *Arsenia*, who was not at all pleas'd with me, which gave me a Distaste to the Profession. You are not hard to be discourag'd

discourag'd (replied *Phenice*) don't you know that such great Actresses are always jealous? They are afraid (in spite of their Vanity) that some body should come to eclipse them. In short, I will not be determin'd therein by *Arsenia*, she has not been sincere. I tell you without Flattery that you are born for the Stage; you have a Genius, an easy and graceful Action, soft Voice, a fine Chest, and with that such a Look! Ah, Rogue, how many Cavaliers will you charm, if you turn Actress?

She said several other engaging things and made me repeat some Verses, only that I might judge my self, what a fine Talent I had for Comedy. When she had heard me, the Case was mightily alter'd she extoll'd me to the Skies, and gave me the Preference of all the Actresses at *Madrid*. After this, it would have been inexcusable in me to have doubted any longer of my Merit; *Arsenia* stood impeach'd and convicted of Jealousy and Dishonesty. I was forced to agree that I was an admirable Player. Two Comedians coming in at the same time, *Phenice* made me repeat again the same Verses before them, which threw them into a kind of an Ecstasy whence they no sooner recover'd, than they stunn'd me with their Compliments. Without exaggerating, if they had laid

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Wager which of the three should cry me up most, they could not have used more hyperbolical Expressions. My Modesty was not Proof against so many Commendations; I began to think I was of some Value, and thus behold my Mind bent upon the Stage.

Come my Dear (said I to *Phenice*) 'tis none, I will follow your Counsel, and enter into your Company, if they approve of it. At these Words, my Friend (being transported with Joy) embraced me; and her two Comrades did not seem less delighted than her to see me in that Resolution. 'Twas agreed that I should come to the Playhouse the next Morning, and give the whole Company the same Specimen that I had just shewn of my Talent. If they had conceiv'd an advantageous Opinion of me at *Phenice's*, all the Comedians judg'd yet more favourably of me, when I had only recited twenty Verses in their Presence: They receiv'd me willingly into their Company, after which I was only in Pain for my first Appearance. In order to make it with a greater *Eclat*, I employ'd all the Money that remain'd of my Ring, and if I had not enough to equip me sumptuously, at least I found the Art to supply the want of Magnificence by a genteel Taste.

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In short, I appear'd upon the Stage for the first time. What Clapping of Hands! What Encomiums! I should be moderate to my Friend, if I were only simply to say that I ravish'd the Audience. One must have been a Witness of the Noise I made at *Seville*. I became the Entertainment of the whole City, who throng'd in Crowds to the Comedy; so that the Company, by this Novelty, regain'd the Publick, who began to forsake them.

I began then after a manner that charm'd all the World; now this was as if I had posted it up that I was to be purchas'd by the best Settlement and the highest Bidder. Twenty Cavaliers, of all Ages, ambitiously strove who should take care of me. If I had follow'd my Inclination, I should have chose the youngest and handsomest; but we Players ought only to consider our Interest and Ambition when we are about a Settlement; 'tis a Rule in the Play-house: For which Reason Don *Ambrosio de Nisana* (a Man already advanc'd in Years, and ill-made, but rich, generous, and one of the most powerful Noblemen of *Andalusia*) had the Preference. 'Tis true, I made him pay well for it; he hired me a fine House, furnish'd it magnificently, provided me with a good Man Cook, two Footmen, a Woman, and a thousand Ducats a Month for

for my Expences. Add to this rich Clothes, with a considerable Quantity of Jewels.

What a Change was here in my Fortune! My Head could not bear it. I immediately appear'd to my self another Person. I no longer wonder if there are Women who in a little time forget the Poverty and Misery from whence the Caprice of some Lord has extricated them. I confess sincerely to you, the Applause of the Publick, the flattering Discourse I heard on all sides, and the Passion of Don *Ambrosio*, heightened my Vanity to Extravagancy. I look'd upon my Talent as equivalent to a Title, and gave my self the Airs of a Woman of Quality. And becoming as covetous of my favourable Glances, as I had been prodigal of them till then, I resolv'd not to cast an Eye but on Dukes, Counts, or Marquises.

Don *Ambrosio* came to sup with me every Night, with some of his Friends, and I was careful on my side to invite the most diverting of our Actresses, and we spent good part of the Night in Laughing and Drinking. Such an agreeable Life agreed very well with me; but it lasted but six Months. Noblemen are subject to change; were it not for that they would be too amiable. Don *Ambrosio* left me for a young Coquet of *Grenada*, who was just come to
Seville,

Seville, with some Agreeableness, and was
 enough to make her Advantage of it.
 However, I did not afflict my self above
 four and twenty Hours; and I chose Don
Lewis d' Alcacer, a Cavalier of twenty two
 Years old, to whom few *Spaniards* could
 be compared for his good Mien, to supply
 his Place.

You will without doubt ask me, how
 I came to take so young a Lord, I that
 knew the Consequences; and you have
 reason. But besides Don *Lewis's* having
 neither Father nor Mother, and being al-
 ready Master of his Estate, these Conse-
 quences are only to be apprehended by
 Girls of a servile Condition, or common
 Street-Walkers. Women of our Profession
 are not responsible for the Effects of their
 Charms; so much the worse for the Fam-
 ilies whose Heirs we fleece.

D' Alcacer and I engag'd our selves so
 firmly together, that I believe never any
 Passion equaliz'd that wherewith we suffered
 our selves to be inflam'd. We both lov'd
 each other with such Violence, that it
 seem'd as if a Spell had been laid upon us.
 They who knew our Correspondence
 thought us the happiest Couple in the
 World, and we were perhaps the most un-
 happy. If Don *Lewis* was charming in
 his Person, he was at the same time so
 jealous,

alous, that he every Minute made me
 desperate with his unjust Suspicions. It
 signified nothing my humouring him in
 his Weakness, or my constraining my self
 much as not to look any Man in the
 face, his Mistrust was so ingenious as to
 prevent Crimes which render'd my Constraint
 useless. Our most tender Moments were
 always mix'd with Quarrels; it was not to
 be born; our Patience was wearied out
 on both sides, and we parted Friends.
 Would you believe that the last Day of
 our Correspondence was the most agreeable
 any we ever pass'd together. Being
 both equally fatigu'd with the Evils we
 had suffer'd, nothing but Joy was to be
 seen in our Faces at our Separation. We
 were like two miserable Captives who
 have recover'd their Liberty after a hard
 slavery.

Ever since this Adventure, I have been
 upon my Guard against Love. I will have
 no more Engagements that disturb my
 rest; it is not fit for us to sigh and whine
 like others; we ought not to be sensible
 private of a Passion which we ridicule
 publick.

During this time Fame was not idle; she
 had diffus'd it every where that I was an in-
 estimable Actress. Upon the Credit of this
 Goddess,

Goddeſs, the Comedians of *Grenada* wrote to me to propoſe my entring into their Company; and to convince me that it was not to be rejected, they ſent me an Account of their daily Expences, and their Terms of Agreement, whereby I found that it would be an advantageous Offer. Accordingly I accepted it; altho' at the bottom I was ſorry to leave *Phenice* and *Dorothea*, whom I lov'd as much as 'tis poſſible for one Woman to love another. I left the firſt at *Seville* employ'd in melting down the Plate of a little Goldſmith, who out of Vanity would have an Actreſs for a Miſtreſs. I forgot to tell you that on turning Player, I chang'd, out of a Whim, my Name of *Laura*, for that of *Eſtella*; and 'twas under that latter Name that I ſet out for *Grenada*.

I made no worſe a Beginning here than at *Seville*, and I ſoon ſaw my ſelf ſurrounded with Admirers. But reſolving not to ſell my Favours but at a good Price, I was ſo reſerv'd in my Carriage that I quite blinded them. However that I might not fall a Bubble to a Conduſt that was neither natural to me, nor cou'd bring me any Advantage, I was about to give Ear to a young *Oydor*, by Birth a Citizen, who lives like a Lord by virtue of his Poſt, and keeps

keeps a good Table and Equipage, when I saw the Marquis *de Marialva* for the first time. This *Portuguese* Nobleman travelling thro' *Spain* out of Curiosity, and passing thro' *Grenada*, made it his Residence for some time. He came to the Playhouse; I did not happen to Act that Night, and he fix'd his Eyes very attentively upon the Actresses that came upon the Stage. One of them chanc'd to please him; he got acquainted with her the next Day, and the Bargain was just upon concluding, when I appear'd. The Sight of me, and my Coquet Airs, immediately turn'd the Scale; the *Portuguese* thought no longer of any one but me. To confess the Truth, as I knew my Companion had charm'd this Nobleman, I spar'd no Pains to supplant her, and I had the good Fortune to succeed. I am not ignorant that she owes me a Grudge, but I can't help it. She ought to consider that 'tis a thing so natural to Women, that the best Friends make not the least scruple of it.



C H A P. VIII.

Of the Reception the Comedians of Grenada gave Gil Blas; and of an old Acquaintance he met behind the Scenes.

THE minute *Laura* had finish'd her Story, there came in an old Actress, who liv'd in the Neighbourhood, with an intent to go with her to the Playhouse. This venerable Heroine of the Stage, had been proper to have acted the Part of the Goddess *Cotys*. My Sister did not fail to present her Brother to this supperannuated Figure, and thereupon great Compliments enlu'd on both sides.

I left them together, telling *Zendo-no's* Widow that I would meet her at the Playhouse, as soon as I had seen my things carried to the Marquis *de Marialva's*, whose House she shew'd me. I stept immediately to the Chamber I had hired, whence (having satisfied my Landlady) I went with a Porter who carried my Cloke-Bag, to a large ready-furnish'd House where my new Master lodg'd. I met with his Steward at the Door, who ask'd me if I was not Mrs. *Estella's* Brother. I answer'd Yes. You are welcome then

Signior

Signior Cavalier, replied he; the Marquis *de Marialva*, to whom I have the honour to be Steward, has order'd me to receive you kindly. There is a Chamber ready for you; if you please I will shew you the way to it. Upon this he carried me up to the Top of the House, into a Chamber so little, that a narrow Bed, with a Cupboard, and two Chairs fill'd it. This was my Apartment. You will not have a great deal of Room here, said my Guide; but to make amends, I promise you that you shall have a stately Lodging at *Lisbon*. I lock'd up my Cloke-Bag in the Cupboard, and taking the Key, I ask'd at what hour they supp'd. To this he answer'd, that the Marquis kept no Table, but that he gave every Domestick so much a Month Board-wages. I ask'd several other Questions, whereby I found that the Marquis's Servants were fortunate Idlers. After a short Discourse, I parted with the Steward in order to go again to *Laura* being agreeably taken up with the Advantages I promis'd my self in my new Station.

Assoon as I got to the Playhouse Door, and said I was *Estella's* Brother, every Place was open to me. One might have seen the Guards strive who should make way for me, as if I had been one of the most considerable Persons in *Grenada*.

All the Supernumeraries, Door-keepers, and Under-Door-keepers that I met in my way made me low Bows. But I wish I cou'd describe to the Reader, the serio-comical Reception I met with behind the Scenes; where I found the whole Company dress'd and ready to begin. The Actors and Actresses, to whom *Laura* presented me, rush'd in swarms upon me. The Men stifled me with their Embraces, and the Women, in their turn, saluting me with their painted Faces, plaister'd mine over with white and red. Not one of them would be the last to pay their Compliment; they all began to speak together, and 'twas impossible for me alone to answer them: Happily for me, my Sister came to my Assistance, and her Tongue, inur'd to talking, did not suffer me to be behindhand with any one.

I did not come off, for the Embraces of the Actors and Actresses: I was forc'd to endure the Civilities of the Decorator, the Musicians, the Prompter, the Snuffer and Under-Snuffer of Candles: In short I was forc'd to run the Gantlet thro' all the Underlings of the Theatre, who ran all, at the News of my Arrival, to have a Look at me. It seem'd to me as if they had all been Foundlings, who had never known what it was to have a Brother.

In

In the mean while the Play being begun, some Gentlemen who were behind the Scenes, went to seat themselves to hear it, and I like one of the House continu'd to divert my self with the Actors who were not upon the Stage. One of these happen'd to be call'd before me *Melchior*; the Name struck me; and considering the Man with Attention, I thought I had seen him somewhere. At last I collected, and knew him to be *Melchior Zapata*, that poor Stroller, who, as I've said in the first Volume, was dipping his Crusts of Bread in a Spring.

I took him immediately aside, and told him, I am very much mistaken, if you are not that Signior *Melchior* with whom I had the honour to breakfast one Morning at the Side of a clear Spring, between *Valadolid* and *Segovia*. I was with a young Lad, a Barber. We had some Provision which we join'd to yours, and we all three made a slight Repast, which was interlarded with a thousand agreeable Sayings. At these Words *Zapata* began to muse a little, after which he replied, You speak to me of a Thing I can easily call to mind; I came then from acting at *Madrid*, and was returning to *Zamora*. I even remember that I was then in very bad Circumstances. I remember it likewise, (answer'd

I) by the same Token that your Doublet was lin'd with Playhouse Bills: neither have I forgot, any more than you, that you then complain'd of having a Wife who was too discreet. O, I have no more Reason to complain of that now, replied *Zapata* hastily. Good God! the good Woman is mightily alter'd from that; by the same Token my Doublet is better lin'd too.

I was going to congratulate him upon his Wife's hearkening to Reason, when he was oblig'd to leave me, to appear upon the Stage. Being curious to know his Wife, I went to a Player to desire him to shew me her. He did so, telling me, that's her before you, 'tis *Narcissa*, the prettiest of our Actresses except your Sister. I judg'd that this was her in whose Favour the Marquis *de Marialva* had declar'd himself, before his seeing *Estella*, and my Conjecture was but too true. After the End of the Play, I conducted *Laura* to her Lodgings, where being come, I perceiv'd several Cooks who were preparing a great Entertainment. You may sup here, said she; By no means, replied I; The Marquis will perhaps be glad to be alone with you. Not at all, (answer'd she:) He is coming hither with two of his Friends and one of our Actors: It shall be your Fault.

Fault if you dont make the Sixth. You know very well that with us Players the Secretaries have the Privilege of dining with their Masters. That's true, (said I;) but it's too soon yet to put my self upon the Foot of those Favourite Secretaries. I must first be intrusted with the Commission of a Confident to deserve that honourable Prerogative. Having thus spoken, I left *Laura's* and went to my Eating-House, where I resolv'd to go every Day, since my Master kept no Table.

CHAP. IX.

What kind of a Man he supp'd with that Night, and what pass'd between them.

I Observ'd in the Hall a sort of an old Monk, cloth'd in gray Bays, who supp'd in a Corner by himself. I went out of Curiosity and sat over-against him, saluting him very civilly; neither did he seem a whit less polite than I. They brought me my Pittance, which I began to dispatch with great alacarity. Whilst I was thus eating without speaking a Word, I often look'd upon my Neighbour, whose

Eyes I always found fix'd upon me. Being vex'd with his continual staring upon me, I address'd my self thus to him; Father, do you think you have ever seen me any where before? You eye me like a Man who is not entirely unknown to you.

He answer'd me gravely; If I fix my Eyes upon you, 'tis only to admire the prodigious variety of Adventures that are delineated in the Features of your Face. By what I perceive, (said I to him in a rallying Tone) your Reverence understands Metoposcopy. I may boast of being Master of it, replied the Monk and of having made some Predictions, which have not been contradicted by the Sequel. I am not less vers'd in Chiromancy, and I dare venture to say that my Oracles are infallible, when I have compar'd the Lines of the Hand with those of the Physiognomy.

Altho' this old Father had altogether the Appearance of a Man of Sense, I thought him so foolish, that I could not forbear laughing full in his Face. Instead of being offended at my Rudeness, he smil'd at it, and pursu'd his Discourse in these Terms, having first look'd round the Hall, and assur'd himself that no body heard us. I am not surpriz'd at seeing you so prepossess'd against two Sciences, that are

now

now thought trifling; the tedious and laborious Study which they require, discourages all the Learned, who renounce and decry them for mere spite, in that they have not been able to make themselves Masters of them. As for me, I was not dishearten'd at the Obscurity wherein they are involv'd, no more than at the Difficulties that incessantly attend the search of Chymical Secrets, and the stupendious Art of the Transmutation of Metals into Gold.

But I forget, (continu'd he, recollecting himself,) that I am talking to a young Gentleman, to whom my Discourses must in reality pass only for Dreams. A Specimen of my Skill will incline you to judge favourably of me, more than all that I can say. At these Words, he drew out of his Pocket a Vial full of Liquor of a vermilion Colour; after which he said to me, Here is an Elixir I compos'd this Morning, of the Juices of certain Plants distill'd in the Alembick; for I have spent almost all my Life, like *Democritus*, in finding out the Properties of Simples and Minerals. You shall experience its Virtue. The Wine we have been drinking at our Supper is very bad; this shall make it excellent. At the same time, he put two drops of his Elixir in my Bottle, which render'd

E 5

my

my Wine more delicious than the most exquisite that is drunk in *Spain*.

Any thing wonderful strikes the Imagination, and when that is once touch'd, one makes no more Use of one's Judgment. Charm'd with such a fine Secret, and being perswaded that he must be more than a Devil to be Master of such an Art, I cry'd out full of Admiration, O my Father, I beg your Pardon for taking you at first for an old Fool. I now do Justice to your great Capacity. I have no need of seeing any more, to be convinc'd that if you pleas'd you could make an Ingot of Gold of a Bar of Iron. How happy should I be if I were possess'd of such an admirable Science! Heav'n preserve you from it, (cry'd the old Man, fetching a deep Sigh!) You don't know, my Son, what a dangerous thing you have wish'd. Instead of envying me, you ought rather to pity me for having taken so much Pains to make my self miserable. I am in a continual Disquiet. I am afraid of being discover'd, and of having a perpetual Prison for the Reward of my Labour. Full of these Apprehensions, I lead a rambling Life, disguis'd sometimes like a Priest or Friar, and sometimes like a Cavalier, or Peasant. Is it then an Advantage to know how to make Gold at that Price? And are not Riches

Riches a real Punishment to those who can't enjoy them quietly?

These Sentiments appear to me very reasonable, (reply'd I to the Philosopher;) nothing is to be compar'd to a quiet Life; you have given me a Disgust to the Philosopher's Stone; I will satisfy my self with learning from you what will befall me. With all my Heart, Child (answer'd he;) I have already made Observations upon your Features, now let me see your Hand. I shew'd it him, with a Confidence that will do me no Honour in the Opinion of some Readers. He examin'd it with Attention, after which he said in a Rapture, What Transitions are here from Sorrow to Joy, and from Joy to Sorrow! What an odd Succession of Disgraces, and good Fortune! But you have already experienc'd great part of these Alternatives: You have no more Misfortunes to undergo, and a Nobleman will provide you an agreeable Settlement that will not be liable to change.

Having assur'd me that I might rely upon this Prediction, he took his leave, and went out of the Eating-House, where I staid behind very full of what I had been just hearing. I did not at all doubt but the Marquis de Marialva was the Nobleman mention'd; and consequently nothing seem'd more

more probable than the Accomplishment of the Oracle. But tho' I had not seen the least Appearance of it, it would not have hinder'd my giving an entire Credit to the counterfeit Monk, he had gain'd so much Authority over me by his Elixir. On the other hand, that I might forward the good Fortune that was foretold me, as much as lay in my Power, I resolv'd to be more diligent in my Attendance on the Marquis, than I had ever been to any of my Masters. Having taken this Resolution I retired to our *Hotel* with a Gaiety not to be express'd; never did any Woman go away better satisfy'd from a Fortune-teller.

C H A P. X.

Of the Commission the Marquis de Marialva gave to Gil Blas, and how that faithful Secretary discharged it.

THE Marquis was not yet come back from his Actress, and I found his *Valets de Chambre* in his Apartment playing at *Primero*, in expectation of his Return. I got acquainted with them, and we divert-

ed our selves with laughing till two in the Morning, when our Master came home. He was a little surpriz'd at the Sight of me, and said with a gracious Air, which made me judge that he was very well satisfy'd with his spending the Evening: How *Gil Blas*, are not you in Bed yet? I answer'd, that I was willing first to know whether he had any Commands for me. I shall perhaps have a Commission for you to-morrow Morning (replied he;) but it will be time enough then to inform you of it: Go to rest; and for the future remember that I dispense with your Attendance at Night; I only want my *Valets de Chambre*.

After this Information, (with which I was very well pleas'd at the bottom, as it spar'd me a Subjection which would sometimes have been disagreeable to me,) I left the Marquis in his Apartment, and withdrew to my Garret. I went to Bed, but not being able to Sleep, I resolv'd to follow the Council of *Pythagoras*, that is, to recollect at Night what one has done in the Day, in order to applaud one's self for one's good Actions, and reproach our selves for our bad ones.

I did not find my Conscience clear enough to be satisfy'd with my Conduct. I disapprov'd my having seconded *Laura's* Imposture.

Imposture. 'Twas in vain for me to excuse my self by saying that I cou'd not handsomely give a Woman the Lye, whose only design was to do me Service, and that I was in some sort under a Necessity of being an Accomplice in her Treachery. Not being contented with this Excuse, I answer'd that then I ought not to have push'd Matters farther, and that I must be very impudent to live with a Noblemen whose Confidence I repaid so ill. In short, after a strict Examination, I agreed, within my self that if I was not a Rogue, I did not want much of it.

From thence going on to the Consequences, I represented to my self that I ran a great Hazard, in imposing upon a Man of Quality, who might perhaps, for my Sins, not be long before he found out the Cheat. Such a judicious Reflection put me under some Apprehensions: But the Ideas of Pleasure and Interest soon dispers'd them: Besides, the Prophecy of my Elixir Merchant was sufficient to encourage me. I deliver'd my self therefore up to agreeable Fancies. I set my self about casting up how much my Wages would amount to in ten Years Service. To this I added the Presents I should receive from my Master, and reckoning them up according to his liberal Temper, or rather to my

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my Desires, I gave such a Career to my Imagination, if I may so express my self, as set no Bounds to my good Fortune. So much Riches lull'd me to rest by little and little, and I went to sleep, building Castles in the Air.

I got up the next Morning by eight o'Clock to receive my Patron's Orders; but as I open'd my Door to go out, I was very much surpriz'd to see him before me in his Night-Gown and Cap. He was all alone. *Gil Blas*, (said he) I promis'd your Sister last Night when I left her, that I would be with her this Morning; but some Business of Consequence prevents my keeping my Word. Go and tell her from me that I am very sorry for this Disappointment, and assure her that I will sup with her again to-night. This is not all, (continued he, putting into my Hand a Purse with a little Shagreen Box set with Diamonds) carry her my Picture, and keep this Purse wherein there are fifty Pistoles, which I gave you as a Testimony of the Kindness I already have for you. I took the Picture with one Hand, and with the other the Purse I so little deserv'd, and running instantly to *Laura*, I said to my self in a Transport of Joy: Well, the Prophecy is fulfill'd visibly. How fortunate,

nate it is to be Brother to a handsome and gallant Girl. 'Tis a pity it is not as honourable as it is profitable and agreeable.

Laura, contrary to the Custom of Persons of her Profession, used to rise early in the Morning. I surpriz'd her at her Toilet, where in expectation of her *Portuguese* she was setting off her natural Beauty with all the auxiliary Charms that the Art of a Coquet could lend her. Amiable *Estella*, (said I, on my entring her Room) the Loadstone of Foreigners, I may now take the Liberty of eating with my Master, since he has honour'd me with a Commission which gives me that Privilege, and which I am now come to discharge. He can't be so happy as to visit you this Morning as he propos'd, but to make amends he will sup with you to-night, and he has sent you his Picture, which seems to me to have something very comfortable in it.

Hereupon I immediately presented her the Box, the Lustre of whose Diamonds infinitely rejoiced her. She open'd it, and having shut it, after looking carelessly upon the Painting, she return'd to the Jewels. She extoll'd their Beauty; and said to me smiling. These are Copies which we Players love better than the Originals.

I inform'd her afterwards that the generous *Portuguese* on delivering me the Picture, had presented me with a Purse of fifty Guineas. I congratulate you upon it, reply'd she. This Nobleman begins at a Rate that others seldom arrive at. 'Tis to you, my Charmer (said I) that I owe this Present; the Marquis only gave it me on account of my being your Brother. I wish (replied she) that he would make you the same every Day. I can't express how dear you are to me. The first Minute I saw you, I conceiv'd such a Value for you, that Time has not been able to efface. When I lost you at *Madrid*, I did not despair of finding you again; and yesterday when you came, I receiv'd you as a Man that must necessarily return to me. In short, Friend, Heaven has destin'd us for one another. You shall be my Husband, but we must first get Money. I will have three or four Intrigues more to enable you to live at your Ease.

I thank'd her very politely for the Pains she was so willing to take for me; and we engaged insensibly in a Discourse that held till Noon. Then I took my leave, in order to give my Master an Account how his Present had been receiv'd. Altho' *Laura* had given me no Instructions thereupon, I did not fail to study a fine Compliment

pliment by the way, which I propos'd to make in her Name; but 'twas so much time lost. For when I got to the House they told me that the Marquis was just gone out; and 'twas determin'd that I should see him no more; as will be seen in the next Chapter.

C H A P. XI.

Of the News which Gil Blas heard, and how it thunder-struck him.

I Went to my Eating-house, where I met two Men of an agreeable Conversation, with whom I din'd and sat at Table till Play-time, when we parted, they to go about their respective Business, and I to the Theatre. It may be observ'd *en passant*, that I had all the Reason in the World to be in a good Humour: The Discourse I had with these Cavaliers was full of Gaiety; the Aspect of my Fortune was the most surprizing in the World, and yet nevertheless I could not forbear giving way to Melancholy, without knowing why, or being able to resist it. Undoubtedly I had a Foresight of the Misfortune that threatned me.

Upon

Upon my going behind the Scenes, *Melchior Zapata* coming up to me, whisper'd me to follow him. I did so, and he carried me into a private part of the House, where he spoke to me after this Manner. *Signior Cavalier*, I think it my Duty to inform you of something of great Importance. You know that the *Marquis de Marialva* took at first a liking to *Narcissa* my Spouse. He had even appointed a Day to come and eat of my Rib, when the artful *Estella* found the means to break off the Engagement, and draw the *Portuguese* to her. You may well judge that an Actress does not lose so fine a Morsel without a sensible Displeasure. This sticks in my Wife's Stómach, and there is nothing she would not do to be reveng'd. She has now a fine Opportunity. Last Night, if you remember, all our Waiters ran to see you. The Under-snuffer of the Candles said to some of our Company that he knew you, and that you art not in the least *Estella's* Brother.

This Report, continued *Melchior*, is now come to the Ears of *Narcissa*, who did not fail to ask the Author, who has confirm'd it. He knew you (as he says) Servant to *Arsenia* at the same time that *Estella* waited on her at *Madrid*, under the Name of *Laura*. My Spouse, charm'd with

with this Discovery, will acquaint the Marquis *de Marialva* with it, who will be to-night at the Play. Take your Measures accordingly; if you are not really *Estella's* Brother, I advise you as a Friend, on account of our former Acquaintance, to provide for your Safety. *Narcissa*, who demands but one Victim, has allow'd me to give you this Information, that you may by your speedy Flight prevent some unlucky Accident.

'Twould have been to no Purpose to have told me any more. I thank'd the Player for his Intelligence, letting him see by my Terror that I was not a Man that wou'd give the Under-Candle-Snuffer the Lye. I did not find my self at all dispos'd to carry my Impudence so far. I was not even tempted to take my Leave of *Laura*, for fear she should draw me in to pay for my Presumption. I easily conceiv'd that she was Actress good enough to extricate her self from such a false Step; but I could foresee nothing but an infallible Punishment for my self; and I was not amorous enough to brave it. For this Reason I thought of nothing but how to save my self with my Gods *Penates*, I mean, with my Things. I vanish'd from the Play-house in a Moment, and in less than the twinkling of an Eye I had my Cloke-Bag carry'd

carry'd to a Muleteer's, who was to set out the next Morning at three o'Clock for Toledo. I could have wish'd to have been already at the Count *de Polan's*, whose House seem'd to me the only Place of Refuge where I cou'd be safe. But I was not yet there, and I could not without uneasiness think upon the Time I was forc'd to pass in a City where I was apprehensive that they wou'd search for me that very Night.

However I went to sup at my Eating-house, tho' I was in as much Trouble as a Debtor, who knows the Serjeants are at his Heels. What I eat that Night, I believe did not produce an excellent Chyle in my Stomach. Miserable Sport of Fear that I was, I examin'd all the Persons that enter'd the Hall; and when unluckily there came any ill-look'd Fellows, (which is not uncommon in those Places) I shudder'd with fear. Having supp'd in continual Alarms, I rose from Table, and return'd to my Mule-driver's, where I threw my self down upon some clean Straw, till the Time of my Departure.

My Patience was put to a very severe trial during that Time. A thousand disagreeable Thoughts came to torment me. If at any time I drop'd asleep, I imagin'd I saw the furious Marquis falling upon

upon *Laura*, mangling her pretty Face, and breaking all her Furniture to pieces. Or else I thought I heard him ordering his Servants to cudgel me to Death. Hereupon I started out of my Sleep; and my waking, which is generally so agreeable after a frightful Dream, was yet more dreadful to me than my Slumbers.

By good Luck the Muleteer came to free me from my Pain, by telling me that his Mules were ready. I immediately got up, and thank Heav'n, I set out thoroughly cured both of *Laura* and Chiremancy. In proportion as we got farther from *Grenada*, my Mind became more compos'd. I began to discourse with my Muleteer. I laugh'd at some pleasant Stories he told me, and lost insensibly all my Apprehensions. I slept very quietly at *Ubeda*, where we took up our first Night Lodging, and the fourth we reach'd *Tolledo*. My first Care was to enquire after the Count *de Polan's* House, whither I was fully perswaded that he wou'd not suffer me to lodge any where but with him. But I reckon'd without my Host; for I only found the House-keeper, who told me that his Master had set out the Night before for the Castle of *Leyva*; whence he had been inform'd that *Seraphina* was dangerously ill.

I had never dreamt of the Count's Absence. It diminish'd my Joy for being at Toledo, and made me take another Resolution. Finding my self so near Madrid, I determin'd to go there. I reflected that I might push my Fortune at Court, where, as I had been told, a great Genius was not absolutely necessary to advance one's self. The next Morning I took the Opportunity of a return'd Horse, to go to that Capital of Spain. Fortune conducted me whither, in order to my acting Parts of greater Consequence than ever I had yet play'd.

C H A P. XII.

Gil Blas goes to lodge in a House ready furnish'd, where he gets acquainted with Captain Chinchilla; what sort of a Man that Officer was, and what Business brought him to Madrid.

AS soon as I got to Madrid, I took up my Lodging in a ready-furnish'd house, where, amongst others, there liv'd an old Captain, who was come from the farthest end of New Castile, to sollicite a Pension

Pension from the Court, which he thought he had deserv'd but too well; His Name was *Don Hannibal de Chinchilla*. 'Tis not without Surprize that I beheld him the first time. He was a Man of Threescore, of a Giant's Size, and prodigiously lean. He wore a pair of thick Whiskers, which ran winding up both sides to his Temples, besides his having but one Leg and one Arm; he had one Eye cover'd with a piece of green Taffety, and his Face seem'd slash'd in several Places. This excepted, he was made like another Man. Besides, he did not want for Wit, and yet less for Gravity. He carried his Morals even to scrupulousness, and valu'd himself above all, on being delicate in point of Honour.

After having convers'd with him twice or thrice, he did me the Favour to make me his Confident. I soon became acquainted with all his Affairs. He told me what Engagements he had lost an Eye at *Naples*, an Arm in *Lombardy*, and a Leg in the *Low Countries*. What I admir'd in all the Accounts he gave me of his Battles and Sieges, was that he did not let slip one vain-glorious Expression, not one Word in his own Praise; tho' I could willingly have forgiven his bragging of that half of his which was left, to make himself amends for the loss of the other. The Office

who return safe and sound from the Wars
are not all so modest.

But he told me that what lay most upon his Spirits, was his having spent a considerable Income in his Campaigns, so that he had no longer any more than a hundred Ducats a Year left, which was hardly sufficient to keep his *Mustacios* in order, pay for his Lodging, and the writing his Petitions. For in short, *Signior Cavalier*, continued he shrugging up his Shoulders,) present them, thank God, every Day, without the least Notice being taken of them. One would swear that a Wager had been laid between the first Minister and me; and that 'twas which of us two should be first tired, I of giving, or he of receiving them. I have also had the Honour of presenting some frequently to the King; but like Man like Master, and all this Time my Castle at *Chincilla* falls to ruin for want of Repairs.

One must despair of nothing, reply'd I to the Captain, perhaps you are upon the Point of seeing your Labour and Pains repaid with Interest. I ought not to flatter my self with such Hopes, answer'd *Don Hannibal*. 'Tis not three Days since I spoke to one of the prime Minister's Secretaries, and if I believe his Words, I have nothing to do but to sit down contented.

tented. What did he say to you then, *Senior*? (reply'd I.) Did not the Condition whereunto you are reduced seem to him worthy of a Recompense? You shall be Judge (answer'd *Chinchilla*.) The Secretary told me plainly, Good Gentleman, don't brag so much of your Zeal and your Fidelity. You have done but your Duty in exposing your self to Dangers for your Country. The Glory alone that is inseparable from great Actions, is a sufficient Payment for them, and ought to satisfy, especially one that is a *Spaniard*. You must be undeceiv'd therefore if you look upon the Gratuity for which you solicit as a Debt. If it should be granted you, you will stand indebted for it only to the King's Goodness, who is willing to think himself obliged to such of his Subjects who have serv'd the State well. You see by this, (continu'd the Captain,) that t'other half of me is still in Arrears to my Country, and that I am very likely to return as I came.

'Tis natural to concern one's self for a brave Man whom one sees suffer. I exhorted him to hold out, and offer'd to transcribe his Petitions *gratis*. I even went so far as to open him my Purse, and conjure him to take out what Money he pleas'd. But he was not one of those who don't

don't want to be ask'd twice on such an Occasion. On the contrary, shewing himself very nice on that Subject, he thank'd me with some Haughtiness for my Goodwill. After this he told me that, because he would not be chargeable to any one, he had us'd himself by degrees to live so temperately, that the least Food wou'd serve for his Subsistence. This was but too true; he liv'd only upon Scallions and Onions; accordingly he had nothing but Skin and Bones; and that no Body might be a Witness of his hard Fare, he generally lock'd himself in his Chamber at Meal-time. However I did prevail upon him by repeated Intreaties that we might Dine and Sup together; and deceiving his Pride by an ingenious Compassion, I had a great deal more Meat and Wine brought than was necessary for my self only. At first he would have excus'd himself by Compliments; but at last he was overcome by my Importunity. After which growing insensibly more hardy, he help'd me empty my Dish, and drink off my Bottle of his own Accord.

When he had taken off four or five Glasses, and reconciled his Stomach to a good Nourishment; Indeed, (said he, with gay Air,) *Signior Gil Blas* you are very reducing; you make me do just as you

please. You have such a Way, that you even make me banish all Fear of imposing upon your Good-nature. My Captain seem'd then to have so much conquer'd his Modesty, that if I had again press'd him to have accepted of my Purse, I believe he would not have refus'd it; but I did not put him any more to that Trial. I contented my self with having made him my Mess-mate, and taking the Pains not only to transcribe his Petitions, but even to help compose them. By having so often copied the Homilies over fair, I had learn'd to give a Phrase a good Turn; I was become a kind of Author. On the other hand the old Officer valu'd himself upon writing a fine Style. So that striving each to outvie the other, we made Pieces of Eloquence not unworthy the most celebrated Orators of *Salamanca*. But 'twas all in vain either for the one or the other of us to pump our Wits for Flowers of Rhetorick, to embellish these Petitions, 'twas (as one may say) Labour in vain. Whatever Turn we gave to *Don Hannibal's* Services to stamp a value upon them, the Court had no regard to them. This did not induce the old Invalid to make a Panegyrick upon such Officers as ruin'd themselves in the Wars. In his ill Humour he

curs'd

Chap. 12. of GIL BLAS. 101

curs'd his Stars, and wish'd the Devil had
Naples, Lombardy, and the Low-Countries.

To mortify him yet more, it happen'd
 one Day that a Poet introduc'd by the
 Duke *d' Alba*, having recited before the
 King a Sonnet upon the Birth of an *Infanta*,
 was rewarded before his very Face with
 a Pension of 500 Ducats. I believe the
 mangled Captain would have run Mad,
 if I had not taken care to hearten him.
 What's the Matter with you? said I to
 him, seeing him beside himself. There is
 nothing in it that ought to discompose
 you. Have not the Poets time out of
 mind made Princes tributary to their Mu-
 ses? There is never a crown'd Head but
 what has some of these Gentlemen for its
 Pensioners. And, *entre nous*, these sorts of
 Pensions being seldom unknown to Poster-
 ity, immortalize the Liberality of Monarchs,
 whereas the others that they bestow are of-
 ten so much lost to their Fame. How
 many Rewards has *Augustus* given? how
 many Pensions has he bestow'd, of which
 we have no Knowledge? But latest Poste-
 rity will know, as well as we, that *Vir-*
gil receiv'd from that Emperor almost
 200,000 Crowns.

Whatever I could say to *Don Hannibal*,
 the Sonnet lay like Lead upon his Sto-
 mach. And not being able to digest it, he
 F 3 resolv'd

resolv'd to abandon all. However, to make his last Push, he would present one more Petition to the Duke of *Lerma*. With this Intent, we went both to the Prime Minister's, where we met with a young Fellow, who, after having saluted the Captain, said to him with an affectionate Air, My dear old Master is it you that I see? What Business has brought you to his Excellency's? If you stand in need of a Person who has some Credit here, make use of me; I offer you my Service. How, *Pedrillo*, (reply'd the Officer,) to hear you, one would think that you had some Post of Importance in this House. At least, (answer'd the young Fellow,) I have Interest enough to do an honest *Hidalgo* like you a Pleasure. If it be so, (reply'd the Captain with a Smile,) I will have Recourse to your Protection. I grant it you, said *Pedrillo*. You need only tell me the Business in hand, and I promise to obtain something for you of the Prime Minister.

We had no sooner satisfied this obliging young Fellow, but he ask'd where *Don Hannibal* lodg'd; then having assur'd us that we should hear from him the next Day, he vanish'd without informing us what he intended to do, or even telling us whether he was a Domestick to the Duke.

Duke of *Lerma*. I was desirous of knowing who this *Pedrillo* was, that seem'd to me so diligent. He is a young Fellow, (reply'd the Captain) who serv'd me some Years ago, and finding my Circumstances fell to decay, left me to look for a Place of more Profit. I don't take it ill of him; 'tis very natural to change for the better. He is an Arch Fellow who does not want for Wit, and is as intriguing as the Devil. But in spite of all his Skill, I don't depend much upon the Zeal he has just express'd for me. Perhaps, (said I,) he may be useful to you; for Instance, if he should belong to some of the Duke's Principal Officers, he may do you a Service. You are not ignorant that amongst great Persons every Thing is carry'd by Intrigues and Cabals; that they have Domesticks who govern them, and that these are govern'd in their turn by their Footmen.

The next Morning we saw *Pedrillo* come to our Lodgings. Gentlemen, (said he,) if I did not explain my self yesterday about the Means I had to serve Captain *Chinchilla*, 'twas because we were not in a proper place to intrust you with such a Secret. Besides, I was willing to see whether the Thing was feasible, before I open'd my self to you. Know then, that I am the favourite Servant to *Don Rodriguez de Calderona*, first

Secretary to the Duke of *Lerma*. My Master being very gallant, goes almost every Night to sup with a Nightingale of *Arragon*, whom he keeps in a Cage near the Court. She is a young Girl of *Albarazin*, one of the handsomest that can be seen. She has Wit, and sings to Admiration. Accordingly she is called *Sennora Sirena*. As I carry her every Morning a *Billet-doux*, I come now from seeing her. I propos'd to her to let *Don Hannibal* pass for her Uncle, and under Colour of that to engage her Gallant to protect him. She is very willing to undertake the Matter; for besides the little Advantage she proposes to herself from it, she will be overjoy'd with being thought Niece to a brave Gentleman.

Signior de Chinchilla look'd sour at this Discourse, he express'd a great Aversion to being made an Accomplice to a Trick, and yet more to suffering a Jilt to dishonour him, by pretending to be of his Family. He was not only shock'd with Respect to himself; he saw therein (to use that Expression) a retro-active Ignominy which reflected back upon his Ancestors. This Delicacy seem'd very unseasonable to *Pedrillo*, who was displeas'd with it. Are you mad, (cry'd he,) to take it after that Manner? This is just the Temper of you, you

you petty Gentlemen, you have a Vanity that makes you ridiculous. *Signior Cavalier* (continued he, addressing himself to me) are not you surpriz'd at the Scruples that he makes? Good God! Is it at Court that one must examine Things so nicely! Under whatever despicable Shape Fortune appears there, they take care not to let her slip.

I applauded *Pedrillo's* Speech, and we both harangu'd the Captain so well, that we made him *Sirena's* Uncle in spite of his Teeth. When we had gain'd so far upon his Pride, we all three set our selves about writing a fresh Petition for the Prime Minister, which was review'd, augmented, and corrected. I afterwards copied it over fair, and *Pedrillo* carried it to the *Arragonian*, who that very Night gave it in charge to *Don Rodriguez*, to whom she represented the Matter so well, that the Secretary believing her really the Captain's Niece, promised to make use of his Interest for him. A few Days afterwards, we found the Effects of this Management. *Pedrillo* came back to our Lodging with an Air of Triumph: Good-News (said he to *Chinchilla*) The King will make a distribution of Commendaries, Benefices, and Pensions, when you won't be forgot. But I am order'd to demand of you what Pre-

F 5

sent

sent you think to make *Sirena*. As for me, I declare I will have nothing. I prefer the Pleasure of contributing to the Bettering the Fortune of my old Master to all the Gold in the World. The Nymph of *Albarazin* is not of the same Temper. She is a little upon the *Jew*, when she is to do a Service to her Neighbour. She wou'd take Money of her own Father; judge whether she would refuse that of a pretended Uncle.

She need only name her Demands, reply'd *Don Hannibal*. If she desires every Year a third of the Pension that is granted me, I promise it her, and that ought to satisfy her, if the whole Revenues of his Catholick Majesty were at stake. I shou'd very willingly trust to your Word (reply'd *Don Rodriguez's Mercury*,) I know very well that it is sacred; but you have to do with a little Gipsy who is naturally very mistrustful. Besides she had much rather, once for all, that you shou'd give her two thirds down in ready Money. And where the Devil wou'd she have me raise it? (said the Officer briskly interrupting him) Does she believe me a *Contador-Mayor*? You must certainly not have inform'd her of my Circumstances. Pardon me, (reply'd *Pedrillo*.) She knows very well that you are as poor as *Job*. After what I have told her

her she can't be ignorant of it. But don't trouble your self; I am a Man fertile in Expedients. I am acquainted with an old Rogue of an *Oydor*, who loves to lend his Money at ten *per Cent*. You shall make him an Assignment and Security for the first Year of your Pension, in Consideration of the same Sum which you shall acknowledge to have receiv'd from him, and which you shall actually have all but the Interest. As for the Security, the Lender shall content himself with your Castle of *Chinchilla*, in the Condition wherein it now is. You shall have no Dispute about that.

The Captain protested that he would accept of these Proposals, if he should be fortunate enough to have a share in the Favours that were to be distributed next Day. This happen'd accordingly; He was gratify'd with a Pension of three hundred Pistoles upon a Commendary. As soon as ever he had heard this News, he gave all the Security that was demanded of him, finish'd his little Affairs, and return'd to new *Castile* with some Pistoles in his Pocket.

C H A P. XIII.

Gil Blas meets with his dear Friend Fabricio at Court. Great Joy between them on both Sides. Where they both went; and the curious Conversation they had together.

I Had us'd my self to go every Morning to the King's Apartment, where I spent two or three hours in seeing the *Grandeess* come in and go out; they seeming to me there not to be surrounded with that Splendor they are elsewhere.

One Day as I was walking and strutting about the Lodgings, and making (as do a great many others) a very scurvy Figure, I discover'd *Fabricio* whom I had left at *Valladolid*, in the Governor of the Hospital's Service. What surpriz'd me was that he convers'd familiarly with the Duke de *Medina Sidonia*, and the Marquis de *Sainte Croix*. These two Noblemen as I thought took Pleasure in his Discourse; add to this he was dress'd as handsomely as a noble Cavalier.

Am not I deceiv'd, said I to my self? Is that the Son of the Barber *Nunez*? 'Tis perhaps some young Courtier who resembles

bles him. I did not remain a long time in this Uncertainty; the Noblemen went out, and I accosted *Fabricio*, who knowing me that minute, took me by the Hand, and having made me thrust thro' the Crowd, to get out of the Lodgings, My dear *Gil Blas*, (said he embracing me) I am overjoy'd to see you again. What are you doing at *Madrid*? Are you in any Place yet? Have you any Post at Court? In what State are your Affairs? Give me an Account of all that has happen'd since your precipitated Departure from *Valladolid*. You ask me a great many things at once (replied I) and we are not here in a Place proper to recount Adventures. You are in the right (rejoin'd he;) We shall be better at my Lodgings. Come I'll carry you thither. 'Tis not far from hence. I am independent, agreeably settled, my Furniture perfectly good, I live contented, and am happy, since I think my self to be so.

I accepted his Offer, and suffer'd my self to be led by *Fabricio*, who made me stop before a House that made a noble Show, where he told me he liv'd. We cross'd a Court, on one side whereof was a great Stair-case that carried up to stately Apartments, and on the other a little pair of back Stairs as dark as narrow,
by

by which we went up to the Lodging which had been so much cried up. It consisted of only one Chamber, whereof my ingenious Friend had made four, separated by Deal Partitions. The first serv'd as an Anti-chamber to the second, where he lay; the third was his Closet, and the last his Kitchen. The Chamber and Anti-chamber were hung with Maps, and the Furniture was answerable to the Hangings. 'Twas a large Bed of a Brocade very much worn, some old Chairs of yellow Serge trim'd with a silk *Grenada* Fringe of the same Colour, a Table with gilt Feet, cover'd with a Leather that seem'd to have been red, and border'd with a Copper Fringe that was turn'd black thro' length of time, together with an Ebony Cup-board, adorn'd with Figures coarsely carv'd. A little Table serv'd in his Closet for a *Bureau*, and his Library was compos'd of some Books, with several Bundles of Papers which one might see dispos'd upon Shelves along the Wall. His Kitchen, which was not unsuitable to the rest, consisted of Earthen Ware, and other necessary Utensils.

Fabricio, having given me time to consider his Apartment, said to me, What do you think of my House-keeping, and my Lodging? Are not you charm'd with it?

Chap. 13. of GIL BLAS. III

Yes faith (reply'd I smiling;) You must manage your Affairs very well at *Madrid*, to be so well settled here, without doubt you have some Commission. Heav'n preserve me from it! (rejoin'd he:) The Condition I have chosen is preferable to any Employment. A Person of Distinction, to whom this *Hotel* belongs, has given me a Chamber therein, whereof I have made four, which I have furnish'd as you see. I only busy my self about things wherein I take Pleasure, and I feel no Necessity. Explain your self more clearly, said I, interrupting him. You only heighten my Curiosity to know what Life you lead. Well then (replied he) I am going to satisfy you. I am turned Author; I have commenc'd Wit; I write both in Verse and Prose; I am good at every thing.

You a Favourite of *Apollo*! (said I laughing :) That's what I cou'd never have thought. I shou'd have been less surpriz'd at seeing you any thing else. What Charms then have you found in the Condition of Poets? I shou'd have fancied that those Gentlemen were despis'd in civil Life, and that they had no settled Ordinary. O Fy! (cried he in his turn) You speak of those miserable Authors whose Works are the Refuse of Booksellers and Players. Ought one to wonder if such Writers are
not

not esteem'd? But the good ones are upon a better footing in the World. And I may say, without Vanity, that I am of this Number. I doubt it not, replied I; you are a young Fellow of a good deal of Wit; what you compose cannot be bad. I only wonder how the Fury of writing first possess'd you.

Your Surprize is just (rejoin'd *Nunez*;) I was so contented with my Condition with Signior *Manuel Ordognes*, that I did not wish to change. But my Genius rising by degrees, like that of *Plautus*, above Subjection, I wrote a Comedy, which I had acted by the Comedians at *Valladolid*. Tho' it was not worth a Rush, it met with great Success. By this I judg'd that the Publick was a good milch Cow, that was easily milk'd. This Reflection, and the eager Desire of writing some new Pieces, made me quit the Hospital; The Love of Poetry wean'd me from that of Riches, and I resolv'd to go to *Madrid*, as being the Center of the *Beaux-Esprits*, to refine my Taste there. Hereupon I ask'd my Discharge of the Governor, who did not give it me without Regret, so great was his Affection for me. *Fabricio* (said he) have you any Reason to be dissatisfied with me? No Sir, (replied I) you are the best of Masters, and I am sensibly affected with

with your Goodness. But you know one must follow ones Stars. I find my self born to immortalize my Name by my witty Productions. What a Fellow is this, said the good Citizen! You are already naturaliz'd in the Hospital; you are upon the Foundation whence the Stewards are made, and even sometimes the Governors. You will quit the Solid to run after Trifles. So much the worse for thee, Child.

The Governor seeing that he oppos'd my Intention in vain, paid me my Wages, and made me a Present of fifty Ducats in acknowledgement of my Services. So that with that and what I had scrap'd up in the little Commissions wherewith I had been intrusted, I was in a Condition, when I came to *Madrid*, to put my self in a handsome Figure; which I did, tho' the Writers of our Nation don't value themselves much upon their Dress. I soon became acquainted with *Lopez de Vega Carpio*, *Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra*, and other famous Authors; but preferably to these great Men, I chose a young Batchelor of *Cordova*, the incomparable *Don Lewis de Gongora*, the finest Genius that ever *Spain* produced. He is not willing his Works should be publish'd in his Life-time; he satisfies himself with reading them to his Friends. What is most particular, is, that
Nature

Nature has endu'd him with the uncommon Talent of succeeding in all sorts of Poetry. But principally he excels in Satyr, that's his Master-piece. He is not like *Lucilius*, a muddy River that carries a great deal of Slime with it, he is the *Tagus* whose clear Streams roll over a golden Sand.

You draw me (said I to *Fabricio*) a fine Picture of this Batchelor; and I don't doubt but a Person of such Merit has a great many Detractors. All the Authors, (replied he) both good and bad, inveigh against him. One says he loves Bombast, Puns, Metaphors, and Transpositions. Such an Obscurity (says another) runs thro' all his Verses, as was in those which the *Salian* Priests sung in their Processions, which no body understood. There are some who even reproach him with making sometimes Sonnets or Romances, sometimes Comedies, sometimes Stanzas, &c. as if he had extravagantly undertaken to surpass the best Writers in all kinds of Poetry. But all this jealous Carping only loses its force against a Muse that is cherish'd both by the Grandees and the Multitude.

'Twas under this able Master that I serv'd my Apprenticeship; and I dare venture to say that 'tis apparent by my Writings. I have imbib'd so much of his Wit, that I have already compos'd Pieces which he

would

you'd not be ashamed to own. I go, after his Example, to recite my Labours in great Houses, where they receive me to Admiration, and I meet with Persons who are not difficult. 'Tis true I have a good way of Delivery, which does no Injury to my Compositions. In short I am esteemed by several Noblemen; especially I live with the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, as *Horace* did with *Mecenas*. This, (continu'd *Fabricio*) is the Way I commenc'd Author. I have no more to tell you; now *Gil Blas* 'tis your Turn to relate your Adventures.

Then I assum'd the Discourse, and passing over every indifferent Circumstance, gave him the Account he desir'd, after which it was Time to think of Dinner. Hereupon he took some Napkins out of his Ebony Cup-board, together with Bread, a piece of a roast Shoulder of Mutton, and a Bottle of excellent Wine; and we both sat down to Table with all the Gaiety of two Friends who meet after a long Separation. You see, (said he) my free and independent Life. I might, if I wou'd, eat every Day with Persons of Quality; but besides that the Love of writing keeps me often at Home, I am a little *Aristippus*. I can suit my self equally to the Company of Great Men, and to a retired Life, to abundance, and Frugality.

We

We found the Wine so good, that he was forc'd to fetch another Bottle out of his Cup-board; and when the Cheese came upon the Table, I told him that I shou'd be very glad to see some of his Productions. Immediately he look'd for a Sonnet amongst his Papers, which he read to me with an *Emphasis*. However in spite of the Charms of his Delivery, I found the Style so obscure, that I cou'd not comprehend any part of it. He perceiv'd it. This Sonnet (says he) does not seem very clear to you, does it? I confess'd that I cou'd have wish'd for a little more Clearness in the Expressions. Upon this he fell a laughing at my Expence. If this Sonnet (replied he) is not intelligible, so much the better. A natural and simple Style is not agreeable to Sonnets, Odes, and other Works that require the *Sublime*. All their Merit consists in their Obscurity. 'Tis enough that the Poet thinks he understands himself. What, do you banter me, Friend? said I, interrupting him. There must be good Sense, and a Clearness of Expression in all Poetry, of whatever nature they are. And if your incomparable *Gongora* does not write more intelligibly than you, I must own to you that the Esteem I had conceiv'd for him will be greatly diminish'd. He is a Poet who at
moth

most can but impose upon his own Age.
Now let me see your Prose.

Hereupon *Nunez* shew'd me a Preface which he intended (as he said) for a Collection of Comedies that were in the Press; after which he ask'd me what I thought of it. I am no better satisfied (replied I) with your Prose than your Verse. Your Sonnet is but a swelling Bombast; and as for your Preface it is full of far-fetch'd Expressions, and Words that are not warranted by the Publick, or (if I may use that Term) of perplex'd Phrases. In a Word your Style is singular, the Books of our good ancient Authors are not so written. Poor *Ignoramus*! (said *Fabricio* :) You don't know that every Prose-writer who now aspires at the Reputation of a Masterly Pen, affects this Singularity of Style, these out-of-the-way Expressions that shock you. There are five or six bold innovators of us who have undertaken to turn the Language topsy-turvy. And we shall gain our Point, an't please God, in spite of *Lopez de Vega*, *Cervantes*, and all the Wits who cavil at our new way of speaking. We are seconded by a Number of Partizans of Distinction, we have even some Divines in our Cabal.

After all (continu'd he) our Design is laudable, and Prejudice apart, we are
more

more to be valu'd than those easy Writers who speak like the Vulgar. I can't imagine why so many Gentlemen esteem them. It might do very well at *Athens* and *Rome*, where all the World were con-founded; and that is the Reason why *Socrates* tells *Alcibiades* that the People are an excellent School-master. But at *Madrid* we have a good and a bad Custom; and our Courtiers express themselves after another manner than our Citizens. You may believe me, in short, our new Style carries the Day from that of our Antagonists. I will shew you by one Touch the difference between the Gentleness of our Expression and the Flatness of theirs. For Instance, they wou'd say, after an easy manner, *Interludes set off a Comedy*; whereas we shou'd express our selves more refinedly, *Interludes are an Embellishment to a Comedy*: observe well that *Embellishment*. Don't you perceive the Beauty, the Gracefulness, and the Nobleness of it?

I interrupted my Innovator, by a Fit of Laughter! *Fabricio*, (replied I) you are an Original with your affected Language. And you (rejoin'd he) are but a Dunce with your fluent Style. Go, (contin'd he, applying to me the Words of the Archbishop of Grenada,) go to my Treasurer.

Let

Let him give you a hundred Ducats, and
Heav'n guide you with that Sum. Fare-
well Monsieur Gil Blas, I wish you a little
better Taste. I redoubled my Laughter, at
his Flight; and *Fabricio* forgiving my
speaking with Irreverence of his Writings,
did not at all flag in his good Humour.
We finish'd our second Bottle, after which
we both arose from Table in a pretty good
Cue. We went out with an Intent to
walk in the *Prado*, but passing by the Door
of a Chocolate-house, we had a Fancy to
go in there.

This Place was generally frequented by
good Company, and accordingly we saw
in two separate Rooms several Cavaliers
who were diverting themselves differently.
In one, they were playing at *Primero* and
Chefs; and in the other, ten or twelve
Persons were very attentively list'ning to
two profess'd Wits who were disputing.
We had no need to go very near them,
to hear that their Argument was upon a
Metaphysical Proposition; for they spoke
with so much Heat and Passion that they
look'd like two that were possess'd. I
believe that if one had put *Eleazar's* Ring
under their Noses, one shou'd have seen
the Devils come out at their Nostrils.
Good God (said I to my Companion,)
what Vivacity! what Lungs! these Dis-
putants

putants were born to be the publick Cris-
 ers. Most part of the Company are forc'd
 to remove. Yes indeed, (replied he) these
 Men are certainly descended from the
 Race of *Novius*, the *Roman* Banker, whose
 Voice cou'd be heard above the Noise of
 the *Carmen*. But (continued he) what
 disgusts me most in their Discourse, is
 that our Ears are deafen'd to no Purpose.
 Hereupon we got at a Distance from these
 roaring *Metaphysicians*, whereby I divers-
 ted a violent Head-ach that was beginning
 to seize me.

We went and plac'd our selves in a
 corner of the other Room, whence, while
 we were refreshing our selves with cooling
 Liquors, we set our selves to examine the
 Cavaliers that went out and in. *Numer*
 knew almost all of 'em. Good God, (cry'd
 he,) the Dispute of our Philosophers will
 not be yet over. Here come fresh Re-
 inforcements. Those three that just en-
 ter'd will engage therein. But do you
 see those two Originals that are going out?
 That little swarthy lean Person, whose
 long lank Hair hangs down in equal Por-
 tions before and behind, is call'd *Don Ju-
 lian de Villanuo*. He is a young *Oyde*
 who sets up for a pretty Fellow. One
 of my Friends and I went the other Day to
 dine with him. We surpriz'd him very
 singular

ingularly employ'd: He was diverting himself in his Closet by making a great Grey-hound fetch and carry the Bags wherein were the Papers of a Law-suit, whereof he is to make the Report, and which the Dog tore in Pieces. The Licentiate with the red Face who accompanies him is nam'd *Don Cherubin Tonto*. He is a Canon of the Church of *Toledo*, the weakest Wretch in the World. Nevertheless by his brisk lively Air, you would take him for a Man of Wit. He has a sparkling Eye, with a Satyrical malicious Smile. One would believe that he was a Man of bright Thought. Does any one read a fine Piece before him? he listens to it with an Attention that seems to proceed from a good Judgment, and nevertheless he understands not a Word of it. He was at the *Oydor's* Entertainment. A thousand bright Things were said there, a number of Jests broke, *Don Cherubin* spoke not a Word, but he applauded them with such a decisive Air, as seem'd superior even to our brightest Sallies.

Do you know (said I to *Nunez*) those two Slovens who are leaning with their Elbows upon a Table, and whispering in this Corner, breathing full in each other's Faces? No, (reply'd he) their Faces are

unknown to me. But, according to all Appearances, they are Coffee-house Politicians, who are censuring the Government. Look upon that genteel Cavalier who walks whistling about the Room, and standing sometimes upon one Leg, sometimes upon t'other. 'Tis Don *Augustin Moreto*, a young Poet, who was not born without a Talent, but has been render'd almost Mad by the Flattery of ignorant Wretches. The Man whom he accosts is one of his Brethren, who turns Prose into Verse, and is also a little Lunatick.

What, yet more Authors! (cry'd he, showing me two Swordsmen who were entering :) It seems as if they had all appointed to come here, and pass in Review before you. The one is Don *Barnard Deslenguado*, and the other Don *Sebastian de Villa Viciosa*. The first is a Man full of Gall, an Author born under the Constellation of *Saturn*, a mischievous Mortal who takes a Pleasure in hating all the World, and is himself not belov'd by any one. As for Don *Sebastian*, he is an honest Man, an Author who will let nothing lie upon his Conscience. He has had a Piece lately acted at the Playhouse, which met with extraordinary Success; and he is going to print it, that he may no longer impose upon the Judgment of the Publick.

Gongora's

Gongora's charitable Pupil was preparing to explain to me the Figures of the moving Picture before her Eyes, when a Gentleman of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* came to interrupt him, by saying, Signior *Don Fabricio*, I was looking for you, to tell you that his Grace wants to speak with you. He expects you at home. Nunez knowing that one can't comply too soon with the Desires of a great Man, quitted me that Moment to go to his *Mecenas*, leaving me in a great Surprize at hearing him call'd *Don*, and finding him thus enobled in spite of Master *Chrysoptom* the Barber, his Father.

C H A P. XIV.

Fabricio places Gil Blas with Count Galiano a Sicilian Nobleman.

I Had too great a Curiosity to see *Fabricio* again, to fail of being with him early the next Morning. Good Morrow, (said I at my Entrance,) to Signior *Don Fabricio*, the Flower, or rather the Mushroom of the Austrian Nobility. At these Words he burst out a laughing. What then

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(cry'd

(cry'd he) you have observ'd that they call'd me *Don*? Yes, my Gentleman, (reply'd I,) and you'll allow me to tell you that yesterday in recounting your *Metamorphoses*, you forgot the best. I agree with you, (rejoin'd he;) but, upon my Word, if I have assum'd that Title, 'twas not so much to honour my own Vanity, as to suit my self to that of others. You know the *Spaniards*. They have no manner of Esteem for an honest Man, if he has the Misfortune to want for Birth, and Money. I'll say more, I see so many People, and Heav'n knows of what sort, who stile themselves *Don Francisco*, *Don Pedro*, or *Don* what you please, that if there is no Imposture in the Case, you must agree that the Rank of Nobility is very common, and that a *Plebeian* of Merit does them Honour when he deigns to assume it.

But to change the Subject, (continued he,) last Night at Supper at the Duke of *Medina Sidonia's*, where, amongst others, was Count *Galiano*, a *Sicilian* Nobleman of the first Rank, the Discourse turn'd upon the ridiculous Effects that are produced by Self-love. Being charm'd with the Opportunity of entertaining the Company thereupon, I diverted them with the History of the Homilies. You may well think that your Archbishop was handsome-ly

ly rallied on all Sides; which did not prove unlucky for you; for you was pick'd, and Count *Galiano*, after having ask'd me a number of Questions about you, to which you may imagine I made suitable Answers, has order'd me to bring you to him. I was just coming to seek you for that Purpose. Undoubtedly he intends to offer you to be one of his Secretaries. I wou'd not have you refuse that Proffer; for the Count is Rich, and lives at *Madrid* like an Ambassador. 'Tis said that he is come to Court to confer with the Duke of *Lerma* about some Crown Lands which that Minister intends to alienate in *Sicily*. In short, Count *Galiano*, tho' a *Sicilian*, seems generous, and full of Candour and Integrity. You can't do better than to make your Court to this Nobleman. He is probably the Person who is to enrich you, according to the Prophecy at *Grenada*.

I was resolv'd (reply'd I to *Nunez*) to have rambled a little, and have taken my Pleasure, before I settled again in a Service; but the Picture you have drawn of this *Sicilian* Count makes me change my Mind. I wish I were already with him. That you shall presently, (rejoin'd he,) or I am much mistaken. At the same time we both went straight to the Count's, who

lodg'd in the House of Don *Sanchez d' Avilla* his Friend, who was then in the Country.

On entering the Court, we found a number of Pages, and Footmen in a rich well-fancy'd Livery, and in the Anti-Chamber several Gentlemen of the Horse, Gentlemen, and other Officers. They were all magnificently cloth'd, but with that had such uncouth Faces, that I thought I saw a Company of Apes in a *Spanish* Dress. There are Men and Women of such a Make that no Art will mend them.

They carry'd in word that Don *Fabricio* was there, upon which he was introduc'd in a Minute into the Chamber, where I follow'd him. The Count was in his Night-gown, sitting upon a *Sopha*, and drinking Chocolate. We saluted him with all manner of Demonstrations of a profound Respect; and he, on his side, bow'd his Head, with such a gracious Look, that I immediately found he had won my Heart; the admirable and yet usual Effect that a favourable Reception from great Men produces. They must give us but a very cool Welcome, when they displease us.

Having drunk his Chocolate, he diverted himself some Time with playing with a large Ape that was by him, and was call'd

Cupid.

Cupid. I can't imagine why the Name of that God was given to that Animal, unless 'twas because he was full as malicious; for he did not resemble him a Jot in any other Respect. However, such as he was his Master took great Pleasure in him, and was so charm'd with his pretty Tricks, that he had him continually in his Arms. Tho' *Nunez* and I were but little diverted with the Ape's Gambols, we pretended to be ravish'd with them. This was very agreeable to the *Sicilian*, who suspended for a while the Pleasure he took in this Pastime to tell me, Friend it shall be your own Fault if you are not one of my Secretaries. If you like the Offer, I will give you two hundred Pistoles a Year: 'Tis enough that *Don Fabricio* presents you, and answers for you. Yes my Lord, cry'd *Nunez*, I am bolder than *Plato*, who durst not be answerable for one of his Friends whom he sent to *Dionysius* the Tyrant. I am not afraid of deserving your Reproaches.

I thank'd the *Asturian* Poet with a Bow for his obliging Confidence: then addressing my self to my Patron, I assur'd him of my Zeal and Fidelity. The Nobleman no sooner saw that his Proposal was accepted, than he order'd his Comptroller to be call'd, and whisper'd him; after which he said, *Gil Blas*, you shall know presently

how I Intend to imploy you: In the mean while you have nothing to do but to follow my Intendant. I have given him some Orders relating to you. I obey'd, leaving *Fabricio* with the Count and *Cupid*.

The Comptroller, who was a sharp *Messineze*, conducted me to his Apartment, overwhelming me with Civilities. Then he sent for the Taylor who had cloth'd all the Family, and order'd him speedily to make him a Suit of the same Magnificence with those of the head Officers of the House. The Taylor having taken my Measure retir'd. As for your Lodging, said the *Messineze*, I know a Chamber that will fit you. But (continu'd he) have you Breakfasted? I answer'd no. Ah, poor Fellow, (rejoin'd he) why did not you speak? Come I'll lead you to a Place where, Heav'n be thank'd, one need only ask and have.

At these Words he carry'd me down into the Buttery, where we found the Steward, a *Neapolitan*, full as good as the *Messineze*. One might say, of the Comptroller and him, that they were a complete Pair. This honest Steward was sitting with five or six of his Friends, who were cramming themselves with Hams, Neats-Tongues, and other salt Victuals which oblig'd them to drink one Glass after another. We
join'd

join'd these Good-Fellows, and help'd them to dispatch the Count's best Wines. Whilst Things went thus in the Buttery, they were not much better in the Kitchen: The Cook was also entertaining three or four Citizens of his Acquaintance, who did not spare the Wine any more than us, and were gorging their Stomachs with Rabbit and Partridge Pies. Even the very Scullions made themselves merry with what they could pilfer. I thought I was in a House that was given up to be pillag'd. Nevertheless this was nothing. I saw only Trifles, in Comparison of what I did not see.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Employments Gil Blas had in Count Galiano's House.

I Went out to fetch my Things, and have them brought to my new Lodging. When I came back, the Count was at Table with several Noblemen and Poet Nunez, who sat and was waited upon with

an easy Air, and made one in the Conversation. I even observ'd that he did not speak one Word but what was agreeable to the Company. Well fare Wit! When a Man is Master of it, he may act what Part he pleases.

As for me, I din'd with the Officers, who were treated almost like their Master. Dinner being over, I withdrew to my Chamber, where I began to reflect upon my Condition. Well, *Gil Blas*, (said I) you are now with a *Sicilian* Count with whose Character you are not acquainted. To judge by Appearances, you will live in Clover. But I would not have you swear for any Thing, and you ought to distrust your Stars, whose Malignity you have experienc'd but too often. Besides this, you are ignorant what Employment he designs you. He has already Secretaries and a Comptroller: What Service then can you do him? Without doubt he intends to make you his *Mercury*; so much the better, one can't be upon a more profitable footing with a Nobleman, to make one's Fortune quickly. In more credible Posts one advances but slowly, neither does one always hit the Mark.

Whilst I was making such fine Reflections, a Footman came to tell me that all the Cavaliers who had din'd at our House were

were just gone home, and the Count ask'd for me. I flew immediately to his Apartment, where I found him stretch'd out upon his *Sopha*, and ready to take his *Siesta* with the Ape, which was by him.

Come hither, *Gil Blas*, (said he) take a Chair and hearken to me. I did as he order'd, and he spoke after this manner. Don *Fabricio* has told me that amongst other good Qualities, you was very affectionate to your Masters, and are a Person of Integrity. These two Things made me resolve to propose your living with me. I want a Servant who will be wedded to my Interests, and employ all his Attention in preserving my Estate. I am rich indeed, but my Expences every Year exceed my Revenues very much. And why? Because they rob me, Because they plunder me. I am in my House as in a Wood beset with Thieves,. I suspect my Comptroller and Steward of having an Intelligence together; and if I am not deceiv'd in my Conjectures, that is more than enough to ruin me utterly. You will answer, that if I believe them Rogues, I have nothing to do but to dismiss them. But where shall I get others that are of a different Nature? I will be contented with having them both observ'd by a Man, who shall

have Power to overlook their Conduct. And I have chosen you for that Place. If you acquit your self well of it, be assur'd you don't serve one that will be ungrateful. I will take care to settle you very advantageously in *Sicily*.

Having discours'd me thus, he sent me away; and that very Night I was proclaim'd Super-Intendant of the House, before all the Domesticks. The *Messineze* and the *Neapolitan* were not much mortify'd at first, because they thought me a good Companion, who would easily compound with them, and they reckon'd that by letting me go Snacks, they might keep on at their old Rate. But they found themselves devilishly mistaken the next Day, when I declar'd that I was an utter Enemy to any Breach of Trust. I ask'd the Steward an Account of the Provisions. I visited the Cellars. I also enquired into the State of the Buttery, I mean the Plate and the Linen. After this I exhorted them both to be good Managers of their Master's Money, to be frugal in their Expences, and concluded my Exhortations by protesting that I would inform the Count of all the Extravagancies that I should discover in his House.

This was not all. I would have a Spy to find out if there was any secret Under-
standing

standing between them. In order to this I fix'd my Eyes upon a Scullion, who suffering himself to be won over by my Promises, told me that I cou'd not have pick'd upon a more proper Person, to be inform'd of all that pass'd in the House. He said that the Comptroller and Steward were agreed together, and burn'd the Candle at both ends: That they every Day convey'd away half the Victuals that was bought for the House: That the *Neapolitan* kept a Mistress who liv'd over-against St. *Thomas's* College, and that the *Messineze* had another at the *Sun-Gate*: That these two Sparks sent every Day to their Nymphs Provision of all sorts: That the Cook for his Part dispatch'd good Plates-full to a Widow of his Acquaintance in the Neighbourhood, and that by virtue of the Services he did the two others, to whom he was entirely devoted, he dispos'd as well as them of the Wines in the Cellar. In short that these three Domesticks were the Occasion of making such a horrible Expence at the Count's. If you doubt my Account, (adds the Scullion) only take the Trouble to meet me to-morrow at seven in the Morning near St. *Thomas's* Gate; you will see me laden with a large Basket that will quickly convince you of the Truth. What, (reply'd I) then it seems

seems you are Factor to these gallant Purveyors? I (rejoin'd he) am employ'd by the Steward, and one of my Comrades does the Messages of the Comptroller.

I had the Curiosity next Day to go at the appointed Hour to St. *Thomas's* College. I did not wait long for my Spy. I saw him coming with a vast Basket full of Butchers Meat, Poultry, and wild Fowl. I took an Inventory of each sort, and drew up, upon my Pocket-Book, a little verbal Case, after having bid Mr. *Turnspit* discharge his Commission as usual.

The *Sicilian* Nobleman being naturally very passionate, would in his first Transports have turn'd away both the *Neapolitan* and the *Messineze*; but having reflected better upon it, he satisfy'd himself with dismissing the latter, whose Place he gave me. Thus my Post of Super-Intendant was suppress'd a little after its Creation, and to own freely I did not regret it. It was properly speaking but the Employment of an honourable Spy, a Place that had nothing solid in it. On the other hand, being made Mr. Comptroller, I was Master of the strong Box, and that is the chief Thing. He is the Domestick who has the first Rank in a great House; and there are so many little Perquisites annexed to his

his Post, that he would become rich, even tho' he were an honest Man.

My *Neapolitan*, who was not at the End of his Roguery, observing that I was passionately zealous for my Master, and that I resolv'd every Morning to observe what Meat he bought, and to keep a Register of it, left off conveying any away; but the Hang-dog continu'd to take the same Quantity each Day, by this Trick. He increas'd the Profits he had from the Meat that came off the Table, which of Right belong'd to him, so that he was at least enabled to send his Mistress good Store of Provision ready dress'd, tho' he could no longer furnish her with any Raw. In short the cunning Devil lost nothing, and the Count was not a Jot the forwarder for having a Phoenix of a Comptroller. The excessive Profusion with which I then saw each Entertainment overcharg'd, made me immediately suspect this new Trick, and I as soon put a stop to it, by retrenching the Superfluities of each Course. However I did this with so much Prudence, that it had not in the least the Air of Parsimony. One would have sworn the Extravagance had still continu'd the same; and yet by this Oeconomy I considerably diminish'd my Master's Expences. This was just
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what he wanted; He would keep within Bounds, and yet make as magnificent a Figure. Avarice was not so Predominant in him as Ostentation.

There was yet another Abuse to be reform'd. I found that the Wine went very fast. If, for Example, twelve Cavaliers were at the Count's Table, there would be fifty and sometimes threescore Flasks dispatch'd. This very much surpriz'd me; and not in the least doubting but there was some Cheat in it, I consulted my Oracle thereupon, that is to say my Scullion, with whom I often discours'd in private, and who gave me a faithful Account of all that was said or done in the Kitchen, where he was suspected by no body.

He inform'd me that the Waste, whereof I complain'd, proceeded from a new Combination between the Steward, the Cook, and the Footman who fill'd out the Wine: That the latter carried back the Bottles half full, which were afterwards divided amongst the Cabal. Upon this I reprimanded the Footmen, and threaten'd to turn them out of Doors, if they ever ventur'd to do the same again, which was enough to make them return to their Duty. As I carefully inform'd my Master of the least Thing I did for his Advantage, he overwhelm'd me with Praises,

Praises, and I seem'd every Day to be more and more in his Favour. On the other hand to make the Scullion some amends for having done me such good Service, I made him Under-Cook.

The *Neapolitan* was almost mad to find that I met with him every way; and what mortified him the most was the continual Contradictions he was expos'd to every Time he came to bring me his Accounts. For, that I might clip his Wings the better, I took the Pains to go to the Markets to know the Price of Provisions. So that after that I saw thro' all his Designs; and as he was always intent upon his own Profits, and for that Purpose would have fix'd his own exorbitant Prices upon every Thing, I reprimanded him severely. I was very well satisfied that he curs'd me a hundred times a-day; but the Grounds of his Execrations made me not in the least apprehensive of their taking Effect. I can't imagine how he cou'd bear with so many Contradictions, and not leave the *Sicilian* Count's Service. Unquestionably he found his Account therein, in spite of all my Deductions.

As I saw *Fabricio* from time to time, I inform'd him of all my Exploits, as Mr. Comptroller, such as were before unheard of; but I found him more inclin'd to blame my

my Conduct, than approve it. Heav'n grant (said he to me one Day) that after all this, your Disinterestedness be well recompensed; but, between you and I, if you were not quite so hard upon the Steward, I believe it would not be the worse for you. What (replied I) shall the Thief in his Accounts impudently rate a Fish at ten Pistoles, which costs him but four, and would you have me overlook such an Article? Why not? (retorted he, coolly.) He need only give you half the Overplus, and then he will do things according to Form. Upon my Life Friend, (continu'd he, shaking his Head) you are a down-right Spoil-house; and you are very likely to be a Servant as long as you live, since you don't strike while the Iron's hot. Know that Fortune is like one of those jilting fickle Coquets, who slip thro' the Fingers of such Lovers as don't use them roughly.

I only laugh'd at *Fabricio's* Discourse; he even laugh'd at it himself, and would have perswaded me, that he was not in earnest. He was asham'd of having given me such bad Counsel to no Purpose. I remain'd fix'd in my Resolution of being always faithful and zealous for my Master. I did not degenerate, and I dare say, that by my Frugality, in four Months, I sav'd him at least Three thousand Ducats.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVI.

Of the Accident that happen'd to Count Galiano's Ape: Of that Nobleman's Concern for it. How Gil Blas fell Sick, and the Effects of his Sickness.

AT the Expiration of that Time, the Quiet of our *Hotel* was strangely disturb'd, by an Accident that will perhaps seem but a Trifle to the Reader, which however prov'd no laughing Matter to the Domesticks, and especially to my self. *Cupid*, the Ape beforemention'd, that Favourite of our Master's, leaping one Day from one Window to another, perform'd so ill, that he fell down into the Court and dislocated a Leg. The Count no sooner knew of this Misfortune, than he cried out loud enough to be heard by the Neighbourhood; and quarrelling with all his Domesticks in the Excess of his Grief, he was within an Ace of turning us all out of Doors: However he confin'd his Anger so far, as only to curse our Negligence, and rattle us, without keeping within any manner of Bounds. Not only so, he sent immediately for those Surgeons who were the most skilful at *Madrid* for Fractures and Luxations of Bones. These examin'd the Patient's

Patient's Leg, set it, and applied a Bandage. But altho' all of them assur'd him there was no harm done, that did not hinder our Master's retaining two of them to attend *poor Pug*, 'till he was quite well.

I shou'd be to blame if I shou'd omit taking Notice of the Count's Trouble and Disquiet all this time. Wou'd one believe that he scarce stirr'd all Day from his dear *Cupid*? He was always present when he was dress'd; and would rise twice or thrice in the Night to see him. But the Plague of all was, that all the Domesticks, and especially my self, were oblig'd to be always ready to run whenever 'twas thought proper for *Pug's* Service. In fine there was no Rest in our House, till the cursed Creature, having quite forgotten its Fall, began to play its Tricks and Gambols again, as usual. After this who will refuse to give Credit to *Suetonius*, when he says that *Caligula* was so fond of his Horse, that he provided him a House richly furnish'd, with Officers to serve him; and that he would even have made him a *Consul*. My Master was not less charm'd with his *Pug*, he would willingly have made him a *Corregidor*.

The worst of all for me was that I had surpass'd all the Servants, that I might make my Court the better to my Lord;
and

and I had bestirr'd my self so violently for his *Cupid*, that I fell sick. I was seiz'd with a high Fever, and my Disease increased so, that I lost my Senses. I am entirely ignorant what they did to me for the space of a Fortnight that I lay fluctuating between Life and Death. I only know that my Youth struggled so well with the Fever, and perhaps with the Medicines that were given me, that I at last recover'd my Senses. The first Use I made of them was to discover that I was not in my own Chamber. I would have known the Reason, and accordingly I ask'd it of an old Woman who nurs'd me, but she answer'd that I must not speak; that the Doctor had expressly forbid it. When one is well, one generally laughs at these Physicians. Is one Sick? One submits tractably to their Prescriptions.

I resolv'd then to keep Silence, whatever Inclination I had to talk with my Nurse. I was making Reflexions thereupon, when two Things like *Beaux*, very richly dress'd, enter'd my Room. They had each a Suit of Velvet, with very fine Linen, and Lace suitable to it. I imagin'd that they had been some Noblemen, Acquaintance of my Master's who came to see me, in Respect to him. In this Thought, I did my utmost to sit up, and was going out of Deference

rence to pull off my Cap; but my Nurse made me lie down again, informing me that these worshipful Gentlemen were my Physician and Apothecary.

The Doctor drew near to me, felt my Pulse, observ'd my Looks, and finding all the signs of an approaching Cure, he assum'd an Air of Triumph, as if he had contributed mightily thereunto, adding that there wanted but one Dose more to complete the Work, and after that he might boast of having perform'd a wondrous Cure. Having thus spoken, he made the Apothecary write a Prescription which he dictated, and in the mean while was admiring himself in a Glass, setting his Hair in order, and making Faces, whereat I cou'd not forbear Laughing, in spite of the Condition wherein I was. This done, he bow'd to me with his Head very Cavalierly, and went out better satisfied with his *dear self*, than with the Drugs he had prescrib'd.

After his Departure, the Apothecary, who was not come for nothing, set himself in order to administer — one may guess what. Whether he was afraid that the old Woman would not perform her Part well, or whether 'twas to enhance the Price of his Commodity, he would give it himself; but with all his Address, I don't know how it happen'd, the Operation was scarce over, but

but I returning the Operator his Present, made his fine Velvet Coat in a fine Pickle. He look'd upon this Accident as a Misfortune inseparable from *Pharmacy*. Wherefore taking a Napkin, he wip'd himself without saying a Word, and then went away, fully resolv'd to make me pay the Scowrer, to whom without doubt he was oblig'd to send his Coat.

He return'd the next Morning dress'd more decently, tho' he had nothing to apprehend that Day, to bring me the Dose the Doctor had prescrib'd the Evening before. But, besides finding my self better every Hour, I had contracted such an Aversion, ever since the Day before, for all Doctors and Apothecaries, that I even curs'd the Universities where those Gentlemen receive a Power to kill Men with impunity. Being in this Disposition, I declar'd with an Oath that I would have no more Physick, and wish'd *Hippocrates* and his Followers at the Devil. The Apothecary not valuing what became of his Composition, provided he was paid for it, left upon the Table, and withdrew without speaking one Syllable.

I immediately had the devilish Dose thrown out of the Window, being so repossess'd against it, that I should have thought my self poison'd if I had swallow'd it.

it. To this Act of Disobedience, I added another: I broke Silence, and told my Nurse in a positive Tone, that I was absolutely resolv'd she should tell me News of my Master. The old Beldame either being apprehensive of causing a dangerous Emotion, if she should satisfy me, or perhaps being only Obstinate with Design to exasperate me, and increase my Distemper, hesitated whether she should answer; but press'd her so sharply to obey, that at last she replied: *Signior Cavalier*, you have no longer any other Master but your self. *Count Galiano* is return'd to *Sicily*.

I cou'd not believe what I heard; nevertheless nothing was more true. That Nobleman, the very second day of my Sickness, fearing lest I should die at his House, had me remov'd, with my little Matter into a ready furnish'd Room, where he had abandon'd me, without Ceremony, to the Care of Providence and a Nurse. During these Transactions, having receiv'd an Order from Court which oblig'd him to return to *Sicily*, he set out with so much Precipitation, that he thought no more of me, whether it be that he reckon'd me already among the Dead, or that Persons of Quality are subject to such short Memories.

My Nurse gave me this Account, and inform'd me that 'twas she who had fetch'd

a Doctor

Doctor and Apothecary, that I might not
perish for want of Assistance. I fell into a
profound *Reverie* at this fine News. Fare-
wel my advantageous Settlement in *Sicily*!
Farewel my most charming Hopes! When
my great Misfortune befalls you, (says a
certain Pope) examine your self well, and
you will always find that it is a little owing
to your self. By your leave, good Mr.
Pope, I don't see how, on this Occasion,
contributed to my ill Fortune.

When I found the flattering *Chimèras*
vanish that had fill'd my Imagination, the
first thing, which took up my Thoughts,
was my Cloke-bag, which I had brought
upon my Bed, that I might search it. I
began to perceive it open'd. Alas,
my dear Cloke-bag, (cried I out) my only
Comfort! You also, as far as I can see,
have lain at the Mercy of Strangers. No,
no, *Signior Gil Blas*, (replied the old Trot)
don't be dishearten'd. Nothing has been
stolen from you. I have preserv'd your
Cloke-bag as I would my Honour.

I found therein the Suit I had when I
enter'd the Count's Service; but I in vain
thought that which the *Messineze* had made
for me. My Master had not thought fit
to leave it me, or else somebody had ap-
propriated it to himself. All my other
things were there, even to a large Leather-

Purse wherein I kept my Money, which I counted twice over, not being able to believe at first, that I had but fifty Pistoles remaining of two hundred and sixty which were therein before my Illness. What's the meaning of this, good Mother? (said I to my Nurse :) My Treasury here is strangely sunk. Nevertheless no body has touch'd your Purse but my self, (replied the Beldame,) and I have manag'd your Money as much as possible. But Sicknes is very chargeable, one must always go with Money in one's Hand. Here, (continu'd this good Housewife, drawing a Bundle of Papers out of her Pocket) here is an Account of your Expences, which is as exact as a Pair of gold Scales, and which will shew you that I have not mis-employ'd your Treasure.

I ran over the Account cursorily, which contain'd between fifteen and twenty Pages. Heav'ns! how much Poultry had been bought during the Time I was light-headed! There must have been at least twelve Pistoles in Broth only. The other Articles were answerable to it. 'Tis impossible to tell how much she had expended in Wood, Candles, Water, Brooms, &c. Nevertheless however inflam'd her Reckoning was, the whole Sum hardly amounted to thirty Pistoles; and consequently there ought

ought still to have been a hundred and eighty remaining. I represented this to her; but the Hypocrite, with a solemn Look, began to call all the Saints to witness that there were but fourscore Pistoles in the Purse, when the Count's Steward intrusted her with the Cloke-bag. What say you, good Woman? (interrupted I with Precipitation :) Was it the Steward who put my Things into your Hands? Without doubt (replied she) 'twas him. By the same Token when he gave me them he said: Here Mother; when *Signior Gil Blas* * lies in Pickle, be sure let him have a handsome Burial. There is enough in this Cloke-bag to defray the Charges.

Ah, curs'd *Neapolitan*, (cry'd I out in a Rage) I am no longer at a loss to know what is become of my Money that is wanting: You have swept that away to make amends for part of the Robberies I prevented your committing. After this *Apo-
strophé*, I thank'd Heav'n that the Rogue had not carried off all. Nevertheless whatever Reason I had to accuse the Steward of having plunder'd me, it did not hinder my thinking that the Nurse might very well have done it. My Suspicions fell sometimes upon one, sometimes upon t'other;

* *Extreme Unction.*

but 'was still the same thing. I shew'd no sign of it to the old Woman; I did not even cavil at the Articles of her fine Account. I should have got nothing by that and every one must live by their Trade. Wherefore I confin'd my Resentment to paying her, and sending her away three Days after.

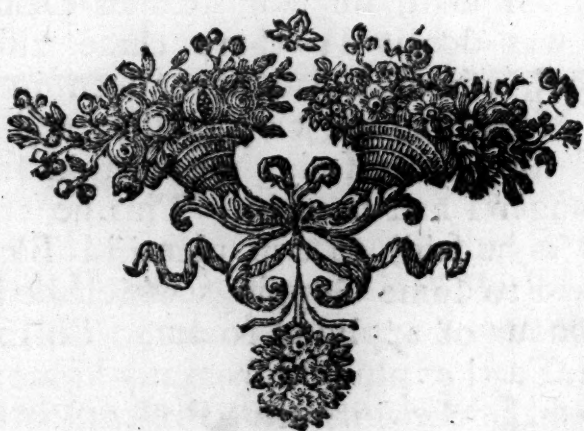
I believe on her quitting me she went straight to inform the Apothecary she had left me, and that I was well enough to run away without reckoning with him; for a Minute afterwards I saw him coming quite out of Breath. He presented his Bill wherein he had written down all the pretended Remedies he brought me, during the Time I lay senseless, under such Names as would have been unintelligible to me altho' I had been a Physician. One might call this Account a true Apothecary's Bill. Accordingly we had a Dispute when it came to be paid. I expected that he should bate half of his Demand. He swore he would not bate a Farthing. However considering he was to deal with a young Fellow who might remove that very Day from *Madrid*, he chose rather to be satisfied with what I offer'd him (that is to say thrice as much as the Value of his Drugs) than to run the Hazard of losing all. I open'd my Purse to my great Regret, and he went away

way sufficiently revenged for the little Chagrin I had caus'd him, the Day of the Clyster.

The Physician appear'd almost the same Minute. Those Animals are always at the Heels of one another. I summ'd up his Visits, which had been very frequent, and sent him away contented. But before he left me, he gave me a particular Account of the deadly Accidents he had prevented in my Sickness, to prove he had richly deserv'd my Money. He did this in mighty fine Terms, and with a very agreeable Air; but I understood not one Word of it. When I was rid of him, I thought I was freed from all those Ministers of Death; but I was deceiv'd; there came also a Surgeon, whom I had never seen in my Life. He saluted me very civilly, and express'd his Joy at seeing me escap'd from the Danger I had been in. This he attributed (as he said) to two plentiful Bleedings, and to some Cuppings which he had the Honour of applying to me. This was another Feather pluck'd from my Wings: I was to make the Surgeon a Present. After so many Evacuations, my Purse was so weak, that one might say it was a dead Corps, it had so little left of the *humidum radicale*.

I began to lose all my Courage, on seeing my self thus plunged again into such a

miserable Condition. I had contracted at my last Master's too great a liking to the Conveniences of Life; I cou'd no longer, as heretofore, face Poverty like a *Cynick Philosopher*. Nevertheless I own that I was in the wrong to give way to Sorrow; having so often found that Fortune no sooner pull'd me down, than she rais'd me up again, I ought to have look'd upon the melancholy Condition wherein I then was, only as the Forerunner of some new Prosperity.





THE
HISTORY
OF
GIL BLAS
DE SANTILLANE.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

*Gil Blas gets a good Acquaintance, and
finds a Post that comforts him for
the Ingratitude of Count Galiano.
The Story of Don Valerio de Luna.*



Was so surpriz'd at not hearing
of Nunez in all this Time, that
I judg'd he must be in the Coun-
try. Hereupon, as soon as I cou'd
walk, I went to his Lodgings,
and in effect I found that he had been three
H 4 Weeks

Weeks in *Andalusia* with the Duke de *Medina Sidonia*.

One Morning as I wak'd, I thought of *Melchior la Ronda*; and remembering that I promis'd him, when at *Grenada*, that I wou'd go and see his Nephew, if ever I went to *Madrid*, I resolv'd to keep my Word that very Day: I inquir'd for Don *Balthazar de Zuniga's*, and went thither: I ask'd for Signior *Joseph Navarro*, who came to me in a Minute. I saluted him; he receiv'd me very civilly, but with a cool Air, tho' I had told my Name. I cou'd not reconcile this frozen Welcome with the Picture that had been drawn me of this Clerk of the Kitchen. I was going to retire, with a Resolution not to make him a second Visit, when, on a sudden, assuming a frank smiling Air, he said with a great deal of Life: Ah Signior *Gil Blas de Santillane*, pray forgive my manner of receiving you: My Memory had betray'd the Inclination I have for you. I had forgot your Name, and thought no more of the Cavalier whereof mention is made in a Letter I receiv'd from *Grenada*, above four Months ago.

Let me embrace you (continu'd he, falling about my Neck in a Transport!) My Uncle *Melchior*, whom I love and respect as my own Father, sends me Word, that

if by Chance I should have the Happiness to see you, he conjures me to treat you as if you were his own Son, and to make use of all the Credit I or my Friends have, if needful, for your Service. Besides, he has extoll'd your Wit and Temper in such Terms as wou'd induce me to serve you, if I were not engag'd to it by his Recommendation. Look upon me then, I beg you, as a Man to whom my Uncle has, by his Letter, communicated all the Sentiments he has for you. I make you an Offer of my Friendship; don't refuse me yours.

I answer'd *Joseph's* polite Behaviour with a suitable Acknowledgment; and like a couple of brisk, open-hearted young Fellows, we that Minute enter'd into a strict Friendship. I made no manner of Scruple of discovering to him the Situation of my Affairs; which I had no sooner done, than he told me: I'll take care to provide you a Place, and in the mean while, don't fail to come and eat here every Day; you'll live better than at your Ordinary. The Offer was too agreeable to a Person just recover'd from a Fit of Sickness, whose Purse was very low, and who had been us'd to good Tables, to be rejected. I accepted of it, and pick'd up my Crumbs so well in this House, that in a Fortnight I had a Face like a Priest. It seem'd to me, that *Melchior's* Nephew

H 5

play'd

play'd his Part there to a Wonder; but how should he have done otherwise? He had three Strings to his Bow: He was, at once, Butler, Clerk of the Kitchen, and Steward. Besides, setting aside our Friendship, I believe the Comptroller and he had a very good Understanding together.

I was perfectly well recover'd, when my Friend *Joseph* seeing me coming one Day to the *Hotel de Zuniga*, met me, and said with a gay Air: Signior *Gil Blas*, I have a pretty good Offer to make you; you must know that the Duke *de Lerma*, first Minister of *Spain*, that he may give himself up entirely to the Administration of State Affairs, intrusts two Persons with the Management of his own. He has trusted the Charge of gathering his Revenues to Don *Diego de Montefer*, and the Stewardship of his House to Don *Rodriguez de Calderona*. These two Favourites exercise their Employments with an absolute Authority, and without depending upon each other. Don *Diego* has generally under him two Deputies who receive the Rents, and as I heard this Morning that he has turn'd away one, I have been to beg the Place for you. Signior *de Montefer*, who is acquainted with me, and who, I may say, has an Esteem for me, has granted it me without any Trouble, upon the Account I have given him of your Behaviour

Behaviour and Capacity. We'll go thither after Dinner.

We did not fail. I was receiv'd very graciously, and enter'd upon the Office of the Deputy, who had been dismiss'd. This consisted in visiting our Farms, making the necessary Repairs, and receiving the Farmer's Rents; in a word, I was employ'd in the Country Business, and every Month I gave up my Accounts to Don Diego, who examin'd them very attentively. 'This was what I wanted: Altho' my Integrity had been so ill repaid by my last Master, I was resolv'd still to preserve it.

One Day we heard that the Castle of Lerma had been set on Fire, and that above half of it was reduc'd to Ashes. I went immediately to the Place to compute the Damage. There having inform'd my self exactly of the Circumstances of the Conflagration, I drew up an ample Accompt, which Montefier shew'd to the Duke of Lerma. This Minister, in spite of the Chagrin he felt at hearing such bad News, was struck with the Relation, and could not help asking who was the Author of it? Don Diego, not satisfy'd with telling him, spoke so advantageously of me, that his Excellency remembred it six Months afterwards, on account of a Story which I am going to recount, and without which, perhaps, I had

had never had any Employment at Court. It was thus.

There liv'd then in the *Infanta's* Street an old Lady call'd *Inesilla Cantarilla*; 'twas not certainly known what was her Parentage; some said she was Daughter to a Lute-maker; others, to a Commander of the Order of St. *Jago*; however it was, she was a prodigious Person; Nature had endu'd her with the singular Privilege of charming Mankind the whole Course of her Life, which she still enjoy'd tho' she was seventy five Years of Age: She had been the Idol of the Nobility of the old Court, and saw her self still ador'd by those of the New. Time, which spares no Beauty, had exercis'd himself in vain upon her; he might make her decay insensibly, but cou'd not deprive her of a Power to please; a noble Air, a bewitching Wit, and her natural Graces enabled her to make Conquests even in her old Age.

Don *Valerio de Luna*, a young Cavalier of twenty five, one of the Duke *de Lerma's* Secretaries, visited *Inesilla*, and was enamour'd with her: He declar'd himself, acted the passionate Lover, and pursu'd his Point with all the Eagerness that Love and Youth are capable of inspiring. The Lady, who had her Reasons for not surrendring to his Desires, cou'd not contrive any Expedient

to

to moderate them, at last however she thought she had found one: She carry'd the young Man into her Closet, and there shewing him a Pendulum that stood upon the Table: See (said she) what a Clock it is. Seventy five Years ago, at the same Hour, I came into the World: In good earnest, wou'd it become me to have Intrigues at my Age? Recover your self, Child, stifle such Sentiments as are neither proper for you nor me. At this pathetick Discourse, the Cavalier, (who no longer obey'd the Dictates of Reason) answer'd the Lady with all the Impetuosity of a Man possess'd with the Passions that agitated him. Cruel *Ineffable*, why have you recourse to such frivolous Stratagems? Do you think they can change you in my Eyes? Don't flatter your self with such a vain Hope: Whether you are what you seem to be, or a Charm deceives my Sight, I shall not cease loving you. Very well (reply'd she) since you are obstinate enough to persist in the Resolution of teasing me with your Passion, my Door, for the future, shall no more be open'd to you. I forbid you my House, and charge you never more to appear before me.

You believe perhaps, after this, that Don Valerio being confounded with what he had heard, made a handsome Retreat. On the contrary,

contrary, he only became more importunate. Love causes, in Lovers, the same Effect as Wine in Drunkards. The Cavalier intreated, and sigh'd, and passing on a sudden from Prayers to Passion, he would have had by Force, what he could not get otherwise; but the Lady thrusting him back with Courage, said to him with an angry Look: Stop, rash Wretch, I am going to curb your unlicens'd Frenzy: Know that you are my Son.

Don *Valerio* being Thunder-struck with these Words, suspended his Violence. But imagining that *Inesilla* only spoke so to free herself from his Solicitations, he answer'd, You have intended this Fable to rob me of my Desires. No, no, (interrupted she) I am revealing a Secret, which I should have conceal'd for ever, had not you reduced me to the Necessity of discovering it. 'Tis twenty six Years since I was in Love with Don *Pedro de Luna*, your Father, who was then Governor of *Segovia*: You was the Fruits of our Commerce. He own'd you, had you educated with Care, and, besides his having no other Child, your good Qualities made him resolve to leave you an Estate. On the other hand, I did not forsake you; as soon as I saw you make your Appearance in the World, I drew you to me, to inspire you with that polite Behaviour

vior

viour which is so necessary for a Gentleman, and which Women alone can instil into young Cavaliers. I have done more; I us'd all my Interest to settle you with the prime Minister. In short, I have concern'd my self for you, as I ought to have done for my Son. After this Confession, take your Resolution. If you can refine your Sentiments, and only respect me as a Mother, I shan't banish you my Presence, and shall continue to have the same Affection for you as I have had heretofore; but if you are not capable of this Effort, which both Nature and Reason exact from you, fly this very Minute, and deliver me from the Horror of seeing you.

Thus spoke *Inesilla*, during which Don *Valerio* kept a sullen Silence. One would have thought that he was recalling his Virtue, and going to gain a Conquest over himself: But he was meditating another Design, and preparing for his Mother a Spectacle of a very different kind. Not being able to comfort himself for that insurmountable Obstacle that oppos'd his Happiness, he gave way poorly to his Despair. He drew his Sword, and plung'd it in his Breast. He punish'd himself like another *Oedipus*, with this Difference, that the *Theban* pull'd out his Eyes in Regret for having consummated the Crime; and on the contrary,

ry, the *Castilian* kill'd himself for Grief that he could not commit it.

The unfortunate Don *Valerio* did not die upon the Spot; he had Time to come to himself, and ask Pardon of Heaven for having himself put an End to his Life. As he left, by his Death, a Secretary's Post vacant at the Duke of *Lerma's*, that Minister, who had not forgotten my Account of the Fire, no more than the *Encomium* that had been made of me, chose me to supply his Place.

C H A P. II.

Gil Blas is presented to the Duke of Lerma, who receives him into the Number of his Secretaries, sets him to work, and is pleas'd with his Performance.

TWAS *Monteser* who brought me that agreeable News, telling me, Friend *Gil Blas*, tho' I cannot part with you without Regret, I love you too well not to be overjoy'd at your succeeding Don *Valerio*. You cannot fail of making a handsome Fortune,

Fortune, provided you follow my Counsel in two Things: The first is, to seem so firmly attach'd to his Excellency, that he may not in the least doubt but that you are entirely devoted to his Interests: And the second is to make your Court well to Signior Don *Rodriguez de Calderona*; for that Man manages his Master's Temper as if he were made of Wax. If you have the good Fortune to get into the good Graces of this Favourite-Secretary, you may advance a great way in a little Time.

Signior, (said I to Don *Diego*, after having given him Thanks for his good Advice) be pleas'd to tell me, What is Don *Rodriguez's* Character? I have sometimes heard him spoken of in the World, and they have describ'd him to me as a very bad Man; nevertheless, I mistrust the Pictures which the Populace draw of Persons who are in Places at Court, tho' they sometimes judge aright. Tell me therefore, I beg you, your Thoughts of *Calderona*. You desire a delicate Thing of me, (said the Superintendent with a malicious Smile;) I wou'd answer any other but your self, without Hesitation, 'That he is a very honest Gentleman, and that one cannot speak amiss of him. But I will be sincere with you. Besides my believing you a young Fellow of a great deal of Prudence; I think I ought

to.

to speak to you frankly of *Don Rodriguez*, because I have advis'd you to keep fair with him; otherwise I oblige you but by halves.

You are to know then (continued he) that from being a simple Domestick to his Excellency, when he was yet but *Don Francisco de Sandoval*, he is advanced by degrees to the Post of first Secretary. Never was there known so proud a Man. He looks upon himself as a Collegue of the Duke of *Lerma's*; and at the bottom, one wou'd think that he shar'd the Authority with the Prime Minister; since he gives Paces and Governments to whom he pleases. The Publick often murmur; but he does not trouble himself about that: Provided he gets a Present by the Bargain, he values your Fault-finders but very little. You may easily conceive by what I have just said to you, (added *Don Diego*) how you are to conduct your self towards such an imperious Wretch. O mighty well (said I) let me alone for that. I shall have very ill Luck if I don't get into his Favour. When one knows a Man's blind-side to whom one would make one's Court, one must be very much out of the Way not to succeed. Since it is so (reply'd *Monteser*) I will present you directly to the Duke of *Lerma*.

We went that Moment to the Minister, whom we found in a large Hall, busy in giving Audience. He had more Company attending him than the King. There I saw Commanders, and Knights of St. *Jago* and *Calatrava*, who were soliciting for Governments, and Vice-royalties; Bishops, who not being well in their own Diocese, desir'd to be made Archbishops, only for change of Air; and good *Dominicans* and *Franciscans*, who *humbly* requested to have Bishopricks. I also observ'd there some reform'd Officers who were acting the same Part as *Chinchilla* heretofore; that is to say, who danc'd Attendance in Expectation of a Pension. If the Duke did not satisfy their Desires, he at least receiv'd their Petitions with an affable Air; and I perceiv'd that he answer'd the Persons who spoke to him very politely.

We had the Patience to wait till he had dispatch'd all these Supplicants; after which Don *Diego* said to him: My Lord, this is *Gil Blas de Santillane*, the young Man whom your Excellency has chosen to supply Don *Valerio's* Place. At these Words, the Duke turning his Eyes upon me, said obligingly, That I had already deserv'd it by the Services I had done him. After this he made me go into his Closet, to discourse me in private, or rather to judge of my Wit by my

my Conversation. He wou'd know who I was, and what sort of a Life I had led till then. He even required me to give a sincere Account. What a Task was that to ask! To lye before the Prime Minister of *Spain*; it was not to be thought of. On the other hand, I had so many Things to say at the Expence of my Vanity, that I could not resolve upon making a general Confession. How to bring myself off in such an Exigency? I resolv'd to plaister the Truth over in such Places where it wou'd have seem'd too deform'd quite naked. But he discover'd it in spite of all my Art. Monsieur *de Santillane* (said he, at the End of my Account) as far as I see, you have been a little upon the *Picaroon*. My Lord (reply'd I, blushing) your Excellency commanded me to be sincere, I have obey'd you. I am pleas'd with it, rejoin'd he; go Friend, you are very well off. I am astonish'd that such ill Examples did not entirely ruin you. How many honest Men are there who would be great Rogues, if Fortune were to put them to the same Trial?

Friend *Santillane* (continu'd the Minister) think no more of what is pass'd. Remember that you now belong to the King, and that for the future you will work for him. Follow me, I'll shew you in what
your

your Business will consist. He carr'yd me into a little Closet adjoining to his, where there were twenty thick Folio Registers ranged upon Shelves. 'Tis here (said he) that you must be employ'd. All these Registers that you see, compose a Dictionary of all the Nobility in the Kingdoms and Principalities of the *Spanish* Monarchy: Every Book contains in Alphabetical Order, an Abridgement of the History of all the Gentlemen of one Kingdom, wherein there is a particular Account of the Services themselves or their Ancestors have render'd the State, as well as the Duels they have fought. There is also an Account of their Estates, their Behaviour; and, in a word, of all their good and bad Qualities: So that when they come to ask any Favour at Court, I see at one view whether they deserve it. That I may be exactly inform'd of all these Things, I have Pensioners every where, who take care to have good Intelligence, and to acquaint me therewith, by Memorials which they send me for that Purpose. But as these Memorials are prolix, and full of a Country Dialect, they must be digested into order, and the Language polish'd, because the King has sometimes these Registers read to him. 'Tis at this Business, which requires a clear and concise Stile, that I will set you to work immediately.

Having

Having thus said, he drew out of a large Letter-case full of Papers, a Memorial which he put into my Hands. Then he went out of my Closet, to leave me at Liberty to make my first Essay. I read over the Memorial, which not only seem'd to me stuff'd with barbarous Terms, but even too full of Passion. Nevertheless 'twas compiled by a Monk of *Solsona*. He defam'd a good *Catalonian* Family therein most unmercifully, and Heaven knows whether he said the Truth. I thought I was reading a Libel, and at first made a Scruple of going to work upon it. I was afraid of rendring my self an Accomplice to a malicious Aspersion; nevertheless, as great a Novice as I was at Court, I went thro' with it at the Hazard and Peril of his Reverence's Soul; and laying all the Iniquity to his Charge, if there was any, began to dishonour, in good *Spanish*, two or three Generations, who were, perhaps, honest Men.

I had already done four or five Pages when the Duke, impatient to see how I went on, came back and said, *Santillana* shew me what you have done. I am very desirous of seeing it. At the same time casting his Eyes upon my Work, he read the Beginning very attentively. He seem'd so well satisfy'd with it that I was surpris'd thereat.

thereat. As much prejudic'd as I was in your Favour (cry'd he) I own you have surpass'd my Expectation: You not only write with all the Clearness and Exactness that I required; but I also find your Style easy and pleasant: You justify very well the Choice I have made of your Pen, and you comfort me for the Loss of your Predecessor. He had not stopt here, if his Nephew the Count *de Lemos* had not come and interrupted him. His Excellency embraced him several times, and receiv'd him after a manner that convinc'd me he lov'd him tenderly. They shut themselves both up, to talk in Secret of a Family Affair, whereof I shall make mention hereafter. The Minister was more taken up therewith, at that Time, than with the King's Business.

Whilst they were together, I heard it strike Twelve. As I knew that the Secretaries and Clerks left their Offices at that Hour, to go and dine where they pleas'd; I left my Master-piece there, and went out; not to *Monteser's*, he had paid me my Wages, and I had taken my leave of him; but to the most famous Ordinary near the Court: A common Eating-house wou'd not serve me any longer, *Remember, you are now long now to the King*; those Words which the Duke had spoke to me, were the Seeds of

of Ambition which were springing up every Moment in my Mind.

C H A P. III.

He is inform'd that his Post is not without Inconveniences; of the Trouble this News gives him, and how he is forc'd to behave himself.

I WAS very careful, on my going in to inform the Master of the House, that I was Secretary to the first Minister; and in that Quality, I did not know what to order for my Dinner: I was afraid to ask for any thing that border'd upon good Husbandry, wherefore I bid him get what he wou'd. He treated me very well, and they serv'd me with such Respect, as was more agreeable to me than my good Cheer. When the Reckoning was to be paid, he threw a Pistole upon the Table, whereof he gave the Over-plus, which was at least a quarter, to the Servants. After this, he went out from the Ordinary, strutting like a young Fellow who was very well pleas'd with his Person.

About

About twenty Steps from thence was a large House ready furnish'd, where Foreign Noblemen usually lodg'd. There I hir'd an Apartment of five or six Rooms, handsomely set off with good Hangings, and other Goods suitable to them. It seem'd as if I had already been Master of two or three Thousand Ducats a Year; I even paid down the first Month's Rent beforehand. This done, I return'd to my Work, and spent the whole Afternoon in continuing what I had begun in the Morning. In a Closet next to me were two other Secretaries; but these only copy'd over what the Duke brought them to transcribe. I got acquainted with them that very Night as we left Business; and that I might the better gain their Friendship, I carry'd them to my Ordinary, where I order'd the best Dishes in Season, with the most exquisite Wines.

We sat down to Table, and began to converse with more Life than Wit; for to do my Guests Justice, I soon perceiv'd they did not owe their Places in the Office to their Genius; they were Masters indeed of a very good round and mix'd Hand, but had not the least smattering of any University Learning.

To make amends, they understood their own little Concerns to a Miracle; and

were not so dazzled with the Honour of belonging to the Prime Minister, but that they lamented their Condition. 'Tis now six Months (said one) that we have been labouring at our own Expence: We don't receive a Farthing; and what is worse, our Salaries are not fix'd. We do not know upon what Foot we are. As for me (reply'd t'other) I wish I had twenty Lashes for my Salary, and Leave to look for Business elsewhere; for I dare neither go off my self, nor ask my Dismission, after the Secrets to which I have been privy. I might very likely take a Trip to see the Tower of *Segovia*, or the Castle of *Alcant*.

How do you manage then to live? (said I to them;) no doubt you must have some Estate? They answer'd me that they had very little, but that luckily for them, they lodg'd with an honest Widow who trusted them, and boarded each of them for 100 Pistoles *per Annum*. All this Discourse of which I did not lose a Word, humbled my proud Imagination in a Moment. I represented to my self, that without doubt no more Consideration wou'd be had for me than for others: That consequently, I ought not to be so charm'd with my Post that it was less solid than I believ'd it. And, in fine, that I cou'd not manage my Purse

Purse too much. These Reflections cur'd me of the Madness of throwing away my Money : I began to repent my having brought the Secretaries there, and to wish for the end of the Supper; and when the Reckoning came in, I had a Dispute with the Landlord about it.

We parted at Midnight, because I did not press them to drink any more. They went to their Widows, and I to my stately Apartment, which I then was enrag'd at my having hir'd, and resolv'd to quit at the Month's end. 'Twas in vain for me to lie in a fine Bed, my Disquiet had banish'd Sleep. I spent the rest of the Night in contriving how to avoid working for the King *gratis*. Hereupon I follow'd *Monteser's* Counsel. I rose with an Intent to go wait upon *Don Rodriguez de Calderona*. I was in a very proper Temper to appear before so proud a Man : I found I wanted him : Wherefore I went to this Secretary's.

His Lodging was adjoining to the Duke of *Lerma's*, and equal'd it in Magnificence. It wou'd have been hard, by the Furniture, to have distinguish'd the Master from the Valet. I sent in word, that I was *Don Valerio's* Successor. That did not prevent my being made wait above an Hour in the Anti-chamber. Good Mr. Secretary (said I to my self during that while) have a little

Patience if you please. You must dance Attendance your self, before you can make others do so.

However at last the Chamber Door was open'd: I enter'd, and advanc'd towards Don *Rodriguez*, who having just finish'd a *Billet-doux* to his charming *Sirena*, gave it that Minute to *Pedrillo*. I never appear'd before the Archbishop of *Grenada*, nor Count *Galiano*, nor yet before the Prime Minister with that Respect as when I approach'd Signior *Calderona*. I saluted him with a Bow down to the Ground, and begg'd his Protection in such Terms as I can't now remember without blushing, they were so very submissive. My mean Behaviour wou'd have made against me, had I had to do with a Man of less Pride. As for him, he was very well pleas'd with my cringing, and told me, with a pretty civil Air, that he would take all Opportunity to do me Service.

Hereupon, returning him Thanks for his favourable Sentiments, with all the Demonstrations of Zeal imaginable, I vow'd that I wou'd devote my self eternally to his Service. After this, I went out for my fear of incommoding him, begging him to excuse me, if I had interrupted him in his important Affairs. Having taken this unworthy Step, I retir'd to my Office, where

I finish'd the Work that had been set me. The Duke did not fail coming in the Morning, and was not less satisfy'd with the End than the Beginning of my Performance, but said, 'tis very well. Write on of your self, as well as you can, the Abridgement of the *Catalonian* Register; after which you may take another Memorial out of the Letter-case, which you may digest after the same manner. I had a pretty long Conversation with his Excellency, with whose familiar easy Air I was entirely charm'd. What a difference between him and *Calderona*! they would have made two good Figures in a Group.

I din'd that Day at an Eating-house where they kept a Table at a settled Price, and I resolv'd to go there every Day *incognito*, 'till I saw the Effect of my Complaisance and Condescension. I had Money at most but for three Months. I allow'd my self that Time to work at my own Expence; proposing after that (since the shortest Follies are the best) to abandon the Court and its glittering Tinsel, if I could not receive any Salary. Wherefore I laid my Scheme thus. I spar'd no Pains for two Months to please *Calderona*; but he took so little Notice of all I did for that Purpose, that I despair'd of ever gaining my Point. Wherefore I alter'd my Be-

haviour with respect to him; I made my Court no longer to him; and only apply'd my self to make the best Use of the Moment's Conversation wherewith the Duke honour'd me.

C H A P. IV.

Gil Blas gains the Duke of Lerma's Favour, who intrusts him with an important Secret.

ALtho' the Duke only appear'd to me (if I may use that Expression) and vanish'd again every Day, it did not prevent my rendring my self insensibly so agreeable to his Excellency, that he said one Afternoon: Hark you, *Gil Blas*, I like your Genius, and have a Kindness for you. You are an affectionate faithful young Fellow, of a good Understanding, and discreet, I think I shall not misplace my Confidence in reposing it in you. I threw my self at his Feet on hearing these Words, and having respectfully kiss'd one of his Hands, which he held out to raise me, answer'd: Is it possible your Excellency should condescend

to honour me with so great a Favour? What secret Enemies will your Goodness stir up against me! But I only fear the Hate of one Man: that is Don *Rodriguez de Calderona*.

You need apprehend nothing from him (reply'd the Duke). I know *Calderona*. He has been attach'd to me ever since my Childhood. I dare say his Sentiments are so conformable to mine, that he will cherish whatever I love, as he hates every thing that displeases me. Instead of fearing his Aversion, you ought on the contrary to depend upon his Friendship. I found by this that *Signior Don Rodriguez* was a cunning Sharper, who had made himself Master of his Excellency's Favour, and that I cou'd not keep too fair with him.

To begin (continu'd the Duke,) to put you in Possession of my Confidence, I am going to discover to you a Design I have upon the Anvil. 'Tis necessary you should be inform'd of it, that you may discharge well the Commission I intend afterwards to give you. 'Tis now a long time since my Authority has been generally respected, and my Resolutions blindly follow'd; as also that I have dispos'd at Pleasure of Posts, Employments, Governments, Vice-royalties and Benefices. I reign, if I durst venture to say so, in *Spain*. I can't push my
I 4. Fortune

Fortune any farther. But I would secure it from the Storms that begin to threaten it; and for this Reason I cou'd wish to have my Nephew the Count *de Lemos* for my Successor in the Ministry.

His Excellency observing that I was very much astonish'd at this part of his Discourse, said to me; I see very well, *Santillane*, what surprizes you. It seems strange to you that I prefer my Nephew to the Duke *d' Uzeda* my own Son. But know that the Genius of the latter is too narrow to enjoy my Place, and that besides, I am his Enemy. He has found out the Secret to please the King, who designs to make him his Favourite; and that is what I can't suffer. The Favour of a crown'd Head is like the Possession of a Woman one adores. 'Tis a Happiness whereof one is so jealous, that one can't resolve upon sharing it with a Rival, how nearly soever one is united to him by Blood or Friendship.

Here, (continu'd he) I shew you the very bottom of my Heart. I have already try'd to undermine the Duke *d' Uzeda* in the King's Favour, and as I have not been able to compass my Design, I have form'd another Stratagem. I would have the Count *de Lemos*, on his Side, insinuate himself into the good Graces of the Prince of *Spain*.
Being

Being Lord of the Bed-Chamber, he has an Opportunity of conversing with him at all Hours; and besides his having a good deal of Wit, I have an infallible Way to make him succeed in this Undertaking. By this Stratagem I shall set up my Nephew against my Son, and shall create a Division between these Cousins which will oblige them both to court my Protection; and the Need they will have of my Interest will render both of them subject to me. This (adds he) is my Scheme; and your Assistance therein will be of use to me. I will send you secretly to the Count *de Lemos*, and you shall bring me back Word of all he has to impart to me.

After this Confidence, which I look'd upon as ready Money, I had no longer any Disquiet. At last (said I) I am in the Way of Preferment, it will rain Gold upon me. 'Tis impossible but the Confident of a Man who is call'd *the great Drum of the Spanish Monarchy*, must soon wallow in Riches. Full of these flattering Hopes, I saw my poor Purse hasten to its end, with a great deal of Indifference.

C H A P. V.

*Where one shall see Gil Blas fill'd with
Joy and Honour, and overwhelm'd
with Misery.*

IT was soon perceiv'd that I was in the Prime-Minister's Favour. He affected to give me Marks of it in Publick, by making me carry his *Porto-folio*, which he before us'd to do himself when he went to Council. This Novelty causing me to be look'd upon as a little Favourite, stirr'd up the Envy of several, and made me receive abundance of Court Holy-Water. My two Neighbours, the Secretaries, were none of the last in complimenting me upon my approaching Grandeur, and invited me to Supper at their Widows, not so much by way of Return, as with a View of engaging me to do them some Service in the End. They congratulated me on all Hands; even the haughty Don *Rodriguez* alter'd his Behaviour. He now always call'd me *Signior de Santillane*. He that before never stiled me but *you*, without using the Term of *Signior*. He stir'd me with his Civilities, especially when

he thought our Master observ'd him. But I'll assure you he had no Fool to deal with; I return'd his Compliments the more politely, in that I hated him the most; an old Courtier cou'd not have acquitted himself better.

I also attended the Duke when he waited on the King, whither he generally went thrice a-day. He visited his Majesty in the Morning, as soon as he was awake, and kneeling down at his Bed's-Head, inform'd him what he had to do that Day, and dictated to him what he was to say, after which he withdrew. He return'd again when his Majesty had din'd, not to talk of Business, but to divert him with merry Conversation. He would entertain him with all the pleasant Adventures that happen'd at *Madrid*, with which he was always the first acquainted. In fine, at Night he again saw the King, to give him what Account he pleas'd of all he had done that Day, and ask'd him, in a careless way, his Orders for the next. I staid in the Anti-chamber, whilst he was with his Majesty, where I was surrounded with Persons of Quality, who, being desirous of getting into Favour, courted my Conversation, and hugg'd themselves that I would give them the Hearing. After all this, how cou'd I avoid thinking my self a
Man

Man of Consequence? There are several Persons at Court who imagine themselves so, with less Reason.

One Day, I had yet more Cause to be vain: the Duke having spoken advantageously of my Style to the King, he had the Curiosity to see a Specimen of it. His Excellency making me take the Register of *Catalonia*, carry'd me before that Monarch, and bid me read the first Memorial I had digested. If that Prince's Presence put me at first into some Confusion, that of the Prime-Minister soon encourag'd me, and I read my Performance, with which his Majesty was very well pleas'd. He express'd himself satisfy'd with me, and even charg'd his Minister to take care of my Fortune. This did not abate the Pride I had already; and the Conversation I had a few Days afterwards with the Count *de Lemos*, put the last stroke to the filling my Head with ambitious Notions.

I went to wait on that Nobleman, from his Uncle, at the Prince of *Spain's*, and I presented him with a credential Letter, wherein the Duke inform'd him that he might open himself to me as being a Man perfectly acquainted with their Design, and one who was pitch'd upon to be their common Messenger. Having read this Note,
the

the Count conducted me into a Chamber, where we both shut our selves up; and there he began this Discourse: Since you are Confident to the Duke of *Lerma*, I don't doubt but you deserve it, and I ought to make no difficulty of reposing the same Trust in you. You must know then that Things go the best in the World. The Prince of *Spain* distinguishes me from all the Noblemen that make their Court to him, and study to please him. I was in private with him this Morning, and he seem'd concern'd that the King's Covetousness render'd him incapable of following the Bent of his generous Inclinations, and even of making a Figure suitable to a Prince. Hereupon I did not fail to lament his Misfortune, and taking hold of that Opportunity, I promis'd to bring him a thousand Pistoles to-morrow at his Levee, 'till I cou'd procure larger Sums with which I have undertook to supply him. He was charm'd with my Promise, and I am sure, if I keep my Word, of getting into his Favour. Go to my Uncle, and tell him all these Circumstances, and come back to-night to inform me what he thinks thereupon.

I left the Count *de Lemos* when he had thus spoken, and return'd to the Duke of *Lerma*, who upon my giving him this Account

count sent to *Calderona* for a thousand Pistoles, wherewith I was intrusted that Night, and which I carried to the Count, saying to my self as I went, O ho, I see now what is the infallible way the Minister takes to succeed in his Enterprize; faith he is in the right, and in all Appearance this Prodigality won't ruin him. I can easily guess out of whose Coffers he takes these fine Pistoles; but, after all, is not it reasonable, that the Father shou'd maintain the Son? The Count *de Lemos*, on my taking Leave of him, whisper'd me, Adieu, my dear Confident; the Prince of *Spain* loves the fair Sex a little, we must have a Conference together thereupon the first Opportunity. I foresee that I shall soon want your Assistance. I went away ruminating on these Words, which were not ambiguous in the least, and fill'd me with Joy. What the Deuce, (said I) am I just upon being made the *Mercury* to the Heir to the Crown! I did not in the least examine whether the Office was good or bad; the Quality of the Gallant banish'd my Morals. What a Glory was it for me to be a great Prince's Minister of his Pleasures! Not so fast Mr. *Gil Blas*, some body will cry! You was only to be Deputy-Minister. I agree to it, but at the bottom
these

these two Posts are equally Honourable; only the Profit is different.

Whilst I was thus discharging these noble Commissions, and getting daily more and more into the Prime Minister's good Graces, with all the finest Hopes in the World, I should have been happy if Ambition cou'd have kept me from Hunger. I had got rid of my magnificent Apartment above two Months, and lodg'd in one of the most ordinary Rooms ready furnish'd. Altho' this troubled me, yet as I went out early in the Morning, and did not return till Night to lie there, I bore it patiently. I was all Day in my Element, that is to say at the Duke's, where I acted the Part of a Lord. But when I retir'd to my Dog-hole, my Lordship vanish'd, and there only remain'd poor *Gil Blas* without Money, and, which was worse, without any thing that would raise any. Besides my being too proud to discover my Wants to any one, I knew no body but *Navarro*, and I had neglected him too much since my being at Court to dare address my self to him. I had been oblig'd to sell my things Piece by Piece, and I had nothing left but what I could not any way spare. I went no more to the Eating-house, for want of Money to pay my Ordinary. What shift did I make then to subsist? They

They brought us every Morning a little Roll, and a Glas of Wine for our Breakfast in the Office. This was all that the Minister allow'd us. I only eat that all Day, and went to Bed at Night most commonly without Supper.

This was the Condition of a Man that made a Figure at Court, but who ought rather to have been pity'd than envy'd. However I cou'd no longer endure my Misery, and I resolv'd at last to discover it with Address to the Duke de Lerma, whenever I cou'd find an Opportunity. By good Luck I met one at the *Escorial*, whether the King and Prince of *Spain* went some Days after.

C H A P. VI.

How Gil Blas discovered his Misery to the Duke de Lerma, and after what Manner that Minister treated him.

WHEN the King was at the *Escorial*, he bore every one's Charges that attended him, so that I did not then feel
where

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where the Shooe pinch'd me. I lay in a Wardrobe near the Duke's Chamber, and this Minister rising one Morning by break of Day according to custom, bid me take some Papers and an Inkhorn, and follow him into the Palace-Gardens. We went to sit down under some Trees, where I put my self, by his Order, in the Posture of one that writes upon the Crown of his Hat, and he held a Paper in his Hand, as if he was reading. We seem'd at a Distance to be about Business of Importance, and nevertheless we were only talking of Trifles.

I had been diverting his Excellency above an Hour, by all the Flights wherewith my gay Temper furnish'd me, when two Magpyes coming and settling upon the Trees that cover'd us with their Shade, began to chatter after such a loud manner, that they attracted our Attention: You fluttering Birds (said the Duke) that seem to quarrel, I shou'd be curious enough to know the Cause of your Difference. My Lord (said I) your Curiosity makes me remember an *Indian* Fable that I have read in *Pilpay*, or some other Writer of Fables. The Minister ask'd me what it was, and I related it to him in the Terms following.

A

A Monarch formerly reign'd in *Persia*, who not having Capacity enough to govern his Dominions himself, left the Care thereof to his grand *Visier*. This Minister, whose Name was *Atalmuc*, was a Man of a superior Genius. He supported the Weight of this vast Monarchy without sinking under it. He preserv'd it in a profound Peace. He had even the Art of rendering the Regal Authority amiable, by making it respected, and the Subjects were happy in having an affectionate Father, in a *Visier* who was faithful to his Prince. *Atalmuc* had amongst his Secretaries a young *Cachemirian*, call'd *Zeangir*, whom he lov'd more than the rest. He took Pleasure in his Company, took him with him a hunting, and discover'd to him even his inmost Thoughts. One Day as they were hunting in a Wood, the *Visier* observing two Ravens croaking upon a Tree, said to his Secretary, I shou'd be glad to know what these Birds say in their Language. My Lord, (replies the *Cachemirian*) your wishes may be accomplish'd. And how, rejoin'd *Atalmuc*? Because, (replied *Zeangir*) a Dervise who was a Cabalist taught me the Birds Language; if you desire it, I will listen to these, and repeat to you Word for Word what I hear them say.

The

The *Vizier* consented. The *Cachemiri* drew near the Ravens, and seem'd to lend an attentive Ear to them; after which, returning to his Master, he said, My Lord, wou'd you believe it, we were the Subject of their Conversation. 'Tis impossible, cries the *Persian* Minister: Well, and what say they of us? One of them (rejoin'd the Secretary) said; There he is, the *Grand Vizier Atalmuc*: That tutelary Eagle that covers *Persia* with his Wings, as if 'twere his Nest, and watches continually for its Preservation. There he is hunting in this Wood with his faithful *Zeangir*, to refresh himself after his painful Toils. How happy is that Secretary to serve a Master who shews him a Thousand Favours? Softly, cries the other Raven, interrupting him) softly. Don't boast so much of the *Cachemiran's* good Fortune. *Atalmuc*, 'tis true, converses with him familiarly, honours him with making him his Confident, and I don't doubt but he even designs to give him some considerable Employment; but before that Time comes, *Zeangir* will be starv'd. That poor Wretch lodges in a little ready-furnish'd Room, where he wants the greatest Necessaries. In short, he leads a miserable Life, without any one's perceiving it at Court. The *Grand Vizier* does not think of enquiring into his Circum-

Circumstances, but contenting himself with having a Regard for him, lets him fall a Victim to Poverty.

I left off speaking here, to see how the Duke of *Lerma* took it; who ask'd me with a Smile, what Impression this Fable made upon *Atalmuc's* Mind, and whether the *Grand Visier* was not offended with his Secretary's Boldness. No, my Lord, (says I, a little confounded at his Question) on the contrary the Story says, that he loaded him with Benefits. That was lucky, (reply'd the Duke, with a serious Air) there are Ministers who wou'd not take such Lessons well. But (continu'd he, breaking off the Discourse) I believe the King will not be long before he awakes; my Duty calls me to him. At these Words he walk'd hastily towards the Palace, and seem'd to me very much displeas'd with my *Indian Fable*.

I follow'd him to his Majesty's Chamber Door; after which, I went to lay my Papers in the Place whence I took them. This done, I went into a Closet where our two Secretaries were at work, for they were also come with us. What's the matter, Signior *de Santillane*? (said they on seeing me;) you are very much moved; has any disagreeable Accident happen'd to you?

I was too full of the ill Success of my Fable, to hide my Trouble from them. I made them a Recital of what I had said to the Duke, and they appear'd sensible of the lively Grief with which I seem'd to be seiz'd. You have Reason to be chagrin, said one of them; can you think to be better treated than a Secretary of Cardinal *Spinosa's*? This Secretary being weary with receiving nothing in fifteen Months that he had been employ'd by his Eminence, took the Liberty one Day to represent his Necessities to him, and to ask him for some Money for Subsistence. 'Tis just (said the Minister) that you shou'd be paid; there, continu'd he, putting into his Hands a Warrant for a thousand Ducats, go and receive that Sum at the Royal Treasury; but at the same Time remember that I want no more of your Service. The Secretary wou'd have comforted himself for his being dismiss'd, if he had receiv'd the thousand Ducats, and been left to look for Employment elsewhere; but on his leaving the Cardinal's he was seiz'd by an *Alguazil*, and conducted to the Tower of *Segovia*, where he remain'd Prisoner a long while. This little Story redoubled my Terrour, I thought my self lost, and not being able to comfort my self, I began to reproach my Impatience, as if I had not endured enough.

enough. Alas! (cried I) why did I run the hazard of this cursed Fable, which has displeas'd the Minister! perhaps he was upon the point of extricating me from my miserable Condition. Perchance I was going to make one of those sudden Fortunes that surprize the World. What Riches what Honours have I lost by my Folly! I ought to have reflected, that there are great Men who don't love to be anticipated, and who will have one receive as a Favour from them, even the least Things that they are oblig'd to give. I had better have continu'd my Diet, without saying any thing to the Duke, and even have starv'd, that I might have laid all the Blame on his side.

If I had retain'd yet some Glimpse of Hope, the Sight of my Master, after Dinner, wou'd have destroy'd it entirely. He was very serious with me, contrary to his Custom, and did not speak to me at all. This gave me, all the rest of the Day, a mortal Disquiet, neither did I spend the Night in more ease. The Regret of seeing all my agreeable Illusions vanish, and the Fear of increasing the Number of State Prisoners, made me do nothing but sigh and complain.

The next was the critical Day; the Duke had me call'd in the Morning; I enter'd his Chamber trembling more than a Crimi-

nal who is going to Judgment. *Santillane*, (said he, shewing me a Paper he had in his Hand) take this Warrant — I shudder'd at the Word Warrant, and said to my self, O Heavens! here is the Cardinal *Spinosa*, the Coach is ready for *Segovia*. The Terror I was in at that Instant was so great, that I interrupted the Minister, and throwing my self at his Feet: my Lord (said I, all bath'd in Tears) I humbly beg your Excellency to pardon my Boldness: 'Twas my Necessity forc'd me to inform you of my Misery.

The Duke cou'd not forbear laughing at the Disorder wherein he saw me. Be of good Heart *Gil Blas* (reply'd he) and hearken to me. Altho' the discovering your Wants, was reproaching me for not having prevented them, yet I don't take it at all amiss of you, I rather am angry with my self for not asking you how you liv'd. But to begin to make amends for this Indiscretion, I give you a Warrant for 1500 Ducats, which will be paid you at sight, at the Royal Treasury: This is not all, I promise you as much every Year; and besides, when any Persons that are rich and generous, desire you to do them a Service, I don't forbid your speaking in their Favour. These Words threw me into such a Rapture, that I kiss'd the Feet of the Minister,

nister, who commanding me to rise, continu'd to discourse me. On the other hand, I wou'd have recover'd my gay Temper, but I cou'd not so soon make a Transition from Grief to Joy. I remain'd as confounded as a Malefactor who hears them cry Reprieve, the moment that he expected the fatal Stroke. My Master ascrib'd all my Disturbance only to the Fear of having displeas'd him, altho' the Apprehension of a perpetual Imprisonment had at least as great a Share herein. He confess'd that he had affected to look cool upon me, to see if I shou'd be very sensible of the Change; that he judg'd by that of my Attachment to his Person, and lik'd me the better.

C H A P. VII.

Of the good Use he made of his 1500 Ducats: Of the first Affair wherein he engaged, and of the Profit he got by it.

THE King, (as if to comply with my Impatience) returned on the Morrow to Madrid. I immediately flew to the Royal Treas-

Treasury, where I assoon receiv'd the Sum contain'd in my Warrant. I then gave Ear to nothing but my Ambition and Vanity. I left my miserable ready-furish'd Dog-hole for the Secretaries who did not yet understand the Language of Birds, and hired a second time my fine Apartment, which by good Fortune happen'd to be empty. I then sent for a famous Tailor, who work'd for almost all the Fops: He took my Measure, and carried me to a Woollen-Draper's, where he bought five Ells of Cloth, which he said he must have to make me a Suit. Five Ells for *Spanish* Dress! Just Heav'ns! But don't let us criticize thereupon. Tailors who are in Reputation, always take more than others. I afterwards bought some Linen, whereof I was in great want, with Silk Stockings, and a Beaver laced with a *Spanish* open Lace.

After this, as I cou'd not well be without a Footman, I desir'd my Landlord Vincent Forero to recommend me one. Most part of the Foreigners who lodg'd with him, used, when they came to Madrid, to hire *Spanish* Servants. This did not fail to draw all the Footmen that were out of Service to this House. The first that offer'd was a young Fellow of such a wild religious Air that I wou'd not have

him. I thought I saw *Ambrose de Lamela*. I don't love (said I to *Forero*) a Footman with such a sanctified Look; I have been caught so already.

I had hardly refus'd this Fellow, but another came in. This seem'd very sharp, with more Impudence than a Court Page, and to that a little roguish. He pleas'd me; I ask'd him some Questions, to which he gave pertinent Answers; I even observ'd that he was intriguing. I look'd upon him as a Man fit for my Turn, and hir'd him, of which I had no Reason to repent, for I soon perceiv'd that I had got an admirable Bargain. As the Duke had given me leave to speak to him in Favour of Persons whom I had a mind to serve, and as I had no Intention to neglect this Permission, I wanted a Spaniel to hunt out the Game; I mean an arch Fellow that was industrious, and fit to find out and bring me such Persons as had Favours to ask of the Prime Minister. This was just *Scipio's* Master-piece: That was my Footman's Name: He came from *Donna Anna de Guavara*, the Prince of Spain's Nurse, where he had exercis'd that Talent very much.

As soon as I had inform'd him of my Interest, and that I shou'd be glad to make use of it, he took the Field, and that very Day he told me, Sir, I have made a prett

good Discovery. There is a young Gentleman of *Grenada* just arriv'd at *Madrid*, whose Name is *Don Roger de Rada*. He has fought a Duel, which obliges him to have recourse to the Duke of *Lerma's* Protection; and he is willing to pay well for doing him that Service. I have spoken to him. He had a mind to have address'd himself to *Don Rodriguez de Calderona*, whose Power has been cried up to him; but I have deterr'd him, by acquainting him, that that Secretary sold his good Offices at an extravagant Rate, whereas you wou'd be satisfied with a handsome Acknowledgment for yours; that you wou'd even do a Service for nothing, if the Condition of your Affairs would allow you to follow your generous and disinterested Temper. In short, I have spoken after such a manner, that you will see the Gentleman at your Levee to-morrow Morning. How (said I) Mr. *Scipio*, you have already done a great deal of Business: You are no Novice at intriguing, I wonder you are no richer. That ought not to surprize you, (reply'd he) I love to make Money circulate, I don't hoard.

Don Roger de Rada came accordingly, and was receiv'd with a Politeness intermix'd with Haughtiness. Signior Ca-

valier (said I) before I engage to serve you, I must know the Affair of Honour that brings you to Court, for it may happen to be of that Nature that I may not dare to intercede for you with the Prime Minister. Therefore I desire you to give me a true Account of it, and be assur'd that I will espouse your Interest very heartily, if a Man of Honour may appear therein. With all my Heart (reply'd the young *Grenadian*) I am going to make you a sincere Recital of my History. At the same Time he recounted it after the following manner.

C H A P. VIII.

The History of Don Roger de Rada.

DON *Anastasio de Rada*, a Gentleman of *Grenada*, liv'd very happily in the City of *Antequera*, with Donna *Estebania* his Spouse, who, to solid Virtue, had a mild Temper, and was a Woman of exquisite Beauty. If she lov'd her Husband tenderly, it was return'd with equal Passion. He was naturally very much inclin'd

to Jealousy; and altho' he had no Reason to suspect his Wife's Fidelity, he was nevertheless uneasy. He was apprehensive lest some private Enemy to his Repose shou'd make an Attempt upon his Honour. He grew diffident of all his Friends, except Don *Huberto de Hordales*, to whom his House was open, as being *Estephania's* Cousin, and who was the only one of whom he had no Mistrust.

In effect, Don *Huberto* fell in Love with his Cousin, and was so bold as to declare his Passion, without having regard to the Blood that united them, or to Don *Anastasio's* particular Friendship. The Lady, who was discreet, instead of making a Clamour, which might have had fatal Consequences, reprehended her Relation mildly, representing to him the heinousness of the Crime, to attempt to seduce and dishonour her Husband; and telling him very seriously, that he ought not to flatter himself with any Hopes of Success.

This Moderation only serv'd to inflame the Cavalier the more; for imagining that he ought to try a Woman of her Character to the utmost, he began to be disrespectful in his Behaviour, and had the Assurance one Day to press her to satisfy his Desires. She repuls'd him with a

severe Air, and threaten'd to make Don *Anastasio* punish his Rashness. The Spark being terrified with this Menace, promised to talk no more to her of Love; and upon the Credit of this Promise, *Estephania* forgave what was passed.

Don *Huberto*, who was naturally a great Villain, cou'd not see his Passion so ill repaid, without conceiving a base Desire of avenging himself. He knew Don *Anastasio* to be a jealous Man, susceptible of any Impressions he wou'd make upon him. He wanted no more to form the blackest Design of which a Miscreant cou'd be capable. One Evening as he was walking alone with this weak Husband, he said to him with the most melancholy Air in the World: My dear Friend, I can live no longer without revealing a Secret, which I shou'd be cautious of discovering, if your Honour were not more dear to you than your Rest. But your Delicacy and mine in point of Offences, won't suffer me to conceal any longer what is done at your House. Prepare to hear an Account which will cause in you as much Grief as Surprize. I am going to wound you in your tenderest Part.

I understand you (reply'd Don *Anastasio* already quite confounded) your Cousin is false to me. I no longer acknowledge

her for my Cousin (rejoin'd *Hordales*, with a passionate Air;) I disown her, and she is unworthy of having you for her Husband. You make me languish too long (cried Don *Anastasio*) speak, What has *Estephania* done? She has betray'd you, reply'd Don *Huberto*. You have a Rival whom she favours secretly, but I can't name him to you; for the Adulterer escaped the Eyes that watch'd him, by the favour of a dark Night. All that I know is, that they deceive you. 'Tis a Thing whereof I am assur'd.. The Interest that I ought to take in this Affair, is but too certain a Proof for you of the Truth of my Report. Since I declare my self against *Estephania*, I must be well convinc'd of her Infidelity.

'Tis in vain (continu'd he, observing that his Discourse produced the desired Effect) 'tis in vain to say any more to you. I perceive that you are undeserving of the Ingratitude wherewith your Love is repaid, and that you are meditating a just Revenge. I shall not oppose you, don't examine who is the Victim you are going to strike; shew the whole City, that there is nothing but what you can sacrifice to your Honour.

Thus did the Traitor animate a too credulous Husband against an innocent Wife; and he painted to him in such lively Colours

lours the Infamy wherewith he wou'd be cover'd, if he let the Affront go unpunish'd, that at last he put him in a Rage. Behold Don *Anastasio* deprived of Judgment. He seems as if possess'd by the *Furies*. He returns Home with a Resolution to stab his unhappy Wife, who was just stepping into Bed when he arriv'd.

He constrain'd himself at first, and waited till the Domesticks were withdrawn. But then, without being restrain'd by the Fear of the Anger of Heaven, or the Dishonour that it would reflect upon an honest Family; or even by the natural Pity he ought to have had for a Child, wherewith his Wife was six Months gone; he approach'd his Victim, and said in a furious Tone: Wretch, thou must perish, thou hast but one moment longer to live, and that is owing to my Goodness, that thou mayst beg Heaven to forgive thee the Outrage thou hast done me. I wou'd not have thee lose thy Soul, as thou hast lost thine Honour.

This said, he drew his Poniard. His Action and Discourse terrified *Estephania*, so that throwing her self at his Knees, wringing her Hands, and quite confounded, she said, What is the Matter, my Lord? What Reason have I had the Misfortune to give you to be dissatisfied?

Why

Why wou'd you deprive your Spouse of her Life? If you suspect her of not being faithful to you, you are in an Error.

No, no (replied the jealous Wretch) I am but too well assur'd of your Treason. The Persons who inform'd me are of worth. Don *Huberto* — Ah, my Lord! (said she, interrupting him with Precipitation) you ought to distrust Don *Huberto*: He is not so much your Friend as you imagine. If he has told you any Thing reflecting upon my Virtue, don't believe him. Hold your Tongue, you infamous Woman (replied Don *Anastasio*) by endeavouring to prepossess me against *Hordales*, you rather justify than remove my Suspicions. You attempt to render me mistrustful of this Relation, because he is acquainted with your ill Conduct. You wou'd weaken his Evidence, but this Artifice is useless, and redoubles my Inclination to punish you. My dear Husband (replied *Estephania*, weeping bitterly) be upon your Guard against your blind Passion, whose Dictates if you follow, you will never forgive your self, when you shall once know the Wrong you do me. For God's sake calm your Anger; at least give your self time to clear up your Suspicions. It will only be doing Justice to a Woman who has nothing wherewith to reproach her self.

Any other but Don *Anastasio* would have been mov'd at these Words, and yet more at the Affliction of the Person who pronounc'd them; but the *Barbarian*, far from seeming to relent, bid the Lady a second time recommend herself to God speedily; and even lifted up his Arm, to strike her. Stop, *Barbarian* (cry'd she). If the Love you formerly bore me is entirely extinct: If all the Marks of Tenderness of which I have been so profuse are blotted out of your Remembrance: If my Tears can't deter you from your execrable Design, at least have regard to your own Blood. Don't arm your furious Hand against an Innocent who has not yet seen the Light. You cannot be its Executioner without offending both Heav'n and Earth. As for me, I forgive you my Death, but be assur'd his will cry for Justice for so enormous a Crime.

As resolute as Don *Anastasio* was not to hearken to whatever *Estephania* shou'd say, he cou'd not help being mov'd at the horrible Ideas which these last Words brought into his Mind. Accordingly, as if he was afraid lest this Shock could get the better of his Resentment, he made haste to take Advantage of what Fury remain'd in him, and plung'd his Poniard in his Wife's left Side. She fell down that moment, and

he, believing her dead, immediately left his House, and disappear'd from *Antequera*.

In the mean while this unfortunate Spouse was so stunn'd with the Wound she had receiv'd, that she remain'd some Minutes lifeless upon the Ground. After which, recovering her Spirits, she made such Complaints and Lamentations as drew an old Woman that serv'd her to her Assistance. This good old Creature seeing her Mistress in such a piteous Condition, sent forth such Cries as soon awaken'd the other Domesticks, and even the next Neighbours. The Chamber was quickly full of Company. They sent for Surgeons, who examining the Wound, had no ill Opinion of it. They were not mistaken in their Conjectures. *Estephania* was even cured in a small Time, and deliver'd happily of a Son three Months after this Adventure. And in me, Signior *Gil Blas*, you behold that Son, I am the Fruits of that melancholy Labour.

Altho' Slander seldom spares a Woman's Character, it yet shew'd a Regard to my Mother's; and this bloody Scene was look'd upon in the Town but only as the Transport of a Jealous Husband. 'Tis true my Father was known to be of a violent Temper, and apt easily to take umbrage

brage at any thing. *Hordales* judg'd very rightly that his Cousin suspected him of having disturb'd Don *Anastasio's* Mind by his Falsties, and contenting himself with being at least half reveng'd of her, he left off visiting her. I shall not enlarge upon the Education that was given me, for fear of tiring your Patience; I shall only say that my Mother chiefly took care of my learning to Fence well, and that I push'd a long time in the most famous Schools of *Grenada* and *Seville*. She impatiently waited 'till I was of Age to measure my Sword with Don *Huberto*, that she might inform me what Reason she had to complain of him; and finding me at last in my eighteenth Year, she intrusted me with it, not without shedding a Flood of Tears; and being seiz'd with a lively Grief. What Impression cannot a Mother make, in this Condition, upon a Son who has Courage and natural Affection? I immediately went to find out *Hordales*, and carried him to a private Place, where after a pretty long Combat, I ran him thrice thro', and left him upon the Spot.

Don *Huberto* feeling himself mortally wounded, fix'd his dying Eyes upon me, and own'd that he receiv'd Death at my Hands as a just Punishment for the Offence he had committed against my Mother's Honour.

nour. He confess'd that he had resolv'd to ruin her, to revenge himself of her Rigour. After this he expir'd, asking Pardon of Heaven, Don *Anastasio*, *Estephania*, and me. I did not think it proper to return home, to inform my Mother of the Issue. I left that to Fame. I cross'd the Mountains and went to *Malaga*, where I embark'd on board a Privateer who was going to cruise. I seem'd to him not to want Courage, and he consented willingly to my joining with the brave Fellows he had on board.

We were not long before we found an Occasion to signalize our selves. We met, near the Isle of *Albouran*, a Corsair of *Melilla*; who was returning to the Coasts of *Africa*, with a *Spanish* Vessel, richly laden, which he had taken off of *Cartagena*. We attack'd the *African* briskly, and made our selves Masters of his two Ships, wherein were fourscore Christians whom he was carrying Slaves to *Barbary*. Then taking advantage of a Gale that sprung up, and was fair for the Coasts of *Grenada*, we arriv'd in a little time at *Punta de Helena*.

As we enquir'd of the Slaves we had deliver'd of what Place they were, I ask'd the same Question of a Man of an excellent Mien, and who might very well be
fifty

fifty Years old. He answer'd sighing that he was of *Antequera*. I felt my self touch'd with his Reply, without knowing any Reason for it; and my Emotion, which he perceiv'd, caus'd a Disturbance in him, which I cou'd not help observing. I am (says I to him) your Fellow-Citizen. May not one ask the Name of your Family? Alas, (replied he) you renew my Grief, by requiring me to satisfy your Curiosity. 'Tis eighteen Years since I quitted *Antequera*, where I ought only to be remember'd with Horreur. Perhaps you have your self only heard me too much talk'd of. My Name is Don *Anastasio de Rada*. Good Heav'n! cry'd I out, may I believe what I hear? What, is it Don *Anastasio*, is it my Father whom I see? What do you say young Man? (cry'd he out in his turn, observing me with Surprize;) Is it possible? Can you be that unfortunate Child with whom your Mother was big when I sacrific'd her to my Fury? Yes Father (said I) 'twas me that the virtuous *Estephania* brought into the World, three Months after that fatal Night wherein you left her weltring in her Blood.

Don *Anastasio* did not wait for my finishing these Words, before he threw himself about my Neck. He embrac'd me in his Arms, and we did nothing but intermingle

minge our Sighs and Tears for a quarter of an Hour. Having given our selves up to the tender Motions which such an Interview cou'd not but excite in us, my Father lifted up his Eyes to Heav'n, to return thanks for the saving of *Estephania*; but a Moment after, (as if he had been afraid his Thanks were unseasonable) he ask'd me which way his Wife's Innocence had been discover'd. My Lord, (said I) no body but your self ever doubted of it. Your Spouse's Conduct has always been irreproachable. 'Tis time you were disabus'd: know 'twas Don *Huberto* who impos'd upon you. At the same time, I inform'd him of that Relation's Perfidiousness, how I had been reveng'd, and what he had confess'd to me at his Death.

My Father was less sensible of the Joy of having recover'd his Liberty, than of the Pleasure of hearing such News. He began again to embrace me tenderly with transports of Joy, and was never tired of expressing how well he was satisfied with me. Come, my Son, (said he) let us immediately take the Road to *Antequera*. I burn with Impatience to throw my self at the Feet of a Wife whom I have treated so unworthily. Since you have let me know the Wrong I have done her, my Heart bleeds with Remorse.

I had too great a Mind to bring again together two Persons so dear to me, to defer the happy Minute. I left the Privateer, and bought at *Adra* two Mules, with the Money I receiv'd for my part of the Prize, my Father being no longer willing to expose himself to the Dangers of the Sea. He had leisure enough upon the Road to relate me all his Adventures, to which I listen'd with the same eager Attention which the Prince of *Ithaca* gave to his Father when reciting his. In short, after several Days Journey, we reach'd the bottom of the Mountain next to *Antequera*, where we halted. As we intended to get home as privately as possible, we did not enter the City 'till the middle of the Night.

I leave you to imagine my Mother's Surprise at seeing a Husband whom she thought lost for ever; and the miraculous manner (if I may use that expression) that he was restor'd to her, was another subject for her Wonder. He ask'd her Pardon for his Barbarity, with such lively marks of Repentance that she cou'd not help being mov'd. Instead of looking on him as an Assassin, she only regarded him as a Man to whom Heav'n had subjected her; so sacred is the Name of Husband to a virtuous Woman.

Estephania

Estephania had been so much in Pain for me, that she was charm'd at my Return. Nevertheless her Joy was not sincere; a Sister of *Hordales* took out a criminal Process against her Brother's Murderer, and had me pursu'd every where. So that my Mother finding I was not safe in our House, was not without Disquiet. This oblig'd me to set out for Court that very Night, whither I am come, Sir, to sollicite my Pardon, which I hope to obtain, since you are willing to intercede for me with the first Minister, and make use of all your Interest.

Here Don *Anastasio*'s brave Son finish'd his Relation. After which, I said to him with an Air of Importance, 'Tis enough, Signior Don *Roger*, your Case seems pardonable. I take upon me to give his Excellency an Account of your Affair, and dare venture to promise you his Protection. The *Grenadian*, upon that, lanch'd out in Compliments, which had only gone in at one Ear and out at t'other, if he had not assur'd me, that his Acknowledgment shou'd immediately follow the Service I shou'd render him. But as soon as he had touch'd upon that String, I set about it in earnest. I told the Duke the Story that every Day, who having permitted me to present the Chevalier to him, said, Don
Roger,

Roger, I am appriz'd of the Affair that has brought you to Court; *Santillane* has inform'd me of all the Circumstances. Set your Mind at rest, you have done nothing but what's excusable; his Majesty loves, particularly, to pardon such Gentlemen as revenge their offended Honour. You must go to Prison for Form; but be assur'd, that you shall not stay long there. *Santillane* is your good Friend, and shall take care of the rest. He shall hasten your Enlargement.

Don *Roger* made a low Bow to the Minister, upon whose Word he surrender'd himself Prisoner. His Pardon was soon dispatch'd by my Care, and in less than ten Days I sent this new *Telemachus* to rejoin his *Ulysses* and *Penelope*; whereas if he had not had a Protector, perhaps he had not been releas'd in a Year. I had for this but a hundred Pistoles; 'twas no great Catch, but I was not yet a *Calderon* to despise Trifles.



C H A P. IX.

By what Means Gil Blas made a great Fortune in a small Time; and of the great Airs he gave himself.

THIS Affair made me relish the Business, and ten Pistoles which I gave *Scipio* for Brokerage, encouraged him to go a-new upon the Scent. I have already extoll'd his Talent at it, one might justly have call'd him *Scipio* the Great. The second Chapman he brought me was a Printer of Books of Chivalry, who had got an Estate in defiance of good Sense. This Printer had pirated another's Copy, and his Edition had been seiz'd. For three hundred Ducats I had his Books replevy'd, and sav'd him a heavy Fine. Altho' this did not regard the first Minister, his Excellency at my Desire was willing to interpose his Authority. After the Printer, a Merchant fell into my Clutches, and upon this Account: A Portuguese Vessel had been taken by a *Corfsair* of *Barbary*, and was re-taken by a Privateer of *Cadiz*. Two thirds of her Lading belong'd to a *Lisbon* Merchant, who having in vain re-claim

claim'd it, was come to the Court of *Spain*, to find a Protector who had Interest enough to get it restored. I interpos'd for him, and he regain'd his Effects, upon paying four hundred Pistoles, whereof he made a Present for the Protection.

Methinks I hear a Reader cry at this Place, Courage, *Santillana*, put Hay in your Coach-box, you are in a fine Road, push your Fortune. O! I'll take care of that. If I am not mistaken, I see my Footman coming with a new Customer whom he has just hook'd in. Even so, 'tis *Scipio*. Let's hear what he says. Sir (cries he) suffer me to present you this famous Operator. He desires a Patent for selling his Drugs for ten Years thro' all the Cities of *Spain*, exclusive of all others; that is to say, that all Persons of his Profession may be prohibited settling in the Places where he resides; and he will, as an Acknowledgment, give two hundred Pistoles to the Person that gets the Patent dispatch'd. I told the Mountebank, Protector like, go your ways Friend, I'll do your Business. In effect, a few Days after, I sent him back with a Patent that gave him an exclusive Power to cheat the People thro' all the Kingdoms of *Spain*.

Besides my growing more covetous, in proportion as I grew richer, I had obtain'd these

these four Favours so easily of his Excellency, that I made no Scruple of asking a fifth. 'Twas the Government of the City of *Vera*, on the Coast of *Grenada*, for a Knight of *Calatrava*, who offer'd me 1000 Pistoles. The Minister fell a laughing to see me so keen after the Game. Good God, Friend *Gil Blas* (said he) after what Rate you go on! You are prodigiously fond of obliging your Neighbour. Hearken, when you ask only for Trifles, I shall not observe you so narrowly; but when you want Governments, or other considerable Things, you must be satisfied, if you please, with half the Profit. You shall be accountable to me for the other. You can't imagine (continu'd he) at what Expence I am forc'd to be, nor to how many Shifts I am put to support the Dignity of my Post; for in spite of the Disinterestedness I put on to the Eyes of the World, I own to you I am not Fool enough to confound my domestick Affairs. Depend upon that.

My Master, by this Discourse, taking away all Fear of importuning him, or rather encouraging me to make more frequent Demands, render'd me yet more greedy of Riches than I was before. I shou'd then willingly have posted it up, that all those who wanted any Favours at Court, shou'd

thou'd address themselves to me. I went one way, *Scipio* another, seeking only how to do any one a Service for his Money. My Knight of *Calatrava* had the Government of *Vera* for his thousand Pistoles, and I soon obtain'd another at the same Price for a Knight of St. *Jago*. Nor was I satisfied with making Governors, but I bestow'd Orders of Knighthood, and converted some good Yeomen into bad Gentlemen, by excellent Coats of Arms. I was also willing the Clergy should be sensible of my Benefits, and conferr'd some small Benefices, made Canons, and some other Dignitaries of the Church. As to Archbishopsricks and Bishopsricks, Don *Rodríguez de Calderona* was the Patron that bestow'd them. He also had the naming of Magistrates, Commendaries, and Viceroalties. This makes me suppose that the great Places were no better fill'd than the small ones. For the Persons whom we chose to fill the Posts, whereof we made such a pretty Traffick, were not always the most able Men in the World, nor the most regular. We knew very well that the Sneerers at *Madrid* made themselves merry thereupon at our Expence; but we were like the Misers, who comfort themselves for the hollowing of the Populace by looking at their Gold.

Isocra

Isocrates had Reason to call Intemperance and Folly the inseparable Companions of Riches. When I saw my self Master of thirty thousand Ducats, and in a way perhaps to get ten times as much, I thought my self obliged to make a Figure suitable to the Confidence of the first Minister. I hir'd a whole House, which I furnish'd handsomly. I bought the Coach of an *Escrivano*, who had set it up out of Ostentation, and who was endeavouring to part with it by the Advice of his Baker. I hir'd a Coachman, with three Footmen, and, as 'tis just to promote one's old Domesticks, I advanc'd *Scipio* to the three-fold Honour of being my *Valet de Chambre*, Secretary, and Steward. But what swell'd my Pride to the Height was, that the Minister thought fit for my Men to wear his Livery. I lost what Sense I had left. I was full as mad as the Disciples of *Porcius Latro*, who having, by drinking Cummin, made themselves as pale as their Master, imagin'd themselves as learn'd as he; I was within a little of thinking my self a Relation of the Duke of *Lerma's*, at least I fancy'd I shou'd pass for such, or for one of his Bastards, which flatter'd my Pride infinitely.

Besides this, I resolv'd to keep an open Table, after his Excellency's Example,
who

who kept open House. For this Reason I order'd *Scipio* to provide me a good Cook and he found me one who perhaps, was comparable to that of *Nomentanus* of dainty Memory. I fill'd my Cellar with delicious Wines, and having laid in my other Stores, I began to receive Company. Every Night I had some of the head Clerks of the Ministers Offices to sup with me who haughtily took upon them the Quality of Secretaries of State. On the other hand, *Scipio* (for like Master like Man) had also his Table in the Buttery, where he entertain'd his Acquaintance at my Expence. But besides my loving the Fellow, as he contributed to my getting Money, he seem'd entitled to help me spend it. Add to that, I look'd upon this Waste with the Eyes of a young Man, I did not see the Hurt it did me. The Benefices and other Employments continu'd to bring Grift to my Mill. I saw my Treasury increase daily; I imagin'd that for this Time I had fix'd a Nail in Fortune's Wheel.

Nothing was wanting to my Vanity but to have *Fabricio* a Witness of my splend did living. I did not doubt but he was return'd from *Andalusia*, and that I might have the Pleasure of surprizing him, I sent him an anonymous Letter, wherein I wrote him word, that a Nobleman of

Sicily

Sicily who was his Friend, expected him at Supper. I appointed the Day, the Hour, and the Place of Rendezvous, which was at my House. *Nunez* came, and was extraordinarily surpriz'd to find that I was the strange Nobleman, who had invited him to Supper. Yes Friend, said I to him, I am Master of this House. I have an Equipage and good Table, and what's more, a strong Box. Is it possible, (cry'd he out briskly) that I find you again in Opulency? How glad am I that I placed you with Count *Galiano*! I said he was a generous Nobleman, and wou'd not be long before he made you easy in your Circumstances. Undoubtedly (added he) you have follow'd the good Counsel I gave you, to wink a little at the Steward. I congratulate you upon it. 'Tis only by this Conduct that the Comptrollers grow so warm in great Houses.

I let *Fabricio* applaud himself as long as he pleas'd, for having recommended me to Count *Galiano*. After which, to moderate his Joy for having procured me so good a Post; I recited to him the Marks of Gratitude wherewith that Nobleman had repaid my Services. But observing that my Poet, during this Relation, sung a Recantation within himself, I said, I forgive the *Sicilian* his Ingratitude. Under

the Rose, I have more Reason to congratulate my self than complain. If the Count had not us'd me ill, I had follow'd him into *Sicily*, where I shou'd still have serv'd him in expectation of an uncertain Settlement: In short, I shou'd not have been the Duke of *Lerma's* Confident.

Nunez was so much surpriz'd at these last Words, that he remain'd some Moments speechless. Then breaking Silence on a sudden, Did I hear right (said he) What, are you intrusted with the Prime Minister's Secrets? I share his Confidence (reply'd I) with Don *Rodriguez de Calderona*; and according to all Appearances, I shall go a great way. Indeed Signior *Santillana* (rejoin'd he) I admire you. You are capable of discharging all sorts of Employments. What Talents! You have (to use an Expression of us Poets) you have the *universal Tool*, that is to say, you are good at every Thing. As for the rest, my Lord, (continu'd he) I am overjoy'd at your Lordship's Prosperity. O the Devil, (said I, interrupting him,) Monsieur *Nunez*, truce with your my Lord, and your Lordship; let us banish those Terms, and live always familiarly together. You are in the right, (reply'd he;) I ought not to look upon you with any other Eye than ordinary, tho' you are become rich. I'll confess

confess my Weakness; I was dazzled at hearing of your good Fortune; but the Mist is vanish'd, and now I only see my Friend *Gil Blas*.

Our Conversation was interrupted by the arrival of four or five Clerks: Gentlemen (said I, presenting *Nunez* to them) you shall sup with Signior Don *Fabricio*, who makes Verses worthy of King * *Numa*, and writes in Prose, as no body writes. As ill Luck wou'd have it, I spoke to Persons who valu'd Poetry so little, that the Poet suffer'd for it. They hardly deign'd to cast their Eyes on him. 'Twas in vain for him to say fine Things to draw their Attention, they had no Taste for them. He was so much piqu'd at it, that he took a poetical License, he got sily out of the Company and disappear'd. Our Clerks did not perceive his retiring, but sat down to Table even without inquiring what was become of him.

Next Morning as I had made an end of dressing me, and was just upon going out, the *Asturian* Poet enter'd my Chamber. I ask your Pardon Friend, (said he) if I disobligh'd your Clerks, but to deal freely, I

* The obscure Verses which the Salian Priests sing in their Processions were compos'd by *Numa*.

was so much out of my Element, that I cou'd not stay. What haughty Wretches with their conceited stiff Looks! I can't imagine how you, who have bright Parts can suit your self to such dull Company. To-night (continu'd he) I will bring you some of a better Taste. You will oblige me therein (reply'd I) and I trust to your Judgment. You are in the right (rejoin'd he) I promise you some of the brightest and most diverting Genius. I am going directly to a Chocolate-House where they will meet in a Moment, and I will bespeak them, for fear they shou'd be engag'd elsewhere; for every one strives who shall have them to dinner or supper, they are so very pleasant Companions.

At these Words he left me, and at Night at Supper-time he came only accompany'd with six Authors, whom he presented me one after another, making their respective Encomiums. To have heard him, these Wits surpass'd the most celebrated Writers of *Greece* and *Italy*, and their Works (as he said) deserv'd to be written in Letters of Gold. I receiv'd the Gentlemen very politely, and even affected to overwhelm them with Civility, for the Nation of Authors is a little vain and conceited. Altho' I had not order'd *Scipio* to take care that the Table should be plentifully furnish'd

furnish'd, yet as he knew what sort of People I was to treat, he had made an Addition to each Course.

In short we sat down to Table very merry. My Poets began to extol and cry up themselves. One with a haughty Air quoted the great Lords and Women of Quality who were ravish'd with his Muse. Another blaming the Choice that an Academy of learned Men had just made of two Members, said very modestly that they ought to have chosen him. The Discourse of the others was not less presuming. In the middle of Supper they stunn'd me with their Verse and Prose. Every one round began to recite a Specimen of his Writings. One repeats a Sonnet, another a Scene of a Tragedy; a Third reads a Criticism upon a Comedy. A Fourth being willing in his turn to rehearse an Ode of *Anaceron*, translated into wretched *Spanish* Verse, was interrupted by one of his Brethren, who tells him he has made use of an improper Term. The Author of the Version will by no means agree to it. Thence arises a Dispute, wherein all the Wits engage. They are divided in their Opinions, the Disputants grow hot, they fall to Invectives; as to that it was tolerable, but the furious Madmen rise from Table and fall to boxing. *Fabricio,*

Scipio, my Coachman, Footman, and myself had no small trouble to part them; which as soon as we had done, they went out of my House as if it had been a Tavern, without making me the least Excuse for their Incivility.

Nunez, upon whose Word I had promis'd myself to spend the Evening very agreeably, remain'd quite confounded at this Adventure: Well, (says I) Friend, will you again cry up your Guests? Faith, you have brought me scurvy Companions. For my Part I'll keep to my Clerks, speak no more to me of Authors. No, I'll take care (reply'd he) not to introduce any more, you have seen the most reasonable of them.



C H A P. X.

Gil Blas is entirely corrupted at Court. Of the Commission given him by the Count de Lemos, and of the Intrigue wherein that Nobleman and he engag'd themselves.

AS I was known to be the Duke of Lerma's Favourite, I soon had a number who made their Court to me. My Antichamber was every Morning crowded with Suppliants to whom I gave Audience at my Levee. These consisted of two Sorts. The one came to engage me to use my Interest for them with the Prime Minister, for which they were willing to gratify me; the others endeavour'd to induce me by their Supplications and Prayers to obtain what they desir'd *gratis*. The first were sure of being favourably heard and well serv'd. As for the second, I either got rid of them immediately by Evasions and Pretences, or amus'd them so long that I made them lose their Patience. Before my coming to Court I was naturally Compassionate and Charitable; but when one is

once there, one has no longer any Humanity, and I became as hard as a Flint. Consequently I was cured of my Sensibility for my Friends, I put off all Affection for them. The manner of my using *Joseph Navarro* in a Juncture which I am going to relate, will confirm it.

This *Navarro*, to whom I was so much oblig'd, and who (to say all at once) was the first Cause of my Fortune, came to me one Day. Having express'd a great deal of Friendship for me, as he was us'd to do whenever he saw me, he begg'd me to ask a certain Employment of the Duke de *Lerma*, telling me that the Cavalier for whom he solicited was a young Gentleman of great Worth and Merit, but that he was in need of a Post whereon to subsist. I don't at all doubt, (continu'd he) but as I know you to be obliging and good-humour'd, you will be glad of doing a Service to an honest Gentleman who is not Rich. I am sure you will thank me for giving you an Opportunity to exercise your generous Temper. This was telling me plainly that this Piece of Service was expected for nothing. Altho' this was not at all to my Relish, I nevertheless seem'd entirely dispos'd to do what was desir'd of me. I am overjoy'd (reply'd I to *Navarro*) that I am able to give you a Proof how much

much I am sensible of all you have done for me. 'Tis enough that you make Interest for any one, that is sufficient to determine me to serve him. Your Friend shall have the Employment you desire, depend upon it, 'tis now no longer your Business, it is mine.

Joseph went away very well satisfied upon this Assurance. Nevertheless the Person he so much recommended had not the Place in question. I obtain'd it for another for a thousand Ducats, which I put in my strong Box. I preferr'd this Sum to all the Thanks my Clerk of the Kitchen wou'd have given me, and said with a mortified Air, when we met again, Ah my dear *Navarro* you thought of speaking to me too late. *Calderona* has prevented me, he has given the Employment you mention'd to another. I am in despair that I have no better News for you.

Joseph believ'd me sincerely, and we parted better Friends than ever; but I fancy he soon discover'd the Truth, for he came near me no more. I was glad of it; for, besides his Services lying heavy upon me, I thought that in the Station wherein I was at Court, it was no longer proper for me to keep Company with Stewards.

The Count *de Lemos* has been forgotten a good while; let us now return to him.

I sometimes waited on him. I had carried him a thousand Pistoles, as has been said before, and I carried him a thousand more by the Duke his Uncle's Order, out of Money I had of his Excellency's. That Day the Count *de Lemos* was pleas'd to have a long Conversation with me, and inform'd me that he had at last attain'd his Desires, that he was the sole Favourite and Confident of the Prince of *Spain*. After this he intrusted me with a very Honourable Commission, for which he had before prepared me. Friend *Santillane*, (said he) now you must bestir your self. Spare no Pains to find out some young Beauty worthy to entertain a gallant Prince. You don't want for Wit, I shall say no more run, fly, hunt, and when you have made a fortunate Discovery, come and acquaint me. I promis'd the Count to be indefatigable in the discharge of this Employment, which ought not to be very difficult, since so many undertake it.

I was not greatly us'd to this sort of Office, but I did not doubt *Scipio's* being admirable at this likewise. Hereupon when I came home I call'd him apart, and told him, My Boy, I have a Secret of Importance to impart to you. Do you know that in the midst of Fortune's Favours, I find something wanting, I can easily guess what

what it is (said he, interrupting me without giving me time to finish my Discourse). You wou'd have an agreeable Nymph to divert and enliven you. In short, 'tis a wonder that you have not already had one in the prime of your Years, when old grave Fellows can't be without. I admire your Penetration (replied I smiling;) Yes Friend, 'tis a Mistress I want, and I will have one of your procuring. But I must tell you, I am very nice in this Point. I must have a pretty Girl, who has no jilting Tricks. You ask (reply'd *Scipio*) something uncommon; nevertheless, thank Heaven, we are in a City where there are some of all sorts, and I hope I shall soon find one for your Purpose.

Accordingly three Days afterwards he told me. I have discover'd a Treasure. There is a young Lady, call'd *Catalina*, of a good Family, and an enchanting Beauty, who lives under the Government of her Aunt, in a little House where they live very reputably upon their Substance, which is not considerable: I am acquainted with their *Abigail*, and she has just assur'd me, that their Door, tho' not open to any one, may however give admittance to a Gallant who is rich and generous, provided, for fear of Scandal, he will only come thither at Night, and without making any Noise.

Noise. Hereupon I have describ'd you as a Cavalier who deserves Admission any where, and have begg'd Mrs. Chambermaid to propose you to the two Ladies: She has promis'd me to do it, and bring me an Answer to-morrow to a Place agreed on between both. 'That is very well (reply'd I) but I am afraid the Wench has impos'd upon you: No, no (reply'd he) I am not a Man to be put upon; I have already enquir'd of the Neighbours, and from what they have told me, I conclude, that *Senhora Catalina* is a *Danae*, with whom you may play the *Jupiter*, at the Price of a golden Shower.

As much as I was prejudic'd against this kind of good Fortune, I catch'd at this; and as the Maid came the next Day to tell *Scipio*, that it shou'd be my own Fault if I was not introduced to the Ladies that very Night, I slipt thither between eleven and twelve. The Wench receiv'd me without any Light, and led me by the Hand into a pretty handsome Parlour, where I found the Ladies genteelly dress'd, and sitting upon Sattin Cushions. As soon as they perceiv'd me they rose, and saluted me with such a noble Air, that I thought I saw two Persons of Quality. Tho' the Aunt, whose Name was *Signiora Mencia*, was still Beautiful, she did not attract my Eyes.

'Tis

'Tis true, her Niece drew all one's Attention, and yet upon a strict Examination, one might have said, that she was not a *Nonpareille*; but she had so many Charms, with such an inviting piquant Air, that 'twas impossible for a Man to observe her Defects.

Accordingly her Sight dazzled my Senses: I forgot that I was come thither to solicit for another, I spoke for my self, and entertain'd her with all the Passion of a Man deeply enamour'd; and the little *Gipsy*, whom I thought thrice as witty as she really was (so agreeable she seem'd in my Eyes) compleated her Conquest by her Answers. I began to be no longer Master of my self, when the Aunt interrupted us, and spoke after this manner to moderate my Transports. Signior *de Santillane*, I am going to explain my self freely. I have given you admittance upon the good Character I have had of you, without attempting to enhance the Value of this Favour by a great many Ceremonies. But don't think you are ever the nearer for that; I have hitherto brought up my Niece very retir'd, and you are (as one may say) the first Cavalier who has had a sight of her. If you think her worthy of being your Spouse, I shall be overjoy'd at her having that Honour; consider if you
like

like her at that Price, you can have her at no other.

This home Stroke sent young *Cupid* packing, just as the Urchin was going to let fly an Arrow at me. To speak without Metaphor, a Marriage propos'd so bluntly brought me to my self, I immediately became a faithful Agent to the Count *de Lemos*, and changing my Tone, I made *Sennora Mencia* this Answer. Madam, I like your Freedom, and I'll imitate it. Whatever Figure I make at Court, I don't deserve the incomparable *Catalina*; I have a more glorious Offer in Store for her, I design her for the Prince of *Spain*. 'Twas enough to refuse my Niece (reply'd the Aunt coolly) that Refusal, to my thinking, was sufficiently disobliging; there was no need of adding to it by your unseasonable Raillery. I don't rally, Madam (cry'd I) nothing is more serious: I have Orders to find a Person worthy of receiving the Prince of *Spain*, I have met her in your House, I set you down in my Books.

Signiora Mencia was very much surpriz'd at these Words, which I perceiv'd did not displease her: Nevertheless thinking she ought to appear upon the Reserve, she answer'd me in this manner. Were I to believe you in Earnest, I wou'd have you know that I am not a Woman to be proud
of

of the infamous Honour of seeing my Niece Mistress to a Prince. My Virtue is shock'd at the Idea — You are a very pretty Creature (said I, interrupting her) with your Virtue! You talk like a foolish Cit. What do you banter, to look upon these Things in a moral Light. 'Tis depriving them of all their Beauty. One must view them with a favourable Eye; think you see the Heir of the Crown at the Feet of the fortunate *Catalina*: Represent him to your self adoring her, and loading her with Presents; and imagine, that perhaps she may bring forth a Hero who may immortalize both his own Name and his Mother's.

Tho' the Aunt desir'd no better than to accept my Proposal, she pretended not to know upon what to resolve; and *Catalina*, who wou'd even then have been glad to have been sure of the Prince of *Spain*, affected to be very indifferent; which made me begin afresh to lay siege to the Fort, till, at last, the Aunt finding me discourag'd, and ready to rise from before the Town, beat a Parley, and we drew up a Capitulation which contain'd the following Articles.

First, That if the Prince of *Spain* took fire, upon the Report that should be made him of *Catalina*, and shou'd resolve to visit

fit her by Night, I shou'd take care to inform the Ladies, as also of the Time appointed for that Purpose.

Secondly, That the Prince shou'd not be introduced thither but as an ordinary Gallant, and that only attended by me and his head Minister of Pleasure.

After this Agreement, the Aunt and Niece shew'd me all the Kindness imaginable, and even assumed a familiar Air, by which being encourag'd, I ventur'd to clasp them in my Arms, which was not very ill receiv'd; and as we were parting, they embrac'd me of themselves with all the Fondness in the World. 'Tis wonderful to see how easily your Procurers, and the Nymphs who want them, become acquainted. One wou'd have sworn, to see me go away in such Favour, that I had been happier than I was.

The Count *de Lemos* was overjoy'd, when I told him I had made such a Discovery as would charm him. I gave him such a Character of *Catalina*, as made him desirous to see her: upon which I carry'd him the next Night, and he own'd I had made an excellent Choice. He told the Ladies that he did not in the least doubt but the Prince of *Spain* would be very well satisfy'd with the Mistress I had pitch'd upon, and that on the other hand, she wou'd have

have Reason to be pleas'd with her Lover: That the young Prince was Generous, and of an exquisite sweet Temper; in short, he assur'd them, that in a few Days they wou'd bring him just as they desir'd, that is to say, without any Noise or Retinue. Hereupon the Nobleman took his Leave of them, and I withdrew with him to his Equipage wherein we both came, and which waited for us at the End of the Street. After this he set me down at my House, charging me to inform his Uncle the next Morning of this beginning of our Adventure, and to beg him, in his Name, to send him a thousand Pistoles to put the finishing Stroke to it.

I did not fail going the next Day to give the Duke of *Lerma* an exact Account of all that had pass'd. I conceal'd but one Thing, I did not mention a Word of *Scipio*; I pretended my self to be the Discoverer of *Catalina*; for one assumes the Honour of every Thing to one's self amongst great Men.

By this I drew some Compliments upon my self. Mr. *Gil Blas*, (says the Minister, with a rallying Air) I am overjoy'd, that to all your other Talents, you have also that of hunting out Beauties who are willing to oblige; when I want one, be pleas'd to allow me to address my self to you. My Lord (answer'd I, in the same Tone)

Tone) I thank you for the Preference; but suffer me to tell you, that I shou'd make a Scruple of procuring your Excellency these sorts of Pleasures. Signior Don Rodriguez has so long been in Possession of that Employment, that it would be an Injustice to supplant him. The Duke smil'd at this Answer; then changing the Discourse he ask'd if his Nephew did not want Money for this Expedition. Pardon me (said I) he begs you to send him a thousand Pistoles. Well then (reply'd the Minister) you have nothing to do but to carry them; bid him not spare them, but humour the Prince in all the Expences he pleases to desire.

C H A P. XI.

Of the secret Visit and Presents the Prince of Spain made to Catalina.

I Went that very Hour to carry five hundred double Pistoles to the Count de Lemos. You cou'd not have come more à propos, said that Nobleman. I have spoken to the Prince, he has bit at the Hook, and
burns

burns with impatience to see *Catalina*. He will steal out of his Palace this very Night in order to go thither. 'Tis a Thing resolv'd on. We have already taken our Measures for that purpose. Inform the Ladies of it, and carry them the Money you have brought me; 'tis good to shew them that they are to receive no ordinary Lover; besides, a Prince's Favours ought always to precede his Gallantries. As you are to attend him with me, be sure to be to-night at his *Couchee*; besides, I think it proper to use your Coach, let it wait for us at Midnight near the Palace.

I went immediately to the Ladies, but did not see *Catalina*; they said she was gone to lie down. I spoke only to *Sennora Men- cia*. Madam (said I) I beg you would excuse my appearing at your House in the Day, but I could not help it; I must inform you that the Prince of *Spain* will be here to-night; and here (continu'd I, putting into her Hands a Bag wherein was the Money) here is an Offering which he sends to the Temple of *Venus* to render the Goddess propitious. You see I have not engaged you in an ill Affair. I'm oblig'd to you, (reply'd she) but tell me Signior *de Santillane*, does the Prince love Musick? O yes (rejoin'd I) to Distraction, nothing charms him more than a fine Voice, accompany'd

company'd with a Lute finely touch'd. So much the better, (cry'd she, transported with Joy) you rejoice me in so saying, for my Niece sings like a Nightingale, and touches a Lute to Perfection. She even dances exquisitely. Good God, (cry'd I in my Turn) these are a great many Accomplishments, Aunt! A Woman need not have so many to make her Fortune; one of these Talents is sufficient for us.

Matters being thus prepar'd, I waited the Hour of the Prince's *Couchee*; which being come, I gave my Coachman his Instructions, and rejoin'd the Count *de Lemos*, who told me that the Prince would feign a slight Indisposition to get the sooner rid of all Company, and that he would even go to Bed, to perswade them the better that he was sick; but that he would rise again in an Hour, and would come by a private Door down the Back-stairs that led into the Court-yard.

Having thus instructed me in what had been concerted between them, he posted me in a Place by which he assur'd me they must pass. I danc'd Attendance so long, that I began to think our Gallant had taken another way, or had lost the Desire of seeing *Catalina*; as if Princes did not retain such Fancies till they had satisfy'd them. In short, I imagin'd they had forgotten

gotten me, when I was accosted by two Men, whom finding to be those I wanted, I conducted them to my Coach, wherein they both got. As for me, I sat by the Coachman to serve him for a Guide, and made him stop about fifty Paces from the Ladies. I gave my Hand to the Prince and his Companion, to help them down, after which we walk'd to the desir'd House, the Door whereof open'd at our Approach, and was shut as soon as we were got in.

We were at first in the same Darknesh as I was the first Time, tho' to make some Distinction, they had fasten'd a little Lamp to the Wall, but the Light it cast was so dull, that we cou'd only perceive it, without having any Benefit from it. All this only serv'd to render the Adventure more agreeable to our Hero, who was deeply smitten at the Sight of the Ladies, when they receiv'd him in a Parlour illuminated with a vast number of Tapers, which made amends for the Darknesh that reign'd in the Court-yard. The Aunt and the Niece were in a gallant *Dishabille*, wherein there was such a Mixture of Coquetry as made it not safe to see them. Our Prince wou'd have been very well contented with the *Sennora Mencia*, if he had not had Choice, but the Charms of the young *Catalina*

talina carry'd the Day, as in Reason they ought.

Well, my Prince (said the Count *de Lemos*) could we have procur'd you the Pleasure of seeing two handsomer Persons? I think them both ravishing (reply'd the Prince) and I should be very sure not to carry my Heart back again, since it cou'd not escape the Aunt, if the Niece cou'd possibly fail of the Conquest.

After a Compliment so gracious for the Aunt, he said a thousand soft Things to *Catalina*, who answer'd him with a great deal of Wit. As such honest Fellows, as act the Part I did, are allow'd to join in Conversation with the Lovers, provided 'tis to add Fuel to the Fire, I told the Gallant that his Nymph sung and plaid on the Lute to Perfection. He was charm'd at hearing she had these Talents, and press'd her to give him a Specimen. She yielded gracefully to his Intreaties, and taking a Lute ready tun'd, play'd some tender Airs, and sung after such a moving manner, that the Prince fell at her Feet quite transported with Love and Pleasure. But let us draw the Curtain over this Picture. I shall only add, that the Heir to the Crown of *Spain* was plung'd in such a soft bewitching Ecstasy, that Hours seem'd as Moments, and we were oblig'd to force him from this dangerous

dangerous House, because of the approach of Day. The Gentlemen-Undertakers carry'd him quickly back to the Palace, and left him in his Apartment. They went afterwards to their own Lodgings, as well satisfied with having fitted him with a Jilt, as if they had concluded his Marriage with a Princess.

Next Morning I acquainted the Duke of Lerma with this Adventure, for he wou'd be inform'd of all; and as I was finishing the Recital, the Count de Lemos came in, and told us: The Prince of Spain is so much charm'd with *Catalina*, and has taken such a Fancy to her, that he proposes to visit her often, and keep to her. He would have sent her two thousand Pistoles worth of Jewels, but he has not the Money. He has address'd himself to me: Dear *Lemos* (said he) you must procure me that Sum immediately. I know very well that I put you to an Inconvenience, and drain you; accordingly I esteem my self very much oblig'd to you; and if ever I am in a Capacity to acknowledge any other way than by my Affection, all that you have done for me, you shall not repent your having oblig'd me. My Prince (said I) I have Friends and Credit, I will fetch you what you desire.

'Tis

'Tis not hard to satisfy him (said the Duke to his Nephew) *Santillane* shall bring you the Money; or, if you will, he shall himself buy the Jewels, for he is a perfect Judge of them, especially of Rubies. Is not this true, *Gil Blas* (continu'd he, looking at me with a malicious Smile?) How ill-natur'd are you, my Lord, (reply'd I!) I see you have a mind to make the Count merry at my Expence. It was just so. The Nephew ask'd what Mystery was therein. Nothing, (reply'd the Minister laughing:) Only *Santillane* thought fit one Day to change a Diamond for a Ruby, and this Exchange prov'd neither to his Honour nor Advantage.

I had been too happy, if the Minister had said no more, but he took the pains to relate the Trick which *Camilla* and Don *Raphael* had play'd me in a ready-furnish'd Lodging, and to enlarge particularly upon the most disagreeable Circumstances. His Excellency having diverted himself sufficiently, order'd me to attend the Count *de Lemos*, who carry'd me to a Jeweller's where we chose the precious Stones, which we went to shew the Prince; after which they were intrusted with me to carry them to *Catalina*. This done, I went to my Lodging to fetch two thousand Pistoles of the Duke's Money to pay the Jeweller.

'Tis

'Tis needless to ask whether I was received graciously next Night when I produced the Presents of my Embassy, which consisted of a fine Ring for the Aunt, and a pair of Pendants for the Niece. Being both charm'd with these Marks of the Prince's Love and Generosity, they began to talk like a couple of Parrots, and to thank me for having procur'd them such a good Acquaintance. They forgot themselves in the excess of their Joy, and let fall some Words which made me suspect that I had helped our great Monarch's Son to a Cheat. That I might be assur'd whether I had perform'd this fine Master-piece, I withdrew with a Design to come to an *Eclaircissement* with Scipio.



C H A P. XII.

Who Catalina was. The Perplexity of Gil Blas, his Disquiet, and what Precaution he was oblig'd to take to compose his Mind.

WHEN I got Home, I heard a great Noise, and upon asking the Cause, was told that 'twas *Scipio*, who that Night was entertaining half a dozen Friends at Supper. They sung as if they would rend their Throats, and broke out into such long Fits of Laughter, that I am well assur'd this was none of the Banquets of the seven wise Men.

The Master of the Feast being inform'd of my Arrival, said to his Company: Gentlemen, 'tis nothing, only my Patron is come home. Don't let that constrain you. Be merry still; I will but speak two Words to him, and return to you in a moment. At these Words he came to me: What a noise is there (said I?) What sort of People are you treating below? Are they Poets? No indeed (reply'd he) 'twou'd be a pity to throw away your Wine upon such Fellows. I make a better Use of it. I have
among

among my Guests a young Man who is very rich, and desires your Interest to get him an Employment, for which he will pay you. The Entertainment is for him; every Glas he drinks I increase the Present he is to make you ten Pistoles, and I'll keep him to it till Day. O! upon that footing (says I) get you gone to your Company, and don't spare my Wine.

I did not think it at all seasonable to mention any thing to him then of *Catalina*; but next Morning when I rose, I spoke to him thus: Friend *Scipio*, you know after what manner we live together: I rather use you like a Companion than a Domestic; for which Reason you wou'd be in the wrong to cheat me as a Master: Therefore let us have no Secrets between us: I am going to inform you of a Thing that will surprize you; and you, on the other hand, shall tell me what you think of the two Women with whom you have brought me acquainted. Under the Rose, I suspect them to be two Sharpers, and by so much the more Cunning, as they affect so much Simplicity. If I do them Justice, the Prince of *Spain* has no great Cause to commend me, for I own 'twas for him I ask'd you for a Mistress. I have carry'd him to *Catalina*, and he is fallen in Love with her. Sir (reply'd *Scipio*) you use me

too well for me to be insincere with you. I had yesterday a private Conversation with these two Heroines Waiting-woman, who told me their History, which seem'd to me diverting. I will relate it to you succinctly.

Catalina (continu'd he) is Daughter to a little *Arragonian* Gentleman; being left at fifteen an Orphan as poor as she is pretty, she gave ear to an old Commander, who conducted her to *Toledo*, where he dy'd in six Months, after having rather liv'd with her like a Father than a Husband. She gather'd together her Inheritance, which consisted of some Clothes, and three hundred Pistoles in ready Money; after which she enter'd into a League with *Sennora Mencia*, who was still passable, tho' upon the Decline. These two good Friends liv'd together, and began to keep such a House that the Officers of Justice wou'd have taken Cognisance of it. This displeas'd our two Adventurers, so that out of Spite they quitted *Toledo* very abruptly, and came to settle at *Madrid*, where they have liv'd for about two Years without visiting any Lady in the Neighbourhood. But hear the best of it; they have hired two little Houses, separated only by a Wall; one may go from one to t'other by a Staircase that has a Communication with.

with both in the Cellars. *Sennora Mencia* lives in the one with a young Chambermaid, and the Commander's Dowager has the other with an old *Dueña* whom she makes pass for her Grand-mother. So that our *Arragonian* is sometimes a Niece brought up by her Aunt, and sometimes an Orphan educated under the Wing of her Grand-mother. When she acts the Part of the Niece, she is called *Catalina*; and when she passes for the Grand-child, she is nam'd *Sirena*.

At the Name of *Sirena*, I interrupted *Scipio*, and turn'd pale. What is it you tell me, (said I?) Alas! I am afraid this curs'd *Arragonian* is *Calderona's* Mistress. Yes indeed (reply'd he) 'tis the very same; I thought you would rejoice at hearing this News. You don't think what you say (answer'd I;) 'tis more likely to cause me Trouble than Joy: Don't you see the Consequence? No, faith (rejoin'd *Scipio*) what Misfortune can happen? Don *Rodriguez* is not sure of discovering what passes; and if you are afraid he shou'd, you have nothing to do but to prepossess the Minister against him. Acquaint him with the whole Affair sincerely; he will see your Honesty; and if *Calderona* shou'd attempt after that to do you ill Offices with his Excellency, he will find that he

only endeavours to hurt you out of a Spirit of Revenge.

Scipio, by this Discourse, banish'd all my Fear. I follow'd his Counsel, and inform'd the Duke of *Lerma* of this fatal Discovery. I even affected to put on a melancholy Air in giving him this Account, to perswade him that I was extremely mortify'd at having innocently procur'd the Mistress of *Don Rodriguez* for the Prince; but the Minister, far from pitying his Favourite, did but make a Jest on't. After this, he bid me go on my own way, and said that after all 'twas a Glory for *Calderona* to love the same Lady as the Prince of *Spain*, and be no worse treated than him. I also related the Case to the Count *de Lemos*, who assured me of his Protection, if the first Secretary shou'd happen to find out the Intrigue, and attempt to undermine me in the Duke's Favour.

Thinking by this management that I had deliver'd my Bark from Shipwreck, I no longer fear'd any Thing; I again attended the Prince to *Catalina*, alias the handsome *Sirena's*, who had Art enough to find Excuses to keep *Don Rodriguez* at a Distance, and rob him of those Nights she was oblig'd to give to his illustrious Rival.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIII.

Gil Blas continues to act the Lord. He hears News of his Family. What Impression it makes upon him. He quarrels with Fabricio.

I Have already said that my Anti-chamber was crowded with Persons who came to make me Proposals. But I wou'd not receive them by Word of Mouth; but following the Custom of the Court, or rather to make my self seem a Man of Importance, I said to each Petitioner, give me a Memorial in Writing. I was so us'd to this, that I repeated one Day the same to my Landlord, who came to tell me that I ow'd him a Year's Rent. As for my Butcher and my Baker they spar'd me the Pains, they were so exact in bringing in their Bills every Month. *Scipio* (who ap'd me so well, that one might have said that the Copy equal'd the Original) us'd Persons in the same manner who address'd themselves to him, to desire him to engage me to serve them.

I had yet another ridiculous Custom, for which I don't pretend to excuse my self;

I was Fool enough to speak of the greatest Nobleman as if I had been one of their Rank. For Instance, if I had Occasion to Name the Duke *d' Offuna*, the Duke *d' Alba*, or the Duke *de Medina Sidonia*, I said without Ceremony *d' Alba*, *d' Offuna*, and *Medina Sidonia*. In short, I was become so proud and so vain, that I had forgot my Father and Mother. Alas poor *Duegna*, and poor Gentleman of the Horse, I never enquir'd whether you liv'd happily or miserably in *Asturia*! I did not so much as think of you. The Court has the Virtue of the River *Lethe*, it makes us forget both our Parents and Friends when they are in a low Condition.

I thought then no more of my Family, when a young Fellow came to me one Morning, who said that he wanted to speak to me one word in private. I carry'd him into my Closet, and without offering him a Chair, because he seem'd of common Rank, I ask'd what he would have with me. Signior *Gil Blas*, (said he) what, don't you recollect me? 'Twas in vain for me to observe him attentively, I was oblig'd to tell him that his Features were utterly unknown to me. I am (reply'd he) one of your Countrymen, born even at *Oviedo*, and Son to *Bertrand Muscada* the Grocer who lives near your Uncle the Canon. I remember you very well, we
have

have both of us play'd together a thousand times at the * *Gallina-Ciega*.

I have but a confus'd Idea (answer'd I) of the Amusements of my Infancy; the Cares that have since taken up my Time have banish'd them my Memory. I am come to *Madrid* (said he) to reckon with my Father's Correspondent; I heard talk of you; and was inform'd that you was well settled at Court, and already as Rich as a *Jew*. I congratulate you thereupon, and shall overjoy your Family, at my Return, by acquainting them with such agreeable News.

I cou'd not handsomely dispense with asking in what Condition he had left my Father, Mother, and Uncle; but I acquitted my self so coolly, that I gave the Grocer no Reason to admire the Force of Nature. He seem'd shock'd at the Indifference which I show'd for Persons who ought to have been so dear to me; and as he was a downright clownish Lad, I thought, (said he bluntly) you had more Tendernefs and Affection for your Relations. With what a cool Air do you enquire after them? Know that your Father and Mother are still in Service, and that

* *Blind-man's Buff*.

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the good Canon *Gil Peres* is going to his Grave loaden with Years and Infirmities. One must have natural Affection; and since you are in a Condition to do service to your Parents, I advise you as a Friend to send them every Year two hundred Pistoles. You will make their Lives easy and happy by this Supply; without incommoding your self.

Instead of being mov'd at the Description he gave of my Family, I was only offended with the Liberty he took to advise me without my desiring it. Perhaps he might have perswaded me with more Addrels; but he only incens'd me by his Freedom. He perceiv'd it by my sullen Silence, and continuing his Exhortations more out of Malice than Charity, I grew impatient. O! 'tis too much (reply'd I, in a Passion.) Go Mr. *Muscada*, meddle only with what concerns you. 'Tis very fit for you to instruct me in my Duty. I know better than you what I have to do on this Occasion. Having finish'd these Words, I thrust the Grocer out of my Closet, and sent him back to *Oviedo* to sell Pepper and Cloves.

However what he had said to me made an Impression upon my Mind; and reproaching my self for being an unnatural Son, I began to relent. I call'd to remembrance

membrance the Care they had taken of me and of my Education in my Infancy. I represented to my self what I ow'd to my Parents; and my Reflexions were attended with some grateful Transports, which nevertheless ended in nothing. My Ingratitude quickly stifled them, and they were succeeded by a profound Oblivion. There are many Fathers who have Children of the same Stamp.

My Temper was entirely changed by the Avarice and Ambition which possess'd me. I lost all my Gaiety. I became thoughtful and melancholy; in a word, an Afs. *Fabricio* seeing me entirely taken up with the Care of sacrificing all to Fortune, and very much disengaged from the Friendship I had for him, very seldom troubled me with his Company. He cou'd not even forbear telling me so one Day: In truth, *Gil Blas*, you are no more the same Man. Your Mind was always easy before you came to Court; now you are in a continual Hurry. You form Project upon Project to enrich your self, and the more Money you get, the more you covet. Besides this, shall I speak it to you? You have no longer that open Heart, that free Behaviour wherein the Charms of Friendship consist: On the contrary, you are reserv'd, and hid from me the inward Re-

cesses.

cesses of your Soul. I even observe that your Civilities are constrain'd. In short, *Gil Blas* is no more the same *Gil Blas* who was my Acquaintance.

Without doubt you jest (replied I, with a cool Air;) I don't perceive any Alteration in my self. 'Tis not by your own Eyes (said he) that you must be judg'd; they have a Mist before them. Believe me, the *Metamorphosis* is but too real. Speak to me sincerely Friend, do we converse together as formerly? When I us'd to knock at your Door in a Morning, you wou'd come and open it your self, oftentimes half asleep, and I enter'd without Ceremony. But what a Difference to Day! you have Footmen; and I must wait in the Anti-chamber till my Name is carried in. After all this, how do you receive me? With a frozen Complaisance, as if you was a Lord. One wou'd think that my Visits began to grow troublesome; and do you think that such a Reception can be agreeable to a Man who has known you his Companion? No, *Santillana*, no. 'Tis by no means suitable to my Humour; farewell; let us part Friends; let us both rid our selves, the one of a Censor of his Action, and the other of an Upstart who forgets himself.

I was more incens'd than mov'd at his Reproaches; and suffer'd him to go, without the least attempt to stay him. In the Condition I was then in, the Friendship of a Poet did not seem to me so valuable, as that I shou'd afflict my self for the loss of it. I found the means to comfort my self, in the Conversation of some of the King's Under-Officers, with whom a Conformity of Temper had within a little while united me strictly. These new Acquaintance were Men, most part of whom came from God knows where, and whose lucky Stars had advanced them to their Posts. They all liv'd already at their Ease, and these Wretches ascribing the Favours the King heap'd on them only to their own Merit, had forgot themselves as much as I. We imagin'd our selves Persons of great Consequence. O Fortune! thus do you most commonly dispense your Favours. The *Stoic Epictetus* was in the right in comparing you to a young Lady of Quality that prostitutes her self to her Footmen.



T H E



THE
HISTORY
OF
GIL BLAS
DE SANTILLANE.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Scipio wou'd have Gil Blas marry, and proposes to him the Daughter of a famous rich Goldsmith. What Steps were taken accordingly.



ONE Night, the Company being gone that Supp'd with me, and being alone with *Scipio*. I ask'd what he had been doing that Day. A Master-piece, (answer'd he) I am going to marry you. I

am.

am procuring you the only Daughter of a Goldsmith of my Acquaintance.

A Goldsmith's Daughter! (cry'd I, with a scornful Air;) have you lost your Senses? Can you propose me a Citizen? Methinks, when one has some Merit, and is upon a certain Footing at Court, one ought to have more elevated Views. Ah, Sir, answer'd *Scipio*, don't take it after that manner. Remember that 'tis the Man who enobles a Family, and be not more nice than a thousand Lords whom I cou'd name to you. Know that the Heiress in question is worth a hundred thousand Ducats. Is not that a fine Piece of Goldsmith's Ware? When I heard talk of such a vast Sum, I became more tractable. I submit (says I, to my Secretary) the Portion determines me. When shall I receive it? Softly, Sir, (reply'd he) a little Patience. I must first break the Matter to the Father, and dispose him to approve of it. Very fine, (cry'd I, bursting out a laughing) is that to be done yet? Here's a Marriage finely advanced. More than you think for (rejoin'd he.) I desire but one Hour's Conversation with the Goldsmith, and I'll answer for his Consent. But before we proceed any further, let us come to a Composition, if you please. Suppose I procure you a hundred thousand Ducats, how much will

will fall to my share? Twenty thousand reply'd I. Heav'n be prais'd, (said he!) I had confin'd your Acknowledgement to ten thousand. You are more generous by half than me. Come on, I'll enter upon this Negotiation to-morrow, and you may depend upon it I shall succeed, or say I am an Ass.

Accordingly, two Days afterwards he said to me: I have spoken to Signior *Gabriel Salero*; for so was my Goldsmith call'd. I have extoll'd your Merit and Interest so much, that he gave Ear to the Proposal I made of accepting you for his Son-in-law. You are to have his Daughter with a hundred thousand Ducats, provided you let him plainly see that you are in the Minister's Favour. If 'tis so, (said I then to *Scipio*) I shall soon be married. But to the Matter in hand, have you seen the Daughter? Is she handsome? Not so agreeable as her Portion (answer'd he.) Under the Rose, this rich Heiress is no very charming Creature. By good Fortune you don't value that. Faith, no-Boy (reply'd I.) We Courtiers marry only for the Sake of marrying. As for Beauty we look for that in our Neighbours Wives; and if by chance our own shou'd happen to be handsome, we mind them so little, that they do us but Justice if they punish us for it.

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This is not all, rejoin'd *Scipio*: Signior *Gabriel* invites you to Supper to-night, but 'tis agreed beforehand, that not a Word is to be said of Marriage. There are also to be several Merchants his Friends, where you will be only as a simple Guest, and to-morrow he will come and sup with you after the same manner. You see by this, that he is a Man who will study your Temper before he proceeds any farther. 'Twill be proper for you to be a little upon your Guard before him. O Gadzooks (interrupted I with an Air of Confidence) let him examine me as much as he pleases, I can lose nothing by this Scrutiny.

This was punctually executed. I was conducted to the Goldsmith's, who receiv'd me as familiarly as if we had seen each other already several times. 'Twas a good Citizen, who was (as we say) polite even to be fatiguing. He presented me to *Sennora Eugenia* his Wife, and young *Gabriela* his Daughter. I made them a number of Compliments, without contravening the Treaty. I said a great many fine *Nothings*; the right Phrases of a Courtier.

Gabriela, no dispraise to my Secretary, did not seem disagreeable to me; whether 'twas because she was extraordinarily dress'd, or because my Eyes were dazzled with

with her Fortune. Signior *Gabriel's* is a pretty sort of a House; I believe there is more Silver than in the Mines of *Peru*. Wherever one turn'd one's Eyes, this Metal struck one's Sight under different Forms. Every Room, and particularly that where we were, was a Treasure. What a fine Show was that for a Son-in-law! Signior *Gabriel*, that he might do more Honour to his Entertainment, had provided five or six Merchants, all tire-some grave Persons. They talk'd only of Commerce; and one might have said, that their Conversation was rather a Conference of Traders than the Conversation of Friends invited to Supper.

I entertain'd the Goldsmith in my turn the next Evening. Not being able to dazzle him with my Plate, I had recourse to another Illusion. I invited such of my Friends to Supper, as made the best Figure at Court, and whom I knew to be so Ambitious, as to set no Bounds to their Desires. These Gentlemen talk'd only of their future Grandeur, and of the great and splendid Posts to which they aspir'd. This produced the desir'd Effect; the Goldsmith, dazzled with their grand Idea's, thought himself, in spite of all his Riches, but a petty Mortal in comparison of these Gentry. As for my part, pretending to be moderate,

moderate, I said that I shou'd content my self with a middling Fortune, as twenty thousand Ducats a Year. Whereupon these Wretches, who were never to be satisfied with Honour or Riches, cry'd out that I was in the Wrong, and that being as I was the Favourite of the Prime Minister, I ought not to confine my self to so little. My intended Father-in-law lost not one Tittle of these Words, and I fancy'd that I observ'd, as he was taking leave, that he was prodigiously delighted.

Scipio did not fail going in the Morning to ask how he lik'd me, to which he answer'd, I am charm'd with him; the young Fellow has won my Heart. But (continu'd he) Mr. *Scipio*, I conjure you by our old Acquaintance, tell me sincerely; we have all our Failings as you are sensible, let me know that of the Signior *Santillane*. Is he a Gamester? Does he Wench? What is his predominant Vice? I beg you not to conceal it from me. Signior *Gabriel* (reply'd the Go-between) you affront me by asking me this Question: I am more your Friend than my Master's; if he had any ill Habit that might render your Daughter unhappy, think you I shou'd have propos'd him for your Son-in-law? No Faith! I am too much your humble Servant. But *entre nous*, I find no other Fault

Fault in him but that of having none. He is too provident for a young Man. So much the better, (reply'd the Goldsmith) that pleases me. Go, Friend; you may assure him he shou'd have my Daughter, if he were not a Favourite of the Prime Minister's.

My Secretary had no sooner given me an Account of this Conversation, but I ran to *Salero's* to thank him for his favourable Opinion of me. He had declared already his Will to his Wife and Daughter, who by their Reception gave me to understand, that they submitted without Repugnance. Upon this, I carried the Signior to the Duke of *Lerma's*, whom I had prepar'd the Evening before, and I presented him to his Excellency, who welcom'd him with a graceful Air, and express'd a great deal of Joy, that he had chosen for his Son-in-law a Man for whom he had a great Kindness, and whom he design'd to advance. He afterwards enlarg'd upon my good Qualities, and in short, spoke so much in my Favour, that honest *Gabriel* thought he had met in me the best Match in *Spain* for his Daughter. He was so overjoy'd, that he could hardly forbear weeping. He embrac'd me closely upon our parting, and said to me, Son, I am so impatient to see you *Gabriela's* Husband, that

that I will not defer it above a Week at most.

C H A P. II.

*By what Chance Gil Blas remember'd
Don Alphonso de Leyva, and of
the Service he did him meerly out of
Vanity.*

LET's leave the Marriage for a Minute, the Order of my History demands it, and requires my relating the Service I did Don *Alphonso* my old Master. I had entirely forgot that Cavalier, and 'twas upon this Occasion that I recollected him.

It happen'd that the Government of the City of *Valencia* was vacant. Upon hearing this News, I thought of Don *Alphonso de Leyva*, I consider'd that this Employment wou'd suit him to a Tittle, and resolv'd to ask it for him, more out of Ostentation than Friendship. I represented to my self, that it wou'd do me an infinite Honour if I obtain'd it. Hereupon I address'd my self to the Duke *de Lerma*, and told him, that having been Steward to Don *Cæsar de Leyva* and his Son, and having all the Reason in the world to
speak

to speak in their Favour, I took the Liberty to beg him to grant the Government of *Valencia* either to the one or the other. The Duke answer'd me, With all my Heart *Gil Blas*, I love to see you grateful and generous; besides, you intercede for a Family whom I esteem. The *Leyvas* are the King's good Subjects; they deserve the Place very well; you may dispose of it as you please; I give it you for a Marriage Present.

Ravish'd with having succeeded in my Design, I went without losing time to *Calderona*, to draw up the Patent for Don *Alphonso*: There I saw a great number of Persons waiting, till Don *Rodriguez* should please to give them Audience; I pass'd thro' the Crowd to the Closet Door, which was open'd on my appearing. There I found I know not how many Knights, Commanders, and other Persons of Condition to whom *Calderona* gave Audience by Turns. 'Twas worth observing the different manner he receiv'd them. To one he wou'd only give a little Nod with his Head; to another he wou'd make a Bow and conduct him to the Closet Door. He put (as one may say) Shades of Respect in the Compliments he paid to every one. On the other hand I perceiv'd some Cavaliers who (being shock'd with the little

Regard

Regard he shew'd them) curs'd in their Hearts the Necessity that oblig'd them to cringe to such an Upstart. On the contrary, I saw others who laugh'd within themselves at his ridiculous Insolence. I made these Observations in vain, I was not capable of drawing any Advantage thence to my self; I did the same at my House, and neither valu'd whether they approv'd or blam'd my haughty Behaviour, provided it procur'd me Respect.

Don *Rodriguez* having cast his Eyes on me by Chance, left a Gentleman who was talking to him, very abruptly, and came to embrace me with such Demonstrations of Friendship as surpriz'd me. Ah my dear Brother (cry'd he) what has procur'd me the Pleasure of seeing you here? What can I do to serve you? I inform'd him what brought me thither; whereupon he assur'd me in the most obliging Terms in the World, that he wou'd dispatch it by the next Day at the same Hour. He did not confine his Civility here, he conducted me to the Door of his Anti-chamber, a Compliment he only paid to great Noblemen, and there he again embraced me.

What means all this Respect? (said I to my self as I was going) What does it pre-ge? Is *Calderona* meditating my Ruin? Has he a mind to court my Friendship?

or

or does he keep fair with me, with a View of getting me to be his Intercessor with our Patron, as foreseeing that his Favour is upon the decline? I did not know which of these Conjectures to fix upon. On my returning to him next Day, he treated me after the same manner, he fatigu'd me with his Civilities and Caresses. 'Tis true, he fell short of it in his Reception of others who address'd themselves to him. He spoke short to one, was very cool to others, and sent away almost every one dissatisfied. But they were all sufficiently reveng'd by an Adventure that happen'd, which I ought not to pass over in Silence; 'twill be a Caution for all Clerks and Secretaries that read it.

A Man in a very plain Dress, who did not appear of the Rank he was, came to *Calderona*, and spoke to him of a certain Memorial, which he said he had presented to the Duke of *Lerma*. Don *Rodriguez* did not so much as look upon the Gentleman, but ask'd him after a blunt manner What's your Name, Friend? In my Imagination (reply'd the Chevalier very coolly) I was call'd *Francillo*; I was since stiled Don *Francisco de Zuniga*, and my Title now is the Count *de Pedrosa*. *Calderona* thunder-struck with these Words, and finding that he had to do with a Man of

the first Quality, was willing to excuse himself: My Lord (said he to the Count) I ask Pardon, if out of Ignorance of your Quality — I want none of thy Excuses, (cry'd *Francillo*, haughtily interrupting him) I despise them as much as thy ill Manners. Know that a Secretary to a Prime Minister ought to receive every body civilly. Be, if thou wilt, vain enough to look upon thy self as thy Master's Substitute, but don't forget that thou art but his *Valet*.

The proud Don *Rodriguez* was prodigiously mortified at this Accident; nevertheless he became not a jot more humble. As for me, I took notice of that Rebuke, and resolv'd to be careful who I spoke to when I gave Audience, as also, not to be insolent but with Mutes. As Don *Alphonso's* Patent was drawn up, I took it with me, and sent it by a Courier to that young Nobleman, with a Letter from the Duke of *Lerma*, wherein his Excellency sent him Word, that the King had just appointed him Governor of *Valencia*. I did not in the least inform him what share I had in obtaining it; I did not even write to him, reserving to my self the Pleasure of telling it in Person when he shou'd come to Court, to take the Oaths for his Post.

C H A P. III.

Of the Preparations that were made for the Marriage of Gil Blas, and of the important Adventure that render'd them fruitless.

TO return to the fair *Gabriela*, I was to be married to her in eight Days; and Preparations were made on both sides for the Wedding. *Salero* had rich Clothes made for the Bride, and I hir'd a Waiting-woman, a Footman, and an old Gentleman-usher. These were all chosen by *Scipio*, who expected, with more impatience than I, the Day for paying down the Fortune.

The Night before this so much wish'd for Day, I supp'd at my intended Father-in-law's, with Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, and a whole Tribe of Relations. In short, I acted the Part of a hypocritical Son-in-law to the Life. I shew'd a thousand Civilities to the Goldsmith and his Wife. I counterfeited the passionate Lover to *Gabriela*, and courted the whole Family; listening, without impatience, to their flat Discourse, and City Conversation. Accordingly, I had the good luck to please all the Relations, as a Reward for my Patience;

ence; so that not one of them but seem'd to be charm'd with my Alliance.

Supper being over, the Company went into a large Hall, where they were entertain'd with a vocal and instrumental Confort, which was tolerably perform'd, tho' they had not chosen the best Masters in *Madrid*. Our Ears being agreeably ravish'd with several sprightly Airs, it put us into such a gay Humour that we began to dance. God knows after what manner we acquitted our selves, since I was taken for one of *Terpsichore's* Scholars, I who had never made any greater Proficiency in this Art, than what I had learn'd from two or three Lessons which I had been taught at the Marchioness *de Chaves*, by a petty dancing Master who came to the Pages. Having diverted our selves very well, 'twas time for all of us to think of going home. I was profuse of my Bows and Embraces. Dear Son-in-law (says *Salero*, taking me in his Arms) I will bring you the Portion tomorrow Morning in good *Specie*. You shall be very welcome (reply'd I) dear Father-in-law. Then taking leave of the Family, I went to my Equipage which waited at the Door, and directed my Course homewards.

I was hardly two hundred Paces from Signior *Gabriel's*, when my Coach was

surrounded and stopt by fifteen or twenty Men, some on Horseback, some on Foot, who cry'd, *Stand in the King's Name.* They had no sooner said thus, but they made me alight roughly and get into a Calash, where one of them accompanied me, and bid the Coachman drive towards *Segovia*. I immediately judg'd that 'twas an honest *Alguazil* who sat by me, and wou'd have ask'd the Cause of my Imprisonment. But he answer'd me after the manner of those Gentlemen, that is to say, like a Brute, that he was not to give me an Account. I told him that perhaps he might be mistaken. No, no (reply'd he) I am sure of my Man, you are the Signior *de Santillane*; you are the Person I am order'd to carry where we are going. Having nothing to say to these Words, I held my Tongue the rest of the Night, whilst we travell'd along the *Mançanarez*, in a profound silence. We chang'd Horses at *Colmenar*, and we reach'd *Segovia* about the Evening, where I was shut up in the Tower.



C H A P. IV.

How Gil Blas was treated in the Tower of Segovia, and how he came to know the Cause of his Imprisonment.

THE first Thing they did was to put me into a Dungeon, where they left me to lie upon Straw like one of the vilest Malefactors. I spent that Night, not in giving my self up to Despair, for I was not yet wholly sensible of my Misfortune, but in examining within my self, what could have caus'd my Disgrace. I did not in the least doubt but it was *Calderona's* handywork; however, 'twas in vain to suspect him of having discover'd all, I cou'd not imagine how he could induce the Duke of *Lerma* to use me so cruelly. Sometimes I thought my Seizure was unknown to his Excellency; at other times I fancy'd that the Duke himself had done it for some Reason of State, as Ministers sometimes have served their Favourites.

I was sensibly tortur'd with my various Conjectures, when Day, breaking thro' a little grated Window, shew'd me all the Horreur of the Place where I was immur'd. I then set no Bounds to my Affliction, and

my Eyes became two Fountains of Tears, which were render'd inexhaustible by the remembrance of my Prosperity. Whilst I was thus giving way to my Grief, the Goaler came into my Dungeon with a Loaf and a Pitcher of Water for my Day's Subsistence. He look'd upon me, and observing that my Face was bath'd in Tears, as much a Jailor as he was, he was mov'd with a sense of Pity. Prisoner (said he) don't despair; you must not be so sensible of the Misfortunes of Life, you are yet young; after this you will see other Days, in the mean time eat the King's Allowance with a good Courage.

My Comforter left me at these Words, to which I made no Answer but by my Sighs and Complaints; and I spent the whole Day in cursing my Stars, without thinking of doing any Credit to my Provision, which in the Condition I was, seem'd rather an Effect of the King's Anger than of his Goodness, since it serv'd to prolong the Misery of the Unfortunate.

During this Night came on, and immediately a great Noise of Keys took up my Attention. The Door of my Dungeon opened, and a moment after a Man enter'd with a Wax Candle. On his approaching me, he said, Signior *Gil Blas*, you see one of your old Friends; I am
that

that Don *Andrea de Tordefillas*, who liv'd with you at *Grenada*, and was Gentleman to the Archbishop, when you was Favourite to that Prelate. You begg'd him, if you remember, to use his Interest for me, and he procur'd me the Grant of an Employment at *Mexico*; but instead of embarking for the *Indies*, I staid in the City of *Alicant*, where I married the Keeper of the Castle's Daughter, and by a series of Adventures which I will relate to you presently, I am now become Governor of the Tower of *Segovia*. I am expressly order'd not to let you speak to any one, to allow you only Bread and Water for Sustenance, and to make you lie upon Straw. But besides my having Humanity enough to be touch'd with your Misfortunes, you have done me a Service, and my Gratitude prevails over my Orders. Far from being an Instrument of the cruel Usage you suffer, I intend to mitigate the Hardship of your Confinement; rise and follow me.

Altho' the Keeper very well deserv'd my Thanks, my Spirits were so confounded, that I cou'd not answer him one Word. However I went with him cross a Courtyard, and up a very narrow Stair-case, into a little Room at the very Top of the Tower. I was not a little surpriz'd, at my entrance into this Chamber, to see two

Candles burning upon a Table in Brass Candlesticks, and a Cloth laid with two pretty handsome Plates, Knives, Forks, &c. Supper will be here in a minute (says *Tor-desillas*) we will both eat a Mouthful: I design this Corner for your Lodging; you will be better here than in your Dungeon. From your Window you will have a Prospect of the flowry Banks of the *Erema*, and the delicious Valley which extends itself, from the Feet of the two Mountains that divide the two *Castiles* as far as *Coca*. I know very well that you will at first be insensible of such a fine Landskip; but when the liveliness of your Grief has given way to a pleasing Melancholy, you will take a Delight in entertaining your Eyes with such agreeable Objects. Besides this, depend upon it, you shall neither want for Linen, or any thing necessary for a Man who loves Neatness; as also you shall have a good Bed, eat well, and I will supply you with as many Books as you please. In a word, you shall have all the Delights that a Prison can afford.

I found my self a little comforted by these obliging Offers, and resum'd Courage enough to return my Goaler a thousand Thanks. I told him that his generous Procedure restored me to Life, and that I wish'd I might ever again be in a Condition to

to exprefs my Acknowledgments. And why fhould you not (reply'd he?) Do you think you will always be a Prifoner? You are in the Wrong; and I dare affure you that you will come off for fome Months Confinement. What fay you, Signior Don *Andrea*? (cry'd I.) I fancy you know the Cause of my Misfortune. I own it (reply'd he) I am not ignorant thereof; the *Alguazil* who brought you hither intrufted me with a Secret, which I dare reveal to you. He inform'd me that the King, being acquainted that the Count *de Lemos* and your felf had one Night carried the Prince of *Spain* to a fufpicious Houfe, had for your Punifhment banifh'd the Count, and fent you to the Tower of *Segovia*, there to be treated with all the Severity which you have undergone fince your coming hither. And how (faid I) has that reach'd the King's Ear? That is the very Circumftance that I want to know. And that (reply'd he) is what the *Alguazil* did not tell me, and certainly he was ignorant of it himfelf.

As we were in this Part of our Converfation we were interrupted by feveral Servants who brought in the Supper. They fet upon the Table a Loaf, two Glaffes, as many Bottles, and three large Difhes, in one of which was a Ragoo of a Hare's
N 5 Entrails,

Entrails, with a good deal of Onion, Oil, and Safron; in another an * *Olla Podrida*; and in the third a *Turkey-Powt* upon some Marmelade † *de Berengena*. When *Tor-desillas* saw we had all that we wanted, he sent away his Domesticks, not being willing they shou'd hear our Discourse. He shut the Door, and we both sat down over against each other. Let us begin (said he) by what is most urgent. You must needs have a good Stomach, after having been dieted two Days. Having thus spoken, he loaded my Plate with Meat. He thought he was serving a Wretch that was famish'd, and indeed he had some reason to believe that I was going to cram my self with his Ragoos. However he was deceiv'd in his Expectation; as much need as I had of Victuals, I cou'd not get a bit down, my Heart was so full of my present Condition. My Goaler in vain incited me to drink, and cry'd up the Excellency of his Wine, in order to drive out of my Mind the melancholy Ideas that continually afflicted me; had he given me *Nectar*, I shou'd then have drank it without Pleasure. He perceiv'd it, and taking another Method, he began to relate the History of his Marriage

* *Olla Podrida*, a *Hodge-Podge*. † *Berengena*, a little *Pumpion* call'd the *Apple of Love*.

in a diverting Stile. He succeeded yet worse this way than the other. I listen'd to his Account with so much Distraction, that when he had done, I cou'd not tell one Word of what he had been saying. He judg'd very rightly, that he undertook in vain to divert my Chagrin that Night. Hereupon he rose from Table as soon as Supper was ended, and said, Signior *de Santillane*, I am going to leave you to your Repose, or rather to think at Liberty on your Misfortunes. But I repeat it to you, it will not be of long Continuance. The King is naturally good. When his Passion is over, and he represents to himself the deplorable Condition you now are in, he will think your Punishment sufficient. At these Words the Keeper went down, and sent up his Servants to take away. They carried off even to the very Candles, and I went to Bed by the Dim Light of a Lamp that was fasten'd to the Wall.



C H A P. V.

Of the Reflections he made that Night before he slept; and of the Noise that awak'd him.

I Spent at least two Hours in reflecting upon what *Tordefillas* had told me. Here am I then (said I) for having been accessary to the Pleasures of the Heir of the Crown. But how imprudent was it to do such a Service to so young a Prince! For 'tis his being so very young that was all my Crime; if he was more advanced in Years, the King perhaps wou'd only have laught at what has now so much incens'd him. But who cou'd give the Monarch such an Information, without apprehending the Resentment of the Prince or Duke of *Lerma*? That Minister will without doubt revenge his Nephew's Disgrace. How has the King discover'd it? That is what I can't comprehend.

This Thought always recurr'd to me. However the Idea that afflicted me most, that rendred me quite desperate, and which I cou'd never banish out of my Mind, was the Plunder to which I rightly judg'd that

all my Effects were given up. O my strong Box (cry'd I) my dear Money, what is become of you? Into what Hands are you fall'n? Alas! I have lost you in yet less time than I got you! I drew to my self a lively Picture of the Disorder that reign'd in my House, and I made there-upon several Reflections, one more melancholy than another. The Confusion of so many different Thoughts threw me into a Heaviness that prov'd favourable to me; Sleep, which had fled my Eyes the Night before, came and lock'd up my Senses; to which the Goodness of the Bed, the Fatigues I had suffer'd, and the Fumes of the Meat and Wine all contributed. I slept soundly, and according to all Appearance Day should have surpriz'd me in that Condition, if I had not been awaken'd by a Noise very extraordinary in a Prison. I heard the Sound of a Guitarre accompanied with a Man's Voice. I listen'd attentively but could hear no more, so that I thought it was a Dream. But a Minute afterwards, my Ear was struck with the Sound of the same Instrument and Voice which sung the following Verses.

* *Ah de mi! un Anno felice
 Parece un soplo ligero
 Pero sin dicha un Instante
 Es un siglo de Tormento.*

This Couplet seem'd to have been made on purpose to renew my Troubles. I am but too sensible (said I) of the Truth of these Words. Methinks the Time of my Prosperity vanish'd very quickly, but I have already been an Age in Prison. I plung'd my self anew in a dismal *Reverie*, and began again to give my self up to Despair, as if I had taken Pleasure therein. Nevertheless my Complaints ended with the Night; and the first Ray of Light with which the Sun enlighten'd my Chamber, mitigated a little my Disquiet. I got up to open my Window, and air my Room. I took a View of the Country, whereof I remember'd that the Keeper had given me a fine Description; but I cou'd not find any Thing to justify his Account of it. The *Erema* which I thought at least rival'd the *Tagus*, seem'd to me but a

* *Alas! a Year of Pleasure passes like the fleeting Wind; but a Moment when one is unfortunate seems an Age of Torments.*

Brook.

Brook. *Its flowry Borders* were set off with nothing but Nettles and Thistles, and the pretended *Delicious Vale* only saluted my Eyes with a view of Fields, most part of them uncultivated. I had not without doubt as yet attained to the pleasing Melancholy, which was to make me see Things with other Eyes than I did at that Time.

I began to put on my Clothes, and was already half dress'd when *Tordefillas* enter'd my Room, attended by an old Servant-maid, who brought me Shirts and Towels. Signior *Gil Blas* (said he) here is Linen, don't spare it; I'll take care you shall never want. Well (continu'd he) how have you pass'd the Night? Did Sleep suspend your Troubles for some minutes? I should perhaps not have been yet stirring, (answer'd I) if I had not been awaken'd by a Voice in Confort with a Guitarre. The Cavalier who disturb'd your Repose (replied he) is a State-Prisoner, whose Chamber joins to yours. He is a Knight of the military Order of *Calatrava*, and is made to charm one: His Name is *Don Gaston de Cogollos*. You may both visit each other and sup together: You will find a mutual Comfort in your Conversation, and will be a great Satisfaction to each other.

I told Don *Andrea*, that I should always acknowledge the Favour he did me, in suffering me to unite my Afflictions with the Cavalier's; and as I express some Impatience to know this Companion in Misfortunes, our obliging Keeper procur'd me that Pleasure that very Day. I din'd with Don *Gaston*, whose Beauty and good Mien surpriz'd me. Judge what he must be, to make so strong an Impression upon the Eyes of one us'd to see the handsomest young Gentlemen about the Court. Form to your self an Idea of a Man made for Conquests; one of those Heroes in Romances, whose single Appearance gave Pain to Princesses, and broke their Rest. Add to this, that Nature who generally mingles her Gifts, had endued *Cogollos* with a great deal of Wit and Courage; In short, he was a perfect Cavalier.

If this Gentleman charm'd me, I had on the other hand the good Luck not to displease him. He wou'd not sing any more in the Night, for fear of disturbing me, whatever I could say to beg him not to constrain himself for me. A Friendship is soon contracted between two Persons oppress'd by adverse Fortune. Our first Acquaintance was soon follow'd by a tender Value for each other, which was heighten'd every Day. The Liberty that

was

was given us to discourse together when we pleas'd, was of no small Service to us, since by our Conversation we reciprocally helpt each other to bear our Misfortunes patiently.

I went into his Chamber one Afternoon, as he was going to play upon the Guitarre. I sat down on a Joint-stool, which was all the Seats he had, that I might hear him more commodiously; and he placing himself upon the Foot of his Bed, play'd a very moving Air, to which he added a Song, proper to express the Despair to which Love is reduc'd by the Cruelty of his Mistress. When he had done, I said to him smiling: *Signior Cavalier*, you will never be oblig'd to make such Verses in your Amours: You were not made to find the Ladies cruel. You have too good an Opinion of me, (replied he.) I compos'd the Lines you have just heard, to soften a Heart which I thought Adamant; and move a Lady to relent, who treated me with the utmost Severity. I must relate you the Story; it will give you at the same time an Account of my Misfortunes.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

The History of Don Gaston de Cogollos, and Donna Helena de Galisteo.

'TIS now about four Years since I set out from *Madrid* to *Coria*, to visit *Donna Eleonora de Laxarilla* my Aunt, one of the richest Dowagers in old *Castile*, to whom I am sole Heir. I had hardly got thither, before Love came to disturb my Quiet. I lodg'd in an Apartment whose Windows faced the Lattices of a Lady who liv'd over-against me, and whom I could easily see, her Grates were so open, and the Streets so narrow. I did not neglect this Opportunity, and I found my Neighbour so handsome, that I was immediately charm'd with her. I inform'd her of it by such lively Glances, that 'twas impossible she should mistake them. Accordingly she understood them very well; but she was not a Woman to value herself upon such a Knowledge, much less to make a return to my Grimaces.

I was desirous of knowing the Name of this dangerous Lady, who could make so sudden

sudden an Impression upon the Heart; and found she was call'd Donna *Helena*; that she was only Daughter to Don *George de Galisteo*, who was Lord of a considerable Manor, some Leagues from *Coria*: That she had often Matches propos'd for her, but that the Father rejected all, because he intended to give her to his Nephew Don *Augustin de Oligbera*, who had the Liberty of seeing and conversing every Day with his Cousin 'till the Marriage should be concluded. This did not at all discourage me; on the contrary I became the more enamour'd; and the vain Pleasure of supplanting a happy Rival, perhaps, incited me more than my Love, to endeavour to carry my Point. I continu'd then to cast the most passionate Looks at my *Helena*; I also courted her Woman *Felicia* by my Eyes, as to implore her Assistance; I even talk'd with my Fingers; but these pieces of Gallantry were of no Advantage; I got no more Good from the Maid than the Mistress, they both seem'd cruel and inaccessible.

As they refus'd answering the Language of the Eyes, I had recourse to other Interpreters. I sent out Spies to discover what Acquaintance *Felicia* had in the Town. They found out that her best Friend was an old Woman nam'd *Theodora*, and that they

they visited each other very often. Ravish'd with this Information, I went myself to *Theodora* and engag'd her to serve me by my Presents. She espous'd my Cause, promis'd to procure me a secret Interview with her Friend at her House, and kept her Word the next Day.

I am no longer unhappy (says I to *Felicia*) since my Pains have mov'd your Compassion. How much am I oblig'd to your Friend, for having dispos'd you to grant me the Satisfaction of your Conversation. My Lord (replied she) *Theodora* has an absolute Power over me. She has won me over to your Interest; and if I could procure your Happiness, you would soon arrive at the height of all your Wishes; but with all my Good-will, I don't know if I can be any great help to you. I must not flatter you; never did you undertake a more difficult Enterprize. You love a Lady who is prepossess'd in Favour of another Cavalier; and what sort of a Lady! One of such Pride and Dissimulation, that if ever, by your Constancy and Addresses, you shou'd happen to force a Sigh from her, don't imagine her Pride will ever suffer you to have the Pleasure of hearing it. Alas! dear *Felicia*, (cry'd I full of Grief) why do you tell me all the Obstacles I have to surmount? This Account kills me; ra-

ther

ther impose upon me than make me despair. At these Words, I took one of her Hands, and pressing it between mine, I put a Diamond worth three hundred Pistoles upon her Finger, saying to her at the same Time such moving Things that I made her shed Tears.

She was too much touch'd with my Discourse, and too well satisfied with my Behaviour, to leave me without Comfort. Hereupon she remov'd the Difficulties a little: My Lord (said she) what I have been representing to you, ought not to deprive you entirely of Hope. Your Rival, 'tis true, is not hated; he has free Access to his Cousin; can speak to her when he pleases; and this is what is favourable to you. Their being accusom'd to see each other every Day, has render'd their Conversation something insipid. They seem to me to leave each other without any Pain, and to revisit without Pleasure. One wou'd swear they were already married. In short I don't perceive that my Mistress has a violent Passion for Don *Augustin*. Beside, as to personal Qualifications there is such a Difference between you and him, as can't fail being observ'd to your Advantage, by a young Lady so nice as Donna *Helena*. Therefore don't lose Courage, continue your Gallantry, I'll second

cond you. I will let slip no Opportunity of improving to your advantage all you do to please my Mistress. 'Twill be in vain for her to conceal her Thoughts, I will find out her Sentiments thro' all her Dissimulation.

Felicia and I parted after this Conversation; very well satisfied with each other; and I began to ogle Don *George's* Daughter afresh. I also entertain'd her with a Serenade wherein the Verses you just heard were sung by a fine Voice. After the Consort, the Servant, to sound her Mistress, ask'd if she had been diverted. The Voice (said Donna *Helena*) did not displease me. And are not the Words that were sung very moving, replied the Maid? I did not at all mind them (answer'd the Lady;) I only listen'd to the Tune, I gave no Attention to the Verses, nor even don't want to know who gave me this Serenade. If that be the Case (cry'd her Woman) poor Don *Gaston de Cogollos* is mightily out in his Reckoning, and very foolish in spending his Time in looking at our Lattices. Perhaps (says the Mistress with a cool Air) 'tis some other Cavalier who has just declar'd his Passion to me in this Consort. Pardon me (replied *Felicia*) 'tis Don *Gaston* himself; by the same Token that he accosted me this Morning

in

in the Street, and begg'd me to tell you in his Name that he adores you, in spite of the Cruelty wherewith you return his Love; and in short, that he shou'd think himself the happiest of Mankind, if you wou'd allow him to make known his Passion by his Courtship, and gallant Entertainments. This Discourse (continued she) is a sufficient Proof I am not mistaken.

Don George's Daughter immediately chang'd Countenance, and looking at her Woman with a stern Air: You might very well (said she) have let alone entertaining me with this impertinent Stuff. I desire you to trouble me no more with such Informations. And if that rash young Fellow should ever dare to speak to you again, bid him address himself to a Person who sets a greater Value upon his Gallantry than I; and choose a civiler Diversion than to be all Day at his Window, observing what I do in my Apartment.

All this was faithfully told at a second Interview I had with *Felicia*, who pretending was not to take her Mistress's Words literally, would have perswaded me that Things went the best in the World. As for me, who could discover no Mystery therein, and did not think that the Text could be explain'd in my Favour, I was
very

very diffident of the Comments she made thereupon. She laugh'd at my Distrust, and asking her Friend for Paper, Pen, and Ink, said, *Signior Cavalier* write immediately to *Donna Helena* like a Lover in Despair. Draw her a lively Picture of your Sufferings, especially complain of her prohibiting your appearing at your Windows. Promise to obey her, but assure her it will cost you your Life. Give this a handsome Turn, as you Cavaliers know very well how, and I will answer for the rest. I hope the Success will do me more Honour than you are willing to allow to my Penetration.

I shou'd have been the first Lover that ever had so fair an Opportunity of writing to his Mistress, and yet took not the Advantage of it. I indited a most pathetick Letter, and shew'd it before I folded it up to *Felicia*, who, having read it, said with a Smile, that if the Women knew the Art of charming the Men, the Men, to make amends, were not ignorant of the Secret to wheedle Women. This said, she took my Billet-doux, after which, having bid me have a care to keep my Windows shut for some Days, she return'd to Don George's.

Madam, (said she, when she came to *Donna Helena*) I have met Don Gaston. He did not fail accosting me, and wou'd have

have held his seducing Discourse with me. He ask'd me with a trembling Voice, like a Criminal who expects his Sentence, if I had spoken to you in his Name. Then I being hasty, and willing to execute your Orders faithfully, interrupted him abruptly. I rail'd at him bitterly, loaded him with Injuries, and left him in the Street quite amaz'd at my Malapertness. I am overjoy'd (answer'd *Donna Helena*) that you have freed me from his Importunity. But it was not necessary to speak to him so roughly. A Woman shou'd always be mild. Madam (reply'd the Maid) one cannot get rid of a passionate Lover by Words spoken in a soft Tone. One can't even compass it by flying into a Rage and Passion. For Instance, *Don Gaston* was not discourag'd; having, as I said, stunn'd him with Abuses, I went to your Relation, where you sent me. That Lady unfortunately detain'd me too long. I say too long, because at my Return I found my Gentleman again. I did not expect such a Rencounter, the Sight of him confounded me, and that so much, that my Tongue, which never fails me upon Occasion, was now utterly speechless. During this what did he? He slipt a Paper into my Hand, which I kept without knowing what I did, and vanish'd in a Moment.

Having thus spoken, she drew my Letter out of her Bosom, and gave it, as if in jest, to her Mistress; who having taken it as it were to divert her self, read it in good earnest, and seem'd afterwards very reserv'd. Indeed *Felicia* (said she with a serious Air) you was an inconsiderate Fool for receiving this Note. What will Don *Gaston* think of it; and what ought I to think my self? You give me room by your Conduct to mistrust your Fidelity, and him Reason to suspect my being touch'd with his Passion. Alas, perhaps he imagines at this Instant that I read his Letter over and over with Pleasure! see to what a Disgrace you expose a Woman of my Spirit. Oh! no Madam (reply'd the Maid) he can't have such a Thought; or suppose he had, he shou'd not have it long. I'll tell him at first sight, that I have shown you his Letter: That you look'd upon it with a cool Air, and that you afterwards tore it disdainfully without reading. You may safely swear I never read it (said Donna *Helena*) I shou'd be horridly put to it, to repeat only two Words of it. Not content with this, Don *George's* Daughter tore my Billet, and prohibited her Maid's ever conversing with me.

As I had promis'd never more to play the Gallant at my Windows, since the
Sight

Sight of me was disagreeable, I kept them shut several Days that my Obedience might be the more moving. But instead of Ogling, which was forbid me, I prepar'd to Serenade my cruel *Helena* afresh. With this Design I placed my self one Night under her Balcony with the Musick; and the Guittarres had already begun to play, when a Cavalier came Sword in Hand to disturb the Consort, by wounding the Performers on the right and left, so that they all immediately betook themselves to flight. The Rage wherewith this Insolent was animated, excited also my Fury. I advanc'd to punish him, and we began a desperate Combat. Donna *Helena* and her Maid hearing the clashing of Swords, look'd thro' their Lattices, and saw two Men engag'd. Hereupon they shriek'd out so loud that they rais'd Don *George* and his Servants; who ran, as well as several Neighbours, to part the Fray, but came too late. They found upon the Field of Battle but one Cavalier weltering in his Blood, and almost lifeless, and perceiv'd that I was the unfortunate Man. They carried me to my Aunt's, where I was attended by the most skilful Surgeons in the City.

All the World pity'd me, and especially Donna *Helena*, who then discover'd the

bottom of her Heart. Her dissembling gave way to her Inclination. Wou'd you believe it? She was no longer the Woman who thought it a point of Honour to seem insensible of my Courtship. She was a tender Lover, who gave herself up without Reserve to her Grief. She spent the rest of the Night in Tears with her Woman, and in cursing her Cousin Don *Augustin de Oligbéra*, whom she judg'd to have been the Author of their Grief; as in reality it was he who had so disagreeably interrupted the Serenade. Being as great a Master of Diffimulation as his Cousin, he had discover'd my Intention, without taking any Notice of it, and imagining she return'd it, he had done this brisk Action to show he was not so patient as they thought him. Nevertheless this melancholy Accident soon after gave place to a Joy which made it forgotten. As dangerously as I was wounded, the Surgeon's Skill quickly restored me to Health. I still kept my Chamber, when my Aunt Donna *Eleonora* went to Don *George* to ask Donna *Helena* for me. He consented to this Marriage the more willingly, in that he look'd upon Don *Augustin* as a Man whom he might perhaps never see again. But the good old Gentleman was apprehensive lest his Daughter shou'd be averse to the Match,

because her Cousin *Olighera* had had so much Liberty to visit her, and time to win her Affections; but she seem'd so willing to obey her Father in this Point, that one may conclude that 'tis an Advantage in *Spain*, as well as elsewhere, to be a New-comer amongst the Ladies.

As soon as I cou'd have a private Conversation with *Felicia*, she inform'd me how very sensible her Mistress had been of the unfortunate Issue of my Rencontre. So that being no longer able to doubt but that I was the *Paris* to my *Helena*, I bless'd my Wound, since the Consequences had been so successful to my Love. I obtain'd Leave of Don *George* to speak to his Daughter in her Maid's Presence. How sweet was this Conversation to me! I press'd and conjur'd the Lady so much to tell me if her Father offer'd no Violence to her Inclinations, in delivering her up to my Passion; that she own'd it was not owing to her Obedience only. After a Confession so ravishing, I was wholly taken up with the care of making my self agreeable, and devising gallant Entertainments, till our Wedding-day shou'd come, which was to have been celebrated by a magnificent Cavalcade, whereat all the Nobility of *Coria*, and the Parts adjacent, were to have appear'd in the greatest Splendor.

Hereupon I gave a noble Ball, at a stately Country Seat of my Aunt's, near the City Gates towards *Manroi*, at which Don George, with his Daughter, and all his Friends and Relations were present. There was a Consort of vocal and instrumental Musick ready by my Order, and a Company of Strollers to act a Comedy. In the middle of the Feast, they came to whisper me, that there was a Man in another Room who desir'd to speak with me; whereupon I arose from Table to see who it was. I found a Person unknown, who look'd like a *Valet de Chambre*, and gave me a Note, which I open'd, and wherein were these Words.

If your Honour is dear to you, as it ought to be to every Knight of your Order, you will not fail being to-morrow Morning in the Plain of Manroi. You will there find a Gentleman who will give you Satisfaction for the Affront you have receiv'd from him; and if he can, put it out of your Power to have Donna Helena.

Don Augustin de Olighera.

If Love is very predominant in the *Spaniards*, Revenge is much more so. I cou'd not read this Challenge and keep my Temper; the very Name of Don *Augustin* set my

my Blood all in a Flame, which almost made me forget the indispensable Part I was to act that Day. I was tempted to slip from the Company, and go immediately in search of my Enemy. However, I constrain'd my self, for fear of disturbing the Guests, and told the Man who had brought the Letter: Friend, you may tell the Gentleman who sent you, that I have too great a Desire to come to an Engagement with him a second Time, to fail being before Sun-rise at the appointed Place.

Having sent back the Messenger with this Answer, I rejoin'd my Company, and retook my Place at Table, where I compos'd my Countenance so well, that nobody had the least Suspicion of what had pass'd. The rest of the Day I seem'd like the rest taken up with the Diversions of the Entertainment, which at last ended at Midnight. The Assembly broke up, and every one re-enter'd the City after the same manner as they came out. As for me, I staid behind at the Country-Seat, under Pretence of going to take the Air next Morning, which was only that I might be the sooner at the Rendezvous. Instead of going to Bed, I expected Day-break with Impatience, which as soon as I perceiv'd, I mounted my best Horse, and set out

alone, as if to take a Ride in the Country. I advanced towards *Manroi*, and discover'd on the Plain a Man who came towards me full speed. I flew to meet him, in order to save him half the Way; we soon met; 'twas my Rival. Knight (said he to me insolently) 'tis with Regret I encounter you a second time; but 'tis your own Fault; you ought, after the Adventure of the Serenade, to have resign'd Don *George's* Daughter with a good Grace, or else to have been assur'd that you shou'd not come off so, if you persisted in your Design of appearing agreeable in her Eyes. You are too proud (reply'd I) of an Advantage that is perhaps less owing to your Address than to the Darknes of the Night: You don't remember that the Fortune of War is uncertain. Not for me (answer'd he, with an insolent Air) and I am going to shew you, that both by Day and by Night I know how to punish those bold Knights who dare incroach upon my Pleasures.

The only Answer I made to this haughty Speech was by alighting, as did also Don *Augustin*; and fastening our Horses to a Tree, we began the Combat with equal Vigour. I will confess honestly, that I had to do with an Enemy who understood fencing better than I, altho' I had learn'd two Years, but he was a perfect Master.

I cou'd not expose my Life to a greater Danger. Nevertheless, as it often happens that the strongest is overcome by the weakest, my Rival, spite of all his Skill, receiv'd a Thrust thro' his Heart, and fell down dead a minute after.

I return'd immediately to the Country-Seat, where I inform'd my *Valet de Chambre*, of whose Fidelity I was well assur'd, of what had pass'd. After this, I said to him, Dear *Ramirez*, take a good Horse, before the Officers of Justice can have Knowledge of this Affair, and go inform my Aunt of it. Desire her, in my Name, to send me some Gold and Jewels, and come and meet me at *Placentia*. You will find me at the first Inn as you enter the City.

Ramirez discharg'd this Commission with such Diligence, that he arriv'd at *Placentia* within three Hours after me. He told me, that Donna *Eleonora* was rather rejoiced than afflicted at a Combat that repaired the Affront I had receiv'd in our first Engagement; and that she had sent me all her Gold and Jewels, that I might travel with some Pleasure in foreign Countries, till she shou'd accommodate my Affair.

Not to mention superfluous Circumstances, I shall only tell you, that I cross'd New *Castile* in order to go into the Kingdom of *Valencia*, and embark at *Denia*. I

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pass'd

pass'd over into *Italy*, where I put my self in a Condition to survey the several Courts, and make a graceful Appearance there.

Whilst I thus endeavour'd, at a Distance from my *Helena*, to delude, as much as in me lay, my Love and Disquiet, that Lady, at *Coria*, bemoan'd my Absence in secret. Instead of approving of her Family's prosecuting me on account of *Olighera's* Death, she wish'd that it might be made up, and my Return be hasten'd by a speedy Agreement. Six Months were already pass'd since she had lost me, and I believe her Constancy wou'd have always triumphed over Time, if she had only had Time to cope with; but she had yet more powerful Enemies. Don *Blas, de Combados*, a Gentleman of the West of *Galicia*, came to *Coria* to take Possession of a noble Inheritance, which Don *Miguel de Caprara* his Cousin had in vain disputed with him; and finding that County more pleasant than his own, he settled there. *Combados* was well made, seem'd sweet-temper'd and polite, and had the most insinuating Wit in the World. He soon got acquainted with the People of Fashion of that City, and was inform'd of all the Affairs of every one.

He was not long ignorant that Don *George* had a Daughter, whose dangerous Beauty

Beauty seem'd only to inflame Men to their Destruction. This incited his Curiosity, he had a mind to see so formidable a Lady. To this End he sought her Father's Friendship, and gain'd so far upon him, that the old Gentleman looking upon him already as his Son-in-law, gave him free Access to his House, and leave to speak to *Helena* in his Presence. The *Galician* was not long before he fell in Love; 'twas inevitable; he disclos'd himself to Don *George* who told him that he approv'd of his Addressee, but that he wou'd not constrain his Daughter, but left her free Mistress of the Disposal of her own Hand. Hereupon Don *Blas* made use of all the Gallantry he cou'd devise to please the Lady, who was wholly insensible, so much was she prepossess'd in my Favour. However, *Felicia* was in the Gentleman's Interest, who had engag'd her thereunto by his Presents. She employ'd her utmost Address to serve him. On the other hand, the Father seconded the Maid by his Remonstrances, and nevertheless all they could both do for a whole Year, was to torment Donna *Helena*, without being able to render her unfaithful to me.

Combados finding that Don *George* and *Felicia* in vain concern'd themselves for him, propos'd an Expedient to them to surmount

mount the Obstinacy of so prejudic'd a Lover. This (said he) is what I have contriv'd. Let us counterfeit a Letter from an *Italian* Merchant to his Correspondent at *Coria*, wherein, after an Account of several Things relating to Commerce, the following Words shall be inserted. "There
 " is lately arriv'd at the Court of *Parma*
 " a *Spanish* Cavalier call'd Don *Gaston de*
 " *Cogollos*; who says he is Nephew and
 " only Heir to a rich Widow who lives at
 " *Coria*, and whose Name is Donna *Eleo-*
 " *nora de Laxarilla*. He courts the Daugh-
 " ter of a great Nobleman, but he will
 " not obtain her before they are inform'd
 " of the Truth. I am desir'd to address
 " my self to you for that Purpose. Where-
 " fore I beg you send me word if you
 " know this Don *Gaston*, and wherein his
 " Aunt's Estate consists. Your Answer
 " will decide the Fate of this Marriage.
 " *Parma*, the ——— &c.

This Imposture seem'd to the old Man but a witty Contrivance, a Stratagem that was pardonable in Lovers, and the Waiting-maid, yet less scrupulous than the good Man, approv'd of it mightily. The Invention seem'd to them so much the better, in that they knew *Helena* to be a Woman of a great Spirit, and likely to fall into the Snare immediately, provided she had no
 Suspicion.

Suspicion of the Cheat. Don George took it upon himself to inform her of my Change, and to make the Thing have the greater appearance of Truth, to let her speak to the Merchant who had received this pretended Letter from *Parma*. The Project was executed as it was form'd. The Father said to Donna *Helena*, with an Emotion wherein, in all appearance, was a great deal of Spite and Anger, Daughter, I will no longer tell you that our Relations beg me every Day, never to suffer Don *Augustin's* Murderer to enter our Family; I have now a stronger Reason to desire you to disengage your self from Don *Gaston*. Die with Shame for having been so faithful to him; he is an inconstant perfidious Wretch; here is a certain Proof of his Infidelity: Read your self that Letter, which a Merchant of *Coria* has just receiv'd from *Italy*. Poor *Helena* takes the Counterfeit Paper trembling, runs it over with her Eyes, weighs all the Expressions, and remains quite overwhelm'd with the News of my Inconstancy. After this, some Remains of Tenderness made her shed a few Tears, but she soon recall'd her Pride to her Aid, and wiping her Eyes, said with a resolute Tone to her Father, My Lord, you have been a Witness of my Weakness, be so likewise of the Victory I gain over my self.

'Tis.

'Tis done, I now only despise Don *Gaston*, I look on him as the basest of Men; come, I am ready to follow Don *Blas* to the Altar. Let my Marriage precede that of the perfidious Wretch who has repaid my Love so ill. Don *George*, transported with Joy at these Words, embraced his Daughter, prais'd the noble Resolution she had taken, and hugging himself for the Success of his Stratagem, made haste to gratify my Rival's Desires.

Thus was Donna *Helena* ravish'd from me. She resign'd her self up rashly to *Combados* without heark'ning to her Love, which pleaded for me in the bottom of her Heart; without even doubting one minute of a Report which ought not to have met with so much Credulity in a Lover. The haughty Woman only gave Ear to her Pride; the Resentment of the Injury she imagin'd I had done her Beauty, got the better of her Passion. However, some Days after her Marriage, she felt some Remorse for having been so hasty. It came into her Head that the Merchant's Letter might be forg'd, and this Suspicion caus'd her a great deal of Disquiet. But the amorous Don *Blas* did not leave his Wife Time to nourish any Thoughts contrary to her Repose. He only thought how to amuse her, and he succeeded by a continual Series of

of different Diversions which he had the Art to invent.

She seem'd very well satisfied with so gallant a Spouse, and they both liv'd in perfect Union, when my Aunt made up my Affair with Don *Augustin's* Relations. She wrote immediately to *Italy*, to give me Advice thereof. I was then at *Reggio* in the lower *Calabria*; I cross'd over into *Sicily*, and from thence to *Spain*; in fine, I reach'd *Coria* mounted on the Wings of Love. Donna *Eleonora* not having inform'd me of the Marriage of Don *George's* Daughter, acquainted me with it at my Return, and observing that it afflicted me: You are in the wrong, Nephew (said she) to seem so sensible of the Loss of a Lady who could not keep faithful to you. Be rul'd by me; banish from your Memory a Person who is not worthy to have a Place there.

As my Aunt was ignorant of Donna *Helena's* being impos'd on, she was in the right to speak thus to me, and cou'd not have given me better Counsel. Accordingly I promis'd to follow it, or at least to affect an Air of Indifference, if I were not capable of conquering my Passion. However I cou'd not resist the Curiosity to know after what manner this Marriage had been brought about. In order to inform my self, I resolv'd to address my self
to

to *Felicia's* Friend, that is to say, *Theodora*, whom I have before mentioned. I went to her, and by chance found *Felicia* there, who expecting nothing less than the sight of me, was confounded, and wou'd have fled, to have avoided the Explanation she rightly judg'd I should demand of her. I stopt her; Why do you fly me? (said I:) Is not the perjur'd *Helena* satisfied with having sacrific'd me? Has she forbid your hearing my Complaints? Or do you only strive to avoid me, to make your Court to an Ingrate for having refus'd to give Ear to them?

My Lord, (replied the Maid) I will own to you ingenuously, that your Presence confounds me. I can't see you again without being distracted with Remorse. My Mistress has been deceived, and I have had the Misfortune to be an Accomplice to the Fraud. O Heavens! (cry'd I out in a Surprise) what do you dare to tell me? Then the Wench gave me an Account of the Stratagem *Cambados* had used to deprive me of *Donna Helena*; and perceiving that her Recital pierced me to the Heart, she said her utmost to comfort me; she even offered me her good Offices to her Mistress, promising to disabuse her, to paint my Despair to her; in short, to spare no Pains to mitigate the Rigour of
my

my Destiny; in fine, she gave me such Hopes as a little alleviated my Pains.

I pass over the infinite Contradictions she met with from Donna *Helena*, in attempting to gain her Consent to see me: However she compass'd her Ends. It was resolv'd between them that I should be let in secretly to Don *Blas*'s, the first Time he went to an Estate, where he us'd to go from time to time a hunting, and staid generally a Day or two. This Design was soon executed: The Husband set out for the Country. Care was taken to inform me of it and introduce me one Night into his Wife's Apartment.

I would have begun the Conversation by Reproaches, but they stopt my Mouth. 'Tis in vain (said the Lady to call back to mind what is pass'd. 'Tis not now our Business to move each other to compassion, and you are in an Error, if you think me dispos'd to flatter your Inclinations. I declare to you Don *Gaston*, I have given my Consent to this secret Interview, I have yielded to the Intreaties that have been made me, only to tell you in Person that for the future you must only think of forgetting me. Perhaps I should be better satisfied with my Fate, if 'twere united to yours, but since Heav'n has ordain'd it otherwise, I will obey its Decrees.

What,

What, Madam (replied I) is it not enough to have lost you? Is it not enough to see the happy Don *Blas* quiet Possessor of the only Person I could love, must I also banish you my Thoughts? Wou'd you deprive me of my Love, and rob me of the only good I have left? Ah, Cruel, do you think that it's possible for a Man whom you have once enslav'd to recover his Heart? Know your own Power better than you do, and cease vainly exhorting me to erase you out of my Remembrance. Well then (answer'd she with Precipitation) cease also hoping that I will repay your Passion with any Acknowledgment. I have but one Word to say to you: The Wife of Don *Blas* shall never be Don *Gaston's* Mistress. Take your Measures thereupon. Fly: Let us quickly end a Conversation wherewith I reproach my self, spite of the Purity of my Intentions, and which I shou'd think it a Crime to prolong.

At these Words, which depriv'd me of all Hope, I fell at the Lady's Feet. I spoke in the most moving Terms I cou'd think of, and employ'd even Tears to soften her. But all this only conduced perhaps to excite some Sentiments of Pity, which she was very careful not to discover, and which were sacrificed to her Duty. Having in vain used all manner of tender

tender Expressions, Prayers, and Tears, my Love chang'd on a sudden into Fury. I drew my Sword to kill my self before the Eyes of the inexorable Fair, who no sooner perceiv'd my Action then she threw herself upon me to prevent the Consequences. Stop *Cogollos* (said she) is it thus you take care of my Reputation? By thus taking away your Life you go to dishonour me, and make my Husband pass for an Assassin.

Far from giving the Attention they deserv'd to these Words, in the Despair I was in, I only thought how to elude the Attempts the Mistress and the Servant made to save me from my self. And undoubtedly I should have succeeded but too soon, if Don *Blas*, who had been appriz'd of our Interview, and who instead of going into the Country, had hid himself behind the Hangings to hear our Discourse, had not come quickly to join them. Don *Gaston* cry'd he, (seizing on my Arm) recall your banish'd Reason, and don't shamefully give way to the furious Passion that agitates you.

I interrupted *Combados*. Is it for you (said I) to divert me from my Resolution? You ought rather your self to plunge a Poniard in my Breast. My Love, unfortunate as it is, is offensive to you. Is it

not enough you surprize me in your Wife's Apartment? Needs there any more to incite you to revenge? Kill me, to rid your self of a Man who must adore *Helena* till he ceases to live. In vain (replied Don *Blas*) do you endeavour to engage my Honour to put you to Death. You are sufficiently punish'd for your Rashness, and I am so well satisfied with my Wife for her virtuous Sentiments, that I pardon the Occasion she has taken to make them known. Be advis'd by me, *Cogollos* (continu'd he) don't yield to your Despair like a faint-hearted Lover; rather courageously submit to Necessity.

By such like Discourses the prudent *Galician* appeas'd my Passion, by little and little, and reviv'd again my Virtue. I withdrew with an Intent to absent my self from *Helena*, and the Places where she resided, and two Days afterwards I return'd to *Madrid*. There, resolving no more to mind ought but making my Fortune, I began to appear at Court, and procure my self Friends. But I had the ill Fortune to attach my self particularly to the Marquis de *Villareal* a Nobleman of the first Rank in *Portugal*, who is now confin'd in the Castle of *Alicant* on suspicion of intending to deliver that Kingdom from the Subjection of *Spain*. As the Duke de *Lerma* knew

knew that I had enter'd into a strict Friendship with this Lord, he had me seiz'd and brought hither. That Minister believes, that I wou'd be an Accomplice to such a Design; he cou'd not have done a more sensible Outrage to a Man who is of noble Rank, and a *Castilian*.

Don *Gaston* left speaking at these Words. After which, to comfort him, I said: *Signior Cavalier*, your Honour cannot suffer by this Disgrace, which in the End will certainly turn to your Advantage. When the Duke *de Lerma* is once informed of your Innocence, he will not fail to give you a considerable Employment, to re-establish the Reputation of a Gentleman unjustly accus'd of Treason.



C H A P. VII.

Scipio comes to the Tower of Segovia, to look for Gil Blas, and informs him of a great deal of News.

OUR farther Conversation was interrupted by *Tordefillas*, who enter'd the Room and address'd himself to me thus. Signior *Gil Blas*, I am just come from a young Fellow who has been at this Prison Gate, and ask'd if you was not here under Confinement; and upon my having refus'd to satisfy his Curiosity, he seem'd very much mortified. Noble Governour (said he, with Tears in his Eyes) don't refuse my humble Petition to be inform'd whether the Signior *de Santillane* is here. I am his Head Servant, and you will do a charitable Action in suffering me to see him. You pass in *Segovia* for a Gentleman full of Humanity, I hope you will not deny me the Favour of speaking a Minute with my dear Master, who is more Unfortunate than Criminal. In short, (continu'd *Don Andrea*) the young Man has express'd such a Desire to have a Word with you, that I have promis'd him that Satisfaction this Night.

I assur'd *Tordefillas* that he cou'd not do me a greater Pleasure than in letting me see that Servant, who probably might have something of Importance to tell me. I impatiently expected the moment when I shou'd again have a Sight of my faithful *Scipio*, for I made no doubt but 'twas him, nor was I deceiv'd. He was admitted into the *Tower* at Night, and when he perceiv'd me he broke out into extraordinary Transports of Joy, which were only to be equal'd by mine. As for me I was so ravish'd at his Sight, that I stretch'd out my Arms to him, and he clasp'd me in his without Ceremony. The Master and the Secretary were confounded in this Embrace, so glad were they to see each other.

When we had both a little disengag'd our selves, I enquir'd of *Scipio* in what Condition he had left my House: You have no longer any (answer'd he) and to spare you the Pains of asking Question upon Question, I'll tell you in two Words what has past at your Home. Your Effects have been plunder'd both by the *Alguazils* Men and your own Domesticks, who looking upon you as one already quite lost, have taken all they could lay their Hands upon on Trust for their Wages. Be good Fortune for you, I had the Ad-
dress

dress to save from their Clutches two large Bags of double Pistoles, which I got out of your strong Box, and are in Safety. *Salero*, to whom I have intrusted them, will restore them to you when you get out of this *Tower*, where I believe you will not be long a Pensioner to his Majesty, since you were seiz'd without the Duke of *Lerma's* Privity.

I ask'd *Scipio* how he knew his Excellency had no share in my Disgrace. O (reply'd he) that's a Thing whereof I am very well inform'd. One of my Friends, who is Confident to the Duke *d'Uzeda* has told me all the Circumstances of your Imprisonment. *Calderona* (said he) having discover'd by the means of a *Valet*, that the *Sennora Sirena* receiv'd the Prince of *Spain* in the Night under another Name, and that 'twas the Count *de Lemos* who manag'd this Intrigue, by the Interposition of the Signior *de Santillane*, resolv'd to revenge himself both of them and his Mistress. That he might the better succeed herein, he goes secretly to the Duke *d'Uzeda* and discovers all to him. The Duke, ravish'd to have so fine an Opportunity to ruin his Enemy, fail'd not to take the Advantage of it. He inform'd the King of what he had just been told, and represented to him in such lively Colours the

the Dangers to which the Prince had been expos'd, that he rous'd his Majesty's Anger. So that he immediately had *Sirena* confin'd in the Convent *des Filles Repentes*; banish'd the Count *de Lemos*, and condemn'd *Gil Blas* to perpetual Imprisonment.

This (continu'd *Scipio*) is what my Friend has told me; whereby you see your Misfortune is the handy-work of the Duke *d'Uzeda*, or, to speak more properly, of *Calderona*.

I judg'd by this Discourse, that my Affairs might in time be re-establish'd; that the Duke *de Lerma*, being piqu'd at his Nephew's Exile, wou'd leave no Stone unturn'd to recal that Nobleman to Court, and I flatter'd my self that his Excellency would not forget me. What a fine Thing is Hope! It comforted me at once for the loss of my plunder'd Effects, and render'd me as gay, as if I had had Reason to be so. For from looking upon my Prison as an unfortunate Lodging, where I might perhaps end my Days; it seem'd rather to me the Means Fortune would make use of, to raise me to some great Post. For I reason'd within my self after this manner: Don *Fernando Borgia*, Father *Jerome* of *Florence*, and especially Friar *Louis* of *Aliaga* (who is oblig'd to him for his Place

about the King) are of the Prime Minister's Party. With the Help of these powerful Friends, his Excellency will overthrow all his Enemies; or else the Face of Affairs may be very soon alter'd. His Majesty's Health is very precarious. As soon as he is dead, the Prince will begin his Reign by recalling the Count *de Lemos*, who will immediately release me hence, and present me to the New Monarch, who will overload me with Favours. Thus being already full of the pleasing Hope of what was to come, I hardly any longer felt my present Evils. I believe indeed, that the two Bags of Doubloons, which my Secretary said he had deposited with the Goldsmith, contributed as much to the sudden Change, as the Hopes aforementioned.

I was too well satisfied with *Scipio's* Zeal and Integrity not to let him know it; I offer'd him half the Money he had sav'd from the Pillage; which he refus'd; I expect (says he) another Mark of your Acknowledgment. Being as much astonish'd at his Speech as his Refusal, I ask'd what I could do for him. Let us never part, (replied he;) let me unite my Fortune to yours; I have such an Affection for you, as I never before had for any Master. And as for me (said I) my Boy, I'll assure you, you don't love one that is ungrateful.

From

From the first moment you came to offer me your Service I lik'd you. We must either both of us be born under *Libra* or *Gemini*, which are, as they say, the two Constellations that unite Mankind. I willingly accept of the propos'd Union; and to begin it, I will ask the Keeper to shut you up with me in this Tower. That will be a great Satisfaction to me (cry'd he;) you have prevented me; I was going to conjure you to desire this Favour; your Company is dearer to me than Liberty: I will only go sometimes to *Madrid* to breathe the Office Air, and see if there has happen'd no Change at Court that may be favourable to you. So that you will have in me a Confident, a Courier, and a Spy all in one.

These Advantages were too considerable for me to deprive my self of them, wherefore I retain'd with me so useful a Person, with the Leave of the obliging Keeper, who would not refuse me so sweet a Comfort.



C H A P. VIII.

Of the first Journey Scipio took to Madrid. What was the Motive and the Success. Gil Blas falls sick. The Consequences of his Sickness.

I F 'tis generally said that we have no greater Enemies than our Domesticks, we ought also to say that they are our best Friends, when they are faithful and affectionate. After the Zeal *Scipio* had shew'd for my Service, I could only look upon him as an * *Alter Ego*. Wherefore no more Subordination between *Gil Blas* and his Secretary; no more Ceremonies between them; they were Chamber-fellows, and had but one Bed and one Table.

There was in *Scipio's* Conversation a-bundance of Gaiety. One might justly have surnam'd him *the good-humour'd young Fellow*. Besides this, he had a Head-piece, and I found an Advantage in his Counsel. Friend (says I to him one Day) I fancy'd 'twould not be amiss to write to the Duke *de Lerma*; it can produce no ill Effect; What are your Thoughts there-

* *Another My-self.*

upon? Ay but (replied he) great Men differ so much from themselves, from one Moment to another, that I am not very sure how your Letter will be receiv'd. However I am for your Writing at all Events. Altho' the Minister loves you, don't depend upon his Friendship for the Care of calling you into his Remembrance. These sorts of Protectors easily forget those Persons whom they hear no longer mention'd.

Altho' this be but too true (answer'd I) I have a better Opinion of my Patron; I know his Goodness; and am perswaded that he sympathizes with my Pains, and that they present themselves incessantly before his Eyes: Without doubt he only waits 'till the King's Anger is over, to deliver me out of Prison. So much the better (rejoin'd he;) I wish you may judge rightly of his Excellency. Implore then his Assistance in a very moving Letter, I promise you to give it into his own Hands. Upon this I immediately call'd for Pen and Ink, and compos'd a Piece of Eloquence which *Scipio* thought very pathetic, and *Tordefillas* extoll'd even above the Archbishop of *Granada's* Homilies.

I flatter'd my self that the Duke of *Lerma* wou'd have been touch'd with my melancholy Account of the miserable State wherein I really was not; and in this Be-

lief I dispatch'd my Courier to *Madrid*, who no sooner got thither than he went to that Minister's, where he met with a *Valet de Chambre* who was my Friend, and procur'd him an Opportunity of speaking to the Duke. May it please your Grace (said *Scipio* to his Excellency, at the same time presenting him the Packet wherewith he was intrusted) one of your most faithful Servants who lies upon the Straw in a dark Dungeon in the Tower of *Segovia*, most humbly conjures you to read this Letter, which a Goaler in pity gave him the Opportunity to write. The Minister open'd the Letter and ran it over; but altho' he saw therein a Picture capable of softening the hardest Heart, far from seeming mov'd at it, he rais'd his Voice, and said with a furious Look to the Courier, before some Persons who cou'd hear him; Friend, tell *Santillane* that I think him very impudent in daring to address himself to me, after having been guilty of such an unworthy Action, for which he is so justly chastis'd. He is a Wretch who must no longer rely upon my Favour, and whom I abandon to the King's Resentment.

Scipio, as much Assurance as he had, was confounded at this Speech. However in spite of his Amazement, he wou'd have interceded for me: My Lord, (reply'd he)

this

this poor Prisoner will die for Grief when he hears your Excellency's Answer. The Duke made no other Reply to my Mediator but by frowning upon him, and turning his Back. Thus did this Minister treat me, the better to hide the Part he had in the Prince of *Spain's* amorous Intrigue, and this is what all petty Agents ought to expect, who are employ'd by great Men in their secret and dangerous Negotiations.

When my Secretary return'd to *Segovia*, and inform'd me of the Success of his Commission, I was again plung'd in that dreadful Abyss wherein I found my self the first Day of my Imprisonment. I even thought my self more unhappy, since I had no longer the Duke of *Lerma's* Protection. My Courage fail'd, and whatever they cou'd say to restore it, I became again a Prey to the deepest Melancholy, which insensibly threw me into an acute Disease.

The Keeper, who was concern'd for my Preservation, imagining he could not do better than to call in Physicians to my assistance, brought me two, who had both of them very much the Look of being very faithful Servants to the Goddess * *Libitina*. Signior *Gil Blas* (said he) presenting them to me, here are two Sons of *Hippocrates*,
P 4 who

* The Goddess that presided over Funerals.

who are come to see you, and will recover you in a little time. I was so prepossess'd against all Doctors of Physick, that I certainly shou'd have given these but a very scurvy Reception, had I been ever so little fond of Life. But I was then so weary of it, that I thought my self obliged to *Tordefillas* for putting me into their Hands.

Signior Cavalier (said one of these Doctors to me) you must before we proceed, repose a Confidence in us. I do a perfect one (reply'd I;) with your Assistance I don't doubt but I shall be cur'd of all my Ails in a few Days. Yes, with the help of God (rejoin'd he) so you shall; at least we will not be wanting in our Endeavours. In effect, these Gentlemen did their Business to a Miracle, and put me into such a fair way, that I was going visibly to the *Stygian* Lake. Don *Andrea* despairing of my Cure, had already brought a *Franciscan* to dispose me to die well: Already had the good Father discharged that Office and retir'd: And for my self, believing that my last Hour was nigh, I made a sign to *Scipio* to draw near my Bed. Dear Friend (said I, with a dying Voice, so much was I weaken'd by their Medicines and Bleedings) I leave you one of the Bags that are at *Gabriel's*, and I conjure you to carry the other into *Asturia*, to my Father and Mother, who must be
in

in need of it, if yet alive. But alas I am much afraid they cou'd not support under my Ingratitude. The Report *Muscada* made them of my unnatural Behaviour, has perhaps been the Cause of their Death. If Heaven has preserved them in spite of the Indifference wherewith I repaid their Tenderneſs, you may give them the Bag of Doubloons, and beg them in my Name to forgive me for not uſing them better; and if they are no longer living, I charge you to employ this Money in having Maſſes ſaid both for the Repoſe of their Souls and my own. Having thus ſaid I reach'd out one Hand, which he bath'd in Tears, without being able to answer me one Word, ſo much was the poor young Fellow afflicted for my Loſs. This proves that the Tears of an Heir are not always Smiles hid under a Mask.

I expected then to make my *Exit*, nevertheless I was deceiv'd in my Expectation. My Doctors having quitted me, and left Nature at liberty to operate, ſav'd me by that Means. The Fever which they prognosticated was to carry me off, went away, as it were to give them the Lye. I recover'd by little and little, and by the greateſt good Fortune in the world, my illneſs was ſucceeded by a perfect Tranquillity of Mind. I had then no need

of being Comforted, I preserv'd all the Contempt for Riches and Honours that the Opinion of an approaching Death had instill'd into me, and being restor'd to my self, I blest'd my Disgrace. I thank'd Heav'n for it as for a particular Favour, and took a firm Resolution to return no more to Court, even if the Duke of *Lerma* wou'd recal me. I rather propos'd to my self, if ever I got out of Prison, to buy a Cottage and live like a Philosopher.

My Confident approv'd of my Design, and told me that to hasten the Execution of it, he intended to return to *Madrid* to sollicite my Enlargement. I have a Thought (continues he) comes into my Head; I know a Person that may serve you. 'Tis the favourite Maid to the Prince of *Spain's* Nurse; a Girl of Wit. I will set her to work for you upon her Mistress; I will try all means to release you from this Tower, which is still but a Prison, however well treated you are therein. You are in the right (reply'd I;) go Friend, begin your Negotiation without losing Time: Would to Heav'n we were already in our Retirement.



C H A P. IX.

Scipio returns to Madrid. How and upon what Conditions he had Gil Blas restor'd to Liberty. Where they both went on parting from the Tower of Segovia, and what Conversation pass'd between them.

SCIPIO then set out again for *Madrid*, and in the mean Time I, in expectation of his Return, apply'd my self to reading. *Tordefillas* furnish'd me with more Books than I desired; which he borrow'd of an old Commander who cou'd not read, and yet had a fine Library to give himself the air of a learned Man. Above all I liked the good moral Authors, because I found every Minute in them something that flatter'd my Aversion to the Court, and my Love of Solitude.

I spent three Weeks without hearing a Word of my Manager, who at last return'd, and said with a gay Air, For this Time Signior *de Santillane* I bring you good News. The Nurse will espouse your Interest. Her Maid, at my Intreaty, and for a hundred Pistoles which I have consign'd to her, has had the Goodness to
speak.

Speak to the Prince of *Spain* for your Enlargement; and the Prince who, as I've often told you, can deny her nothing, has promis'd to beg the King his Father to release you. I came as soon as possible to tell you the News, and am going straight back again, to put the finishing Stroke to my Work. At these Words he left me, and set out for Court.

His third Journey was not long; I saw my Gentleman return at the Week's end, with advice that the Prince had obtain'd my Liberty of the King, but not without Trouble. This was confirm'd to me the same Day by the Keeper, who came to embrace me, and told me, My dear *Gil Blas*, Heav'n be thank'd you are free. The Prison Doors are open for you, but 'tis upon two Conditions which perhaps will cause you a great deal of Trouble, and which I am oblig'd to tell you with Regret. His Majesty forbids your appearing at Court, and orders you to quit both the *Castles* in a Month: I am very much mortified that they have forbid you the Court. And I am glad of it (reply'd I.) God knows my Thoughts; I expected but one Favour from the King, and he has done me two.

Being assur'd then that I was no longer a Prisoner, I hired two Mules, whereon
my

my Confident and I mounted next Day, after I had taken leave of *Cogollos*, and thank'd *Tordefillas* a thousand Times for all the Testimonies of Friendship I had receiv'd from him. We set out gaily, for *Madrid*, to draw our two Bags, which had each of them five hundred Doubloons, out of Signior *Gabriel's* Hands. As we were upon the Road, my Associate said to me, if we are not Rich enough to purchase a magnificent Estate, at least we may buy a Competency. If we shou'd have but a Hut, (reply'd I) I shou'd be satisfied with my Lot. Tho' I am hardly in the middle of my Age, I find my self disgusted with the World, and I design for the future, only to live for my self. Besides this, let me tell you I have form'd to my self an agreeable Notion of a rural Life, an Idea that ravishes me, and makes me enjoy it beforehand. Methinks I already see the Meadows enamel'd, hear the Nightingales sing, and the Rivulets murmur: At one time I imagine I am diverting my self a hunting, and at another time a fishing. Fancy to your self the different Pleasures that wait us in our Solitude, and you will be charm'd as well as me. As to our Food, the plainest will be the best. A Mouth-full of Bread may satisfy us when we are oppress'd with Hunger. We shall
eat

eat it with an Appetite that will make us think it excellent. Pleasure don't consist in the Delicacy of exquisite Viands, it is all within our selves; and this is so true, that I don't make my best Meals at Tables that I see furnish'd with the most *Epicurism* and Plenty.

With your leave Signior *Gil Blas*, (said my Secretary interrupting me) I am not altogether of your Mind about this pretended Frugality to which you bid me welcome. Why must we live like *Diogenes*? If we don't fare so very hard, we shall be never the more unhealthy. Be advis'd by me, since we have (God be thank'd) where-with to render our Retirement agreeable, don't let us make it the Abode of Famine and Poverty. As soon as we have bought an Estate, let us stock it with good Wines, and all other Provisions that are proper for Men of Wit, who don't quit the Conversation of Men to renounce the Conveniences of Life, but rather to enjoy them with the greater Tranquillity. *What one has in the House*, says *Hesiod*, don't make us uneasy, whereas what one has not may. 'Tis better, continues he, to be in Possession of all things necessary at ones House, than to be wishing to have them.

What the Devil Mr. *Scipio* (said I, interrupting him in my turn) you understand

the Greek Poets! pray where did you get acquainted with *Hesiod*? At a learned Man's (reply'd he.) I serv'd a Pedant some time at *Salamanca*, who was a great Commentator. He wou'd make you a large Volume in the twinkling of an Eye. He compos'd it of *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin* Passages, which he extracted from the Books in his Library, and translated into *Spanish*. As I was his Transcriber, I have retain'd I don't know how many Sentences, as remarkable as that I have just quoted. If it be so (answer'd I) you have your Memory well embellish'd. But to return to our Project; in which of the *Spanish* Kingdoms do you think proper for us to settle our Philosophical Residence? I declare for *Arragon* (reply'd my Confident). We may find there abundance of charming Places, where we may lead a delicious Life. Well then (says I) so be it, let us stop at *Arragon*; I consent to it. May we find an Abode there which may supply us with all the Pleasures whereof my Imagination is so full.



C H A P. X.

What they did on their Arrival at Madrid. Who Gil Blas met in the Street, and what Success attended this Rencounter.

BEING come to *Madrid*, we alighted at a little ready-furnish'd House, where *Scipio* had lodg'd in his Journeys thither; and the first thing we did was to go to *Salero's*, to draw our Doubloons out of his Hands. He receiv'd us perfectly well, and express'd a great deal of Joy at seeing me at Liberty. I protest (continu'd he) I was so sensible of your Disgrace, that it gave me a Disgust to an Alliance with Courtiers. Their Fortunes are too much like Castles in the Air; for which Reason I have married my Daughter *Gabriela* to a rich Merchant. You have done very well (reply'd I;) for, besides his Fortunes being upon a more solid Bottom, a Citizen who becomes Father-in-law to a Man of Quality, is not always contented with the Gentleman his Son-in-law.

Then changing the Discourse, and coming to the Matter in hand; Signior *Gabriel* (continu'd I) do us the Favour, if you please, to deliver us the two thousand Pistoles

toles that Your Money is all ready (said he, interrupting me;) and carrying us to his Cabinet he shew'd us two Bags, whereon these Words were written on Tickets: *These Bags of Doubloons belong to Signior Gil Blas de Santillane.* There (said he) there is your Money as it was intrusted with me.

I thank'd *Salero* for the Favour he had done me, and being very well comforted for the loss of his Daughter, we carry'd off the Bags to our Lodging, where we set about counting our double Pistoles. The Sum was right within fifty, which had been disburs'd for the Purchase of my Liberty. We now only thought of putting our selves in a Condition to go to *Arragon*. My Secretary took upon him the Charge of buying a Calash and two Mules; and on my Side I made a Provision of Linen and Clothes. Whilst I was thus employ'd in running up and down the Streets, and making my Bargains, I met the Baron *de Steinbach*, the Officer of the German Guard with whom Don *Alphonso* had been brought up.

I saluted the German Cavalier, who having also recollected me, came to me and embraced me: I am extreme joyful (said I) to see your Lordship in the best Health in the World, and at the same time

time to have an Opportunity to learn News of Signior *Don Cesar*, and *Don Alphonso de Leyva*. I can give you a certain Account of them (answer'd he) since they are both actually at *Madrid*, and what is more, lodg'd at my House. 'Tis about three Months since they came to this City, to thank his Majesty for a Favour *Don Alphonso* has receiv'd in acknowledgment of the Favours his Ancestors have done the State. He has been made Governor of *Valencia*, without having ask'd that Post, or desired any one to solicit for him. Nothing could be more gracious; and this shews that our Monarch loves to reward Valour.

Altho' I knew better than *Steinbach* what to think of it, I did not seem to have the least Knowledge in the World of what he told me. But I express'd such a prodigious Impatience to pay my Respects to my old Masters, that he carried me directly to his House to satisfy me. I had a desire to try *Don Alphonso*, and judge by the Reception he gave me, whether he had still any Affection remaining for me. I found him in a Parlour playing at Chess with the *Baroness de Steinbach*. He left his Game as soon as he saw me, and advancing towards me in a Transport, he clasp'd me around the Neck, and said with an Air
that

that shew'd a real Transport, *Santillane*, you are then at last restored to me, I am overjoy'd at it 'Twas not my Fault we did not keep together; I beg'd you, if you remember, not to leave the Castle of *Leyva*, but you did not regard my Request. However I don't blame you; I even take the Motive of your Retreat kindly. But you ought to have let me heard from you since that time, and have sav'd me the Pains of searching in vain for you at *Grenada*, where my Brother-in-law *Don Fernando* sent me Word you were settled.

After this little Reproach, (continu'd he) tell me what you do at *Madrid*, undoubtedly you have some Employment here. Be assur'd that I interest my self more than ever in your Welfare. My Lord (answer'd I) 'tis not yet four Months that I had a pretty considerable Post at Court. I had the Honour of being Secretary and Confident to the Duke de *Lerma*. Is it possible (cry'd *Don Alphonso*, in an extreme Amazement!) what, was you intrusted with that Prime-Minister's Secrets? I gain'd his Favour, (reply'd I) and I lost it after the manner I am going to relate to you. Then I told him all the Story, and I finish'd my Recital at the Resolution I had taken to buy me a Cottage, with the little I had left of my former Prosperity, and to live there a retired Life. Don

Don *Cesar's* Son having listen'd to me with a great deal of Attention, made answer; Dear *Gil Blas*, you know I have always lov'd you; you shall no longer be Fortune's May-game. I'll set you above her Power, by making you Master of an Estate whereof she can't deprive you: Since you design to live in the Country, I give you a little piece of Land which we have near *Llirias*, four Leagues from *Valencia*. You know it. 'Tis a Present we can make you, without any Inconvenience to our selves. I dare answer for it my Father won't contradict me, and that 'twill be a sensible Pleasure to *Seraphina*.

I threw my self at the Feet of Don *Alphonso*, who rais'd me in a Moment. I kiss'd his Hand, and being more charm'd with his Good-will than his Present: My Lord (said I) your Behaviour ravishes me. The Gift you have made me is so much the more agreeable, as it precedes the Knowledge of a Service I have done you; and I wou'd rather owe it to your Generosity than Gratitude. My Governor was a little surpriz'd at this Discourse, and did not fail asking me what this pretended Service was. I inform'd him, and gave him an Account that redoubled his Astonishment. He was far from thinking, as well as the Baron de *Steinbach*, that the Government

of *Valencia* had been given him by my Interest. However, not being able any longer to doubt it; *Gil Blas* (said he) since 'tis to you I owe my Post, I don't design to confine my self to the little Estate at *Llirias*; I offer you besides that a Pension of two thousand Ducats a Year.

Hold there Signior Don *Alphonso* (cried I, interrupting him at these Words) don't revive again my Covetousness. Riches are only proper to corrupt the Morals; I have experienc'd it but too much. I willingly accept of your little Competency at *Llirias*, I shall live there commodiously with the Money I have elsewhere. But that is enough, and far from desiring more, I shou'd sooner consent to lose what Superfluity I possess. Riches are but a Burden in a Retirement, where one desires only Tranquillity.

Whilst we were talking at this rate, Don *Cesar* came in, who shew'd no less Joy at the Sight of me than his Son; and when he was acquainted with the Obligation his Family had to me, he press'd me to accept the Pension; which I again refus'd. In short, the Father and the Son carried me to a Notary, where the Grant was drawn up, which they both sign'd with more Pleasure than they wou'd have done any Deed that had been to their Profit. When the Contract was dispatch'd, they deliver'd it
into

into my Hands, telling me the Estate at *Llirias* was no longer theirs, and that I might go and take Possession when I pleas'd. After this, they return'd to the Baron de *Steinbach's*, and I flew to my Lodging, where I ravish'd my Secretary with Admiration, when I told him that we had an Estate in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, and inform'd him after what manner I had made the Acquisition. How much may this Inheritance be worth? said he. Five hundred Ducats a Year (answer'd I) and I can assure you 'tis an amiable Solitude. I know it, by having been there several times, as Steward to the Lords of *Leyva*. 'Tis a little House on the Banks of the *Guadalavivan*, in a Hamlet of five or six Cottages, and a charming Country.

What pleases me yet more, (cry'd *Scipio*) is, that we shall there have fine Wild-fowl, with *Bonocarlo* Wine, and exquisite Muscadine. Come my Patron, let us haste to quit the World, and get to our Hermitage. I want as much to be there as thee (reply'd I;) but I must first take a Journey into *Asturia*. My Father and Mother are in no very good Condition there, I intend to go seek them, to carry them to *Llirias*, where they may spend their latter Days in Quiet. Heaven has perhaps provided me this Place of Refuge for their Reception,

Reception, and will punish me if I shou'd neglect it. *Scipio* approv'd very much of my Design, and even incited me to put it in Execution. Let us lose no Time (said he) I have already secured a Calash, let us buy Mules speedily, and take the Road to *Oviedo*. Yes, Friend (reply'd I) let us go as soon as possible. I think it an indispensable Duty to share the Pleasures of my Retirement with the Authors of my Birth. Our Journey won't be long; we shall soon see one another at our Hamlet; and when I get there, I will write over the Door of my House these two *Latin Verses* in Golden Letters,

*Inveni Portum, Spes & Fortuna valet,
Sat me lufistis; ludite nunc alios.*

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F I N I S.



Reception, and will punish me if I should
neglect it. Since I have already very much of
my Dignity, and even asked me to put it
in Execution. Let us have no Time (said
he) I have already lost a great deal, let us
pay Mules speedily, and take the Road to
Orizaba. Yes, Friend (reply'd I) let us go
as soon as possible. I think it an indispen-
sible Duty to share the Weakness of my Host
treatment with the Anchores of my Birth.
Our Journey won't be long; we shall soon
become another at our Master's; and when I
get there, I will write over the Door of
my House these two Latin Verses in Golden
Letters.

Incantatione Fortunæ, Spes & Fortuna cunctis
Sed me iussit; Incantatione cunctis.

F I N I S.

